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WESTERN AMERICANA

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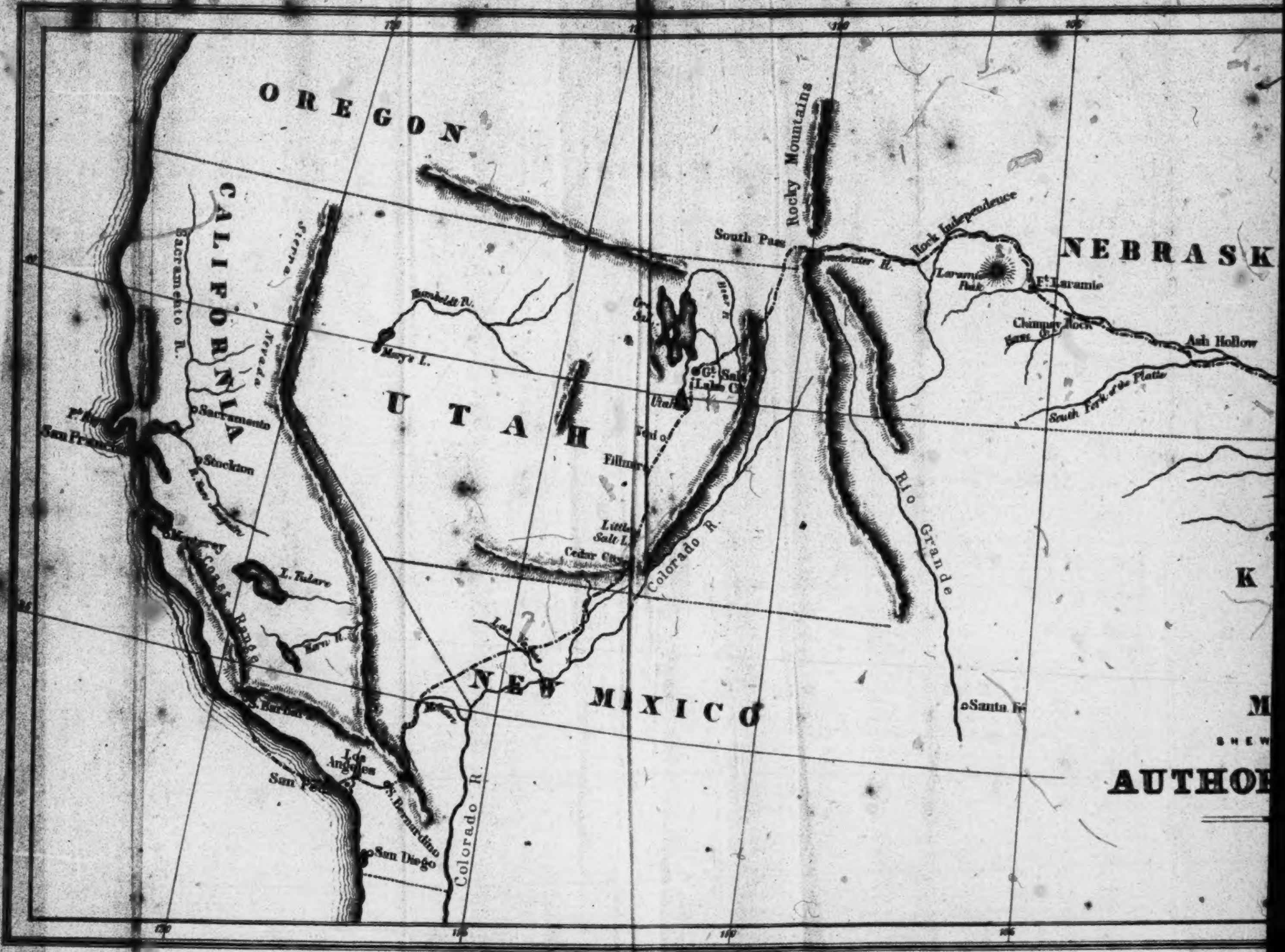
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
NEW MEXICO
NEBRASK
K
M
SHEW
AUTHOR
Rocky Mountains
Sierra Nevada
Sacramento R.
Sacramento
Stockton
San Francisco
Monterey
Coast Range
L. Tulare
Kern R.
Sta. Barbara
Los Angeles
San Pedro
S. Bernardino
San Diego
Humboldt R.
Mary's L.
Gt. Salt Lake
Gt. Salt Lake City
Bear R.
Utah L.
Fillmore
Little Salt L.
Cedar City
Colorado R.
Las Vegas
Mohave
South Pass
Sweetwater R.
Rock Independence
Laramie Peak
Ft. Laramie
Chimney Rock
Ash Hollow
South Fork of the Platte
Rio Grande
Santa Fe
120
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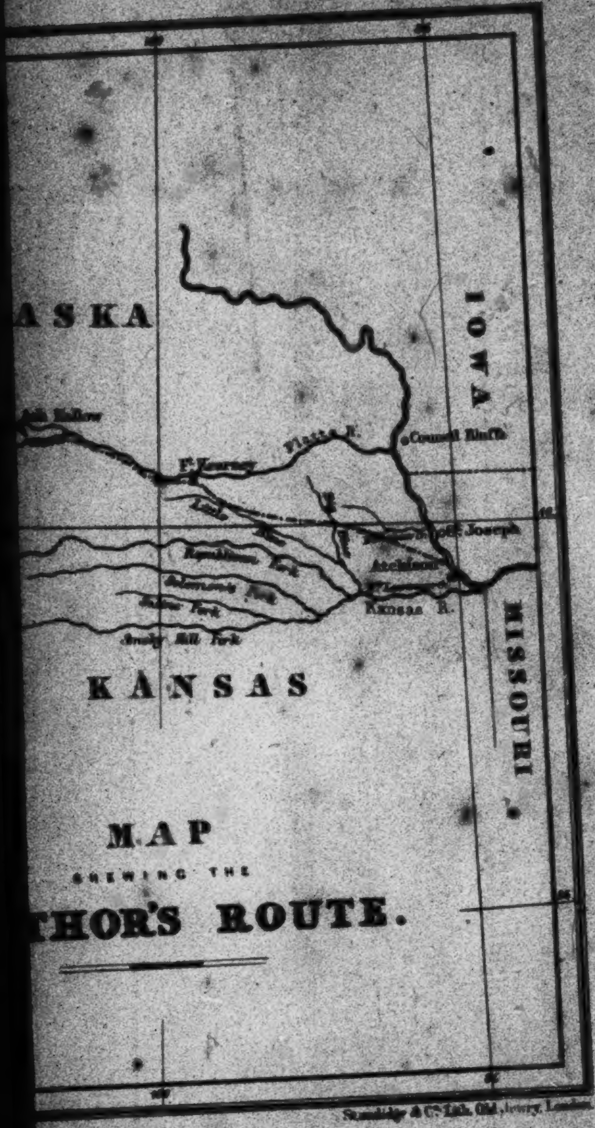
ASKA
IOWA
Ash Hollow
Platte R.
Council Bluffs
Ft Kearney
Little Blue
St Joseph
Republican Fork
Atchison
Solomon's Fork
Ft Leavenworth
Kansas R.
Saline Fork
Smoky Hill Fork
KANSAS
MISSOURI
MAP
SHEWING THE
THOR'S ROUTE.
Standidge & Co Lith. Old Jewry, London.

A

VISIT TO SALT LAKE;

BEING

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS

AND A RESIDENCE IN THE

MORMON SETTLEMENTS AT UTAH.

BY

WILLIAM CHANDLESS.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1857.

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PREFACE.

A NARRATIVE merely personal, whatever its excesses or defects, hardly stands in need of a preface. It is enough, therefore, as regards the first part of this volume, to say that in it is attempted a picture of the journey across the Plains westward, as made by the emigrant and the cattle-driver.

The second part is of a different character, and, from the nature of its subject, may, perhaps, be read with suspicion, or even charged with untruthfulness.

Fictions enough have been written about the Mormons. I wish, therefore, as briefly and plainly as possible, to say that nothing here written is fictitious. Errors of fact there may be, and errors of opinion; but no incident is introduced, either in support of any opinion advanced, or in illustration of manners and feelings, or for any purpose, or in any way whatever, unless it actually occurred; and no words are put into the mouth of a Mormon but what—allowing for the inaccuracies of memory—were actually spoken by one. My object throughout has been rather to mention facts and incidents as they occurred, than to theorise, or even to any great extent generalise, upon them. The first four chapters upon Utah have, it is true, a more systematic arrangement, as it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to bring their contents into the ordinary course of the narrative. Religion at Salt Lake, as elsewhere, is so interwoven with the laws and customs and daily life of the people, and so much would be obscure without a knowledge of it, that a short chapter on that subject may not be thought superfluous.

And now a few words—and they will not, I hope, be attributed to egotism—about myself.

My journey to Salt Lake was the accident or the whim of an hour. Previous to that, the Mormons were to me but mere shadows. I had no real opinions about them. I had seen but two, and spoken to none, of the sect. What little I had read was most shadowy; whether fair or unfair, at least evidently not taken from personal, or anything like personal, observation. In the course of my journey I made acquaintance with a considerable number of Mormon emigrants; this, and the very manner of my travelling (as a teamster for pay), gave me, on my arrival at Salt Lake, certain advantages for observing, if not quite the *crême de la crême*, at any rate Mormon society in general. I was an object of suspicion to none: none had any object in playing a part before me: none took me for a spy; nor was I one. And it is but fair, both to the reader and to myself, to add that my journal was but scanty, and the idea of writing about the country or people had never entered my head; that was filled rather with visions of the tropics and an absence from England that would have rendered my recollections of a country where all changes so rapidly, quite antiquated. But we know not where we go, nor when "the days of mourning are at hand."

As before, so since my visit to Salt Lake, I have read no books upon the subject; *now*, not wishing either to borrow or controvert their facts or be impressed with their impressions. No English traveller, so far as I am aware, has written about Salt Lake. Among American writers Mrs. Ferris, if one may judge from a review, gives an unfavourable account; Captain Stansbury (*vide* Professor Forbes's "Literary Papers," p. 268) writes, on the contrary, "So far as my intercourse with the inhabitants afforded me an opportunity of judging, the practical operation of polygamy was quite different from what I had anticipated. Peace, harmony, and cheerfulness seemed to prevail where my preconceived notions led me to look for nothing but the exhibition of petty jealousies, envy, bickerings, and strife. Confidence and sisterly affection among the different members of the family seemed pre-eminently conspicuous."

This volume itself will show with which view my own has more accordance.

LONDON,
April, 1857.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY 1

St. Joe.—The Missouri.—My landlord.—Hire as a teamster.

CHAPTER II.

CORRAL 8

New companions.—Atchison.—Camp and its duties.—Waggon-loading.—The little Frenchman.—"Italians."—Our mess.—A move.—My cattle.—A storm.

CHAPTER III.

THE START 24

Rolling prairie.—A mule-thief.—The first graves.—Touch-and-go.—A night march.—Prairie wolves.—Nemahaw Creek.—The old man.—Big Blue.—Mormon emigrant trains.—Desertions.—Our mess again.—An Indian yarn.—Camp quarrels.—Little Tom.—Irish and Germans in America.—Outward bound.

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE
DEATH IN THE COMPANY 52

Yoking-up.—Morning start of the emigrant trains.—Rock Creek.—Death and burial.—Sickness prevalent.—Sick in a waggon.—The Mormon doctor.—Little Blue.—The first buffalo.—Fort Kearney.

CHAPTER V.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE 64

River and bluff.—Buffalo.—Prairie dogs.—Rattlesnakes.—The constant lover and the long beard.—Brother and sister.—The South Crossing.—Ash Hollow.—Battle of Ash Hollow.—Characteristics of United States' troops.—The plague of grasshoppers.—Deep sand.—Indian buffalo-meat.—Night watches.—Soldiers' coats.—The Chimney Rock.—A long march.—A pleasant Sunday.

CHAPTER VI.

SAGE-BRUSH 92

Fort Laramie.—Prickly pears.—An Indian foray.—Cheyennes.—False alarm.—Crows.—The last crossing.—Artemisia.—The antelope.—Rock Independence.—Sweetwater.—The Devil's Gap.—The first snow.—South Pass.—Pacific springs.—Short commons.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VALLEY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS . . . 112

Little Sandy.—Big Sandy.—Great loss of cattle.—Green River.—Puss.—Potatoes.—Holywell Street out West.—Fort Bridger.—Mountaineers.—Fresh cattle.—The Wahsatch Mountains.—Bear River.—The three graves.—Weber.—Difficulties in the cañons.—

PAGE

A skeleton in the bush.—The Big Mountain.—The first house.—Emigration Cañon.—Salt Lake Valley and City.—Paid off.

PART II.

THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY, ETC. 137

Utah territory.—Valleys.—Water-power.—Rivers.—Fish.—Crops.—Irrigation necessary.—Fruit.—Cattle, &c.—Lack of fuel.—Dobies.—Roads.—Coal and iron.—Gold.—Salt.—Climate.—Description of Salt Lake City.—Population.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGION 156

Belief in the materialism of the Deity.—"Without passions."—The spirit-world.—Polygamy in heaven.—Our future state.—The spiritual-wife system.—Acceptation of the Scriptures.—Apocryphal books.—Literality of interpretation.—The book of Mormon.—Gifts of the church.—Baptism.—Endowment.—Baptism for the dead.—Mormon ideas of ecclesiastical history.—Feeling towards Catholics.—Mormon church government.—Missionaries.—Mormonism why successful?—What genuine religious feeling.—The Mormon creed.

CHAPTER III.

PAGE
GOVERNMENT 177

Territorial government.—A sham.—Brigham as President and Brigham as governor.—Loyalty to the United States.—Admission to the Union.—Not really intolerant.—Treatment of the Indians.—The United States judges.—Probate judges.—Ecclesiastical government.—Bishops.—Schools.—Provision for the poor.—Tithes.—Litigation discouraged.—Rude justice and no justice.—Asking counsel.—Titles and prayers.

CHAPTER IV.

INSTITUTIONS AND MORALITY 190

Polygamy in Utah.—Inequality of the sexes.—Divorce.—Treatment of children.—Wretchedness of wives.—Their fidelity.—Degrees of marriage.—General morality of the people.—Swearing.—Intemperance.—Theft.—"Spoiling the Egyptians."

CHAPTER V.

STAY AT SALT LAKE 197

A Mormon family.—Sunday with the "Saints."—Analysis of emigrants.—Hard times.—Payment in cash and payment in "kind."—Want of specie.—Barter.—No copper coinage.—Effects.—"Othello" before a Mormon audience.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTHERN SETTLEMENTS 225

Who stole the revolver?—Speedy justice.—Hot spring.—Difficulties of asking one's way in Utah.

PAGE

—Ogden city.—A sulky hostess.—"Una de multis."—A pleasant hostess.—Farmington.—Home again.—The divorced wife.—A discontented Mormon.—Peculiarities of Mormon conversation.—The library.—Literature.—Music of art and nature.

CHAPTER VII.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE 248

Talks of my landlord.—Young Brig.—Divorced and married again.—"Death on Polygamy."—Discourses at the Tabernacle.—A ball.—Jealousy of wives.—Flirtation and love in Utah.—Love not *sub rosâ*.—Three wives in a day.—Mother and daughter.—How to please all parties.—Westward ho!

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH THE SETTLEMENTS 266

Leave Salt Lake City.—Utah Valley.—Provo.—Cold and dreary.—A city with walls and gates.—The Sevier.—Fillmore.—Brigham laying on the lash.—Orson Pratt.—"All things in common."—The *élite* of Utah, Gentile and Mormon.—The judge in a "fix."—The tavern.—Hard travelling.—Beaver Creek.—Little Salt Lake Valley.—Parowan.—Indian evidence admissible?—Treatment of Indians.—Flayed alive.—Cedar City.—A monogamic household.—Iron works.—An old acquaintance.—Converted in a hurry.

CHAPTER IX.

UTAH TO CALIFORNIA 288

The rim of the basin.—Santa Clara.—Warmer weather.—Our bed on fire.—Rio Virgen.—Piede Indians.

PAGE

—A bit of a hill.—Indian "Saints."—Las Vegas.—Mountain springs.—Bitter springs.—Bunch grass and sand grass.—Mule freaks.—Moonlight journey through a cañon.—The Mohave.—Out of provisions.—Pass the Sierra.—San Bernardino.—Effect of gold on Mormonism.—Slaves.—Decision in a slavery case.

CHAPTER X.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 308

A change of scene.—Uncle Bill and the young Jew.—Listening to the waves at midnight.—San Pedro.—A break-down.—Los Angeles.—Spaniards and Americans.—Straws in the air.—Old friends.—On board again.—Money makes the man.—S. Barbara.—Monterey.—The Golden Gate.—In port at last.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN FRANCISCO 320

February, 1856.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

St. Joseph, or ~~as~~ it is more commonly and irreverently called St. Joe, is a waterside town on the west of the State of Missouri, and by river about 500 miles above St. Louis. It was about the middle of July, 1855, that I passed a few days there, waiting for an up-river boat, my intention being to travel by water to Council Bluffs, a notable town in the S.W. corner of Iowa, and then turn eastward across that State to the Missisipi River at Keokuk, or Muscatine. Up to St. Joe you have no trouble in finding a boat any day of the week throughout the season, that is, till the ice forms; for though the great river is full of snags and sand-bars, yet there is mostly enough water in the channel, and boats, even if they do get aground now and then from the shifting of the bars, or the ignorance of the pilot, can find their way up at last. Above St. Joe there is both less water and less trade; consequently, except during the "June rise" side-wheel boats rarely go up, and the stern-wheelers are few, slow, and un-uncertain; for the chance of one of them, however, I waited, and before any came another chance turned my line of travel for many months westward.

St. Joe is one of the largest towns in the State of Missouri, and on the whole a thriving place, though it has not latterly, I am told, kept pace with its first start. Once a great part of the overland emigration to Oregon and California passed through it; now that has dwindled to nothing; the Salt-Lake emigration starts from Atchison, K.T., some distance below, the mail from Independence, Mo., and government stores from Fort Leavenworth, K.T. The town is situated at the upper end of a fine piece of level prairie, where the Bluffs turn inland a little, and the level is sufficiently above ordinary floods. The Missouri, however, is a terrible filibuster; he is always invading somebody's land, and not merely in defiance of right and title takes possession, but also carries it clean away with him beyond the reach even of the tax-gatherer: a goodly portion he bears down as an offering to his bride the Mississippi, whose clear calm majesty of feature, and gentle, womanly current of life, he overwhelms with the swirl of his impetuous and muddy waters; but if he gives the character to the lower river, she gives the direction, and, since maps and men will have it so, the name also—she is, one may say, a rich heiress nobly sprung; he is rich, but has come from nobody knows where; they wed, and he takes her name, not she his. And yet, to do him bare justice, all he lays hold on he does not carry far, but like that giant of fairy land who sought to weigh all things and compensate each that it lacked, so this Titan of rivers pulls down and builds up, takes from this shore, and gives to that, hurls down a multitude of tangled snags, and, resting behind them, raises an island, which in another mood some few seasons later he annexes to the mainland, or sometimes altogether annihilates. Artegall the knight of justice slew that other giant, but who shall stay—let alone slay—the river-god? Meanwhile he goes on his way, perhaps rejoicing, and works his work continually; if he has not turned St. Joe upside down he may at least be said to have turned it round, for those streets which were parallel to the river are now nearly at right angles, and *vice versâ;* the extension of the town has accordingly left the prairie, and sought safety on the solid Bluffs: a very narrow backbone—only a few feet wide at the top—runs out from these in front of a portion of the town, and gives an easy ascent; once on the top one has an abundance of shady trees; below in a rapid curve sweeps the river; beyond it is the fine rolling prairie of Kansas, heavily timbered as far as one can see; and over prairie and river blows the fresh wind, an ample repayment for the ascent, and a delightful change from 100° and more Fahrenheit in which the red brick houses behind one are basking. Except at meal times, and in the early morning, when I rambled further, most of my day was spent here, between enjoyment of the air and scenery, building castles, and reading Ariosto. The evening was pleasantest of all; sunsets and sunrises (and I have seen the latter morning after morning for weeks and months together) on the prairies have more of tranquillity than of grandeur or gorgeousness; but the twilight, some half hour or more later, was generally very clear and beautiful, and the last look of brightness low in the N.W. suited well the wild and open landscape over which it travelled. Had I brought up a couple of blankets I could certainly have slept more comfortably than at the hotel; for my room there faced west, and even at ten o'clock at night the front wall felt quite hot to the hand. Mosquitoes there were none; that was something; for the curtains are, if a cure, a cure worse than the disease; but sleep melted away with the heat, and each successive night grew "beautifully less."

But my landlord—have I forgotten him? The best-hearted man that ever breathed, and though a slave-holder, living on the borders of Kansas, very far from a "nigger-driver" or "border ruffian"—characters one sees abundantly in northern papers, but I have not had the luck to meet them in their own localities, and am therefore half sceptical as to their reality. He seemed fond of the little negro children, and they seemed fond of him, and fond of playing with him; he did not think their touch pollution; sometimes they were threatened with a whipping, but it seemed rather in a paternal spirit, and probably would not have been a very serious affair if put into practice. His cook, he said, was a valuable negress, but required a smart touch once a year or so; according to herself, "sometimes a devil of a temper got into her, and nothing would bring it out but a good whipping." He asked me how we got on in England without slaves, how we got work done: the reply that the difficulty oftener was to find work for all to do than doers of it seemed to astonish him much. The western part of Missouri has by far the greatest proportion of slaves. At St. Louis there is no superabundance, and in many parts of the State they are scanty; probably, if slavery were not a vexed question, there would not be a large majority of the inhabitants in its favour. A considerable amount of tobacco is raised it is true, but the climate is such that white labour would pour in sufficiently if it had not to compete with, and so lower itself to the level of slave labour.

"Where," I asked my host one evening as we sat smoking under the verandah together, "where is that herd of cattle going that crossed the river this afternoon?" "To Salt Lake," said he. "Salt Lake, ho, ho!" and I pricked up my ears; "and who takes 'em there?" "They belong to a waggon train leaving Atchison the end of this week; one of the owners is staying here now." "Is there any way to get along with them? I'd like to cross the plains." "Well, they want hands very badly, and are offering twenty or twenty-five dollars a month; but I suppose you'd hardly like going as a common teamster." "Like it! nothing better; but they mightn't like me, for I never drove an ox-team in my life." "Well," said he, "they've plenty of Dutchmen and French who can't drive a bit, or understand what they're told either." The idea took my fancy at once; I had but 200 dollars with me, and could not have started "on my own hook" without returning to St. Louis for more money; and turning back, not to say steaming three times over the same 500 miles of river, is very distasteful work; there was, too, a delightful novelty in working for less than a dollar a day, and mixing in a wholly untried and very miscellaneous society; one was sure to be amused, and likely to learn something too. In a few minutes I determined to bid good-by to Iowa and Illinois, and the Atlantic States and hotels at two and a half dollars a day, for several months at least, and look onwards to the Pacific, if I could get hired as a driver. About this there was not much difficulty.

First thing in the morning I applied to Mr. Somerville, a gentleman of whose courtesy and kindness I cannot speak too highly. A tall big fellow, pretty well dressed, was applying at the same time, and, after magnifying his own skill from having been in Texas, urgently demanded twenty-five dollars a month; he seemed to think the very name of Texas ought to carry all before it. "I know nothing about ox driving," said I, "but I want to go, and will take what you like to give, twenty or twenty-five dollars." "Time is pressing," said Mr. S., "and you may both have twenty-five dollars; but you must leave by this morning's boat." There was but an hour to get ready; I dashed off, and posted a couple of necessary letters; threw off all smooth dress, and donned a woollen shirt and shooting jacket, still, as it seemed, fragrant of last year's heather; emptied on the floor the whole contents of my bag and portmanteau; divided them into two heaps of useful and useless things; stuffed into my bag as many of the former as I could, including some simple medicines, a "Deane and Adams," and a Bible—not a "Beecher's Bible" (*i. e.* Sharp's rifle), as the collocation might suggest; threw the rest of my things into the portmanteau; carried it over to Mr. Somerville, who very kindly offered to keep it for me, and announced myself ready to start when ordered.

CHAPTER II.

CORRAL.

On board our boat the *Edinburgh*, one had the last of luxury for a long time, and my companions, not over accustomed to the display, walked about the fine cabin, and washed down jellies and creams with such draughts of claret and Sauterne, as showed they appreciated their advantages. From the time we engaged, we had no more expenses to bear; our passage was paid for us, not deck, but cabin passage, as is usual with raftsmen returning up-river, and others of our class. My companions were three; the Texian already mentioned, a big Missourian, and a French-American (not Canadian, but of a French mother); the last was rather clever, and could speak both French and English fluently; he was also a very handy kind of man, and his chief lack was a lack of good-nature, unless you caught him in the vein. The Missourian, on the contrary, was a great lout, who at once expressed his astonishment that I could speak such good "American," having been so short a time in the country. His name and nature were good, the former being "Howard;" there was little else good about him. He had neither education, cleanliness, courage, good manners, industry, or honesty; at least he proved a terrible pilferer of all provisions, though I don't think he would have stolen other property. He was, too, a thorough braggart of the Captain Kearney sort, and, on this one point, displayed some inventive powers. All this, however, was not perceptible in an hour, and one never could feel much dislike of him, because his faults proceeded not from any particular badness of heart, but sheer emptiness—emptiness of head, emptiness of heart, and emptiness of stomach. Several passengers, finding out our destination, gathered round and painted for our benefit, fearful pictures of the Sioux Indians, then at war with the United States, assuring us if we were only killed and scalped, but not eaten, we should escape well; after a while, seeing they could frighten no one but the Howard, who was not worth frightening, they gave over; one then told me, with great privacy, that he should very much like to cross the plains himself, but for the Indians, adding, that the attorney-general of Utah—not a Mormon I suppose—had just arrived from Salt Lake, and said he would not cross again to be President of the United States; poor Mr. Attorney, and still poorer Mr. Attorney's friend, I thought.

The *Edinburgh* stopped so often to take in bales of hemp, the chief export from this district of Missouri, that we did not reach Atchison, K.T., till evening. Atchison was then quite a new settlement, consisting of a few large warehouses near the river, and several smaller stores here and there among the trees along the roadside leading inland; whisky shops were the most prevalent, and did the best stroke of business. The work of waggon-loading was over for the day, but those of us who had any baggage, stowed it in the warehouse, and we received each a pair of first-rate thick blankets of a bright scarlet, such as it does one good to look at in cold weather. I took the precaution at once to cut a small piece out of the corner of mine and pocket it, which was fortunate, as in the course of the evening some one claimed them, but on my producing the piece cut out, and it being found to fit, public opinion adjudged me my own. A short mile's walk brought one to camp on a slope of the glorious "rolling prairie," the finest descriptive name Americans have invented; "undulating" is a poor puny word, but "rolling" breathes poetry, as of a wind that swept over the earth's surface, while it was yet a liquid globe.

Camp, alas! was a mere euphemism, and consisted of but three or four loaded waggons and an empty one, from which last, as a pulpit, a gigantic Irishman, with a strong brogue, was discoursing about things in general, and, between times, taking long pulls at a whisky bottle three parts gone, as was its owner. The name he was known by was more descriptive than elegant, and doubtless well-deserved; it seems he had for several months, perhaps a year, been working his way up the Missouri River, stopping at each town to do a little work and a good deal of stealing, till the place got too hot to hold him, then he moved higher up. Thus, at last he had reached St. Joseph, when really having no higher to go, he determined to amend his ways, and start afresh west of the Rocky Mountains—as a thief I suppose, though the profession there is dangerous, and the professor apt to be suspended *sine die*, and without process of law; these perils, however, he did not incur, for next day of his own accord he left camp and Kansas by a down-river boat, strange to say carrying off no one else's property except his own clothes—originally stolen. With this for its "representative man," camp had but little to boast of just then, so I very gladly volunteered to "go down the hill to fetch a pail of water," and on my return found things improved; supper was preparing over a cheerful wood fire, rather long in preparation, but short enough in duration; a camp-kettle bubbling up with coffee, a small mountain of fried bacon, and a tin bucket loaded with hot biscuits, and more in process of baking, formed the foreground; at which point be it noted that what we call rolls, in America are ycleped biscuits, and biscuits in their turn hard bread. Such was my commencement of camp-life, my first meal on the plains, and not a bad beginning I thought. After standing cattle-guard till midnight, I turned in beneath a waggon, and, rolled up in my blankets, slept my first comfortable sleep for several weeks: November was half through before one slept again under a house-roof.

We were called up at daybreak. I rose at once, mindful of the proverb, "He who gets a name for early rising, may lie in bed till noon." Up with the dawn, but not with the lark, for morning in America has no such herald. I have since read in some newspaper, a proposition to import larks and other English birds to populate and enliven the prairies of Iowa and Illinois; whether the suggestion will be followed up, or not, remains to be heard. One may hope, in the former case, the bird's name will not be changed on account of its ambiguity—as chanticleer is degraded to a "rooster,"—for fear he should be confused with the water tap. "The rooster's clarion" does not sound very poetical.

Two days we spent in loading waggons; these waggons were altogether of a lighter build than is common in England, and carried from 3500 to 4500 lbs. each, according to stowage. Some skill was requisite to load well, and combine weight and bulk properly in such a multiplicity of articles. The following may be a specimen:—Tea, coffee, rice, sugar, tobacco, soap, candles, mustard, spices, &c., of all kinds, and also casks of whisky, some of which I fear were tapped before they reached Utah: boxes of hats, shoes, and ready-made clothes generally; dressed leather, bags of nails and shot, sheet iron, bar iron, block tin, and stoves of all shapes and sizes. It was good hard work, particularly for one like myself, of little strength at the best of times, and now enervated by six weeks of an American summer. "The bread of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much," but we had a supply of fresh meat, a squatter's pigs—abolitionist pigs no doubt—having ventured too near camp; for the sake of "law and order," however, as we were in Kansas, we invariably spoke of the meat as bear-meat, and the owner, coming to inquire after his swine, sat down to our festive board (that is, the prairie grass), and enjoyed a dinner off "bear-meat" himself. Meanwhile an affray sprung up from an accusation of theft, made by the thief against the yet unawares loser, and though bystanders prevented anything serious, the thief, having thus taken time by the forelock, and lending a good ear to the steamboat whistle, managed to escape on board one as it started, with, it was said, 200 dollars; not, however, without a good half-mile race, and a splendid "finish." You meet not a few queer characters on the plains.

During these days I struck up acquaintance with a little Frenchman, with whom afterwards I was a good deal thrown; by trade he was a silversmith, but also an amateur artist; had served seven years in the French army, four of them in Algeria; why he had left France, or what were his politics, I could never draw from him beyond an admiration of Lamoricière, his old general, from which I hope he was a republican. There was another Frenchman in camp whom he called his "camarade;" a lazier fellow never breathed; nothing less than a revolution could have moved him, and a fortnight afterwards he was sent off as incorrigible. The little Frenchman, on the contrary, had a deep sense of responsibility, and often carried it to a ludicrous extent. At bringing up a musket he was handy enough, but on horseback, or muleback, looked considerably more like a monkey than a man.

The officials of our train were three; two waggon-masters and a commissary. The duty of the two first was to choose camping-places, see to the herding and watering of the cattle, and to the forming corral, yoking up, driving, &c. Better men than Carril Hughes and Ben Duncan, one could not have wished for. The former had served in the Mexican war as a volunteer; by birth an American, by parentage Irish, he combined the shrewd good sense of the one, with the humour and warmth of the other, and though apt to speak warmly now and then, was liked by every one. Who minds an oath from a thorough good-hearted man? He had always a kind word for those who were sick, and a joke or two for the rest, and a way of keeping men to work by a truth said in jest. "It 's no affair of mine," he 'd say, when we were in Indian country, "if you lose the cattle, they 're not my cattle, only you 'll be left here to starve. I 've powder and lead, and my rifle, and can get back at any time;" and so he got work done, when rating might have failed. Duncan was very quiet and undemonstrative while doing an almost incredible amount of work, most of which it was our duty to have done. He had been twice in California, had made a good "pile" at the diggings, and was owner of a capital "claim" in Kansas, near St. Joseph, and too far north, I hope, to have suffered in the riots and ravages of the following year. The commissary, as I have termed him, managed all the money affairs of the train, and many internal arrangements, as well as the giving out provisions. Of X., as he was no favourite of mine, I shall say little; it takes men to manage men, particularly in America, and on the plains; and three such as he would in a fortnight have been left alone to return to the place whence they came.

By Saturday evening all our waggons were loaded—thirty-eight with goods, and three with provisions for the way, coffee, sugar, flour, and bacon; there was also a small waggon, known as the Office-waggon. We were now able to form a good "corral,"* and consequently three or four of us at a time were sufficient for night guard. On Sunday we rested from our labours of loading; but there was plenty more to be done: Sunday was never a day of rest with us, and better not; here it would have been spent in whisky, on the plains in cards: the Mormon emigrant trains often abstained from travelling on Sundays and had preaching; but then their general plan was to make longer drives than we did, and stop a day for the women to wash, &c. I believe the waggon-masters of one goods-train had strict orders not to travel on Sundays; but as this was necessarily conditional upon their being camped by good grass and water, the waggon-masters invariably managed not to be so on Saturday evenings, and so evaded the rule. Our chief business, and one which occupied us several days, was to brand the cattle. Every train has its mark, so as easily to identify its own if they happen to get mixed: our mark was a large K. Branding is amusing work to look at, but trying enough to the hands of those engaged in it. A steer is caught by a lasso over his horns, which is then passed round a waggon-wheel, and up to that he is drawn and branded. After some time, we found it better to slip another lasso round his off leg and jerk him down on his side, as kicking prevented an elegant brand. The fun consisted in the struggles of the steer while being drawn up to the wheel (for many of our cattle were half wild cattle), sometimes nearly pulling himself loose again, at others darting upon those who were at the rope's end, and creating a regular discomfiture, in which case some marvellous jumps were made by men as well as animals, over wheels and waggons. Some took the brand very quietly; but those which had least pluck in resistance bellowed manfully at the hot iron. This work and its accompaniments, guarding the mouth of corral, and fetching wood to keep up the fire, employed most of us; but I managed to slip away and brand my blankets by rubbing in gunpowder and igniting it, and this, being indelible, saved me much trouble; for by a search right through the waggons I was safe to find them; marking in thread was useless with so many eyes to see, and hands to pick it out. Taking another's blankets was a great shame, but not actual dishonesty, as they did not belong to us—we only had the usufruct; but one might put them among those things "quæ ipso usu consumuntur," as lawyers say.

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* Corral—a Spanish word, signifying an enclosure for cattle, horses, &c. A corral of waggons is formed by driving waggon after waggon aslant, so that the near fore-wheel of one is against the off hind-wheel of the preceding one, (and *vice versâ* on the opposite side of the corral,) the poles, or "tongues," as they are called, of all the waggons being outside the corral; but as perfect accuracy is not often gained, the gaps between the waggons are chained up with the yoke-chains; the corral is generally of an oval shape, and the lower end, fifteen or twenty yards across, is left open, through which to drive the cattle in and out; afterwards, when in regular travelling, the cattle never being kept in corral at night, but only for yoking-up, it was found more convenient to leave a narrow opening at the upper end also, to save confusion in bringing out teams. So much in explanation of "corral."

One of these evenings seven Italians joined us; they came up as we sat clustered around the camp kettle at supper, and catching a word or two of their talk I at once hailed them with, "Buona sera e buona cena," determined, though my Italian was slender, to make acquaintance. They were delighted to find any one who could speak their own language, and afterwards proved the truth of a remark I have somewhere read, that there are generally no friends more willing to serve you than foreigners whose language you can speak. When I had been sick, they were always glad to bring me grapes or small birds, which they had a wonderful adroitness in knocking over, and usually—for in camp nobody knew nobody's name—called me "Italiano." All of them were Piedmontese, but two brothers, having had some education, spoke good Italian—that is, not unlike book language; the rest spoke more or less a miserable puny dialect, dropping half the letters; for instance, for "pigliare" (a word often used where there was so much petty robbery), saying "piar;" but they could understand me well enough, and pronounced my language "molto polito," which, as it savoured a good deal of the courtly speeches of Ariosto's ladies and paladins, was not marvellous. Apart from them, one was often reminded of Dante when standing guard or herdsman over our cattle; for, says Dante, as a comparison to the origin and growth of that worthless public opinion of which he had good cause to speak bitterly, "Se una pecora si gittasse da una ripa di mille passi, tutte l' altre l' andrebbono dietro; e i' ne vidi già molte in uno pozzos altare, per una che dentro vi saltò, forse credendo saltare uno muro; non ostante che il pastore, piangendo e gridando, colle braccia e col petto dinanzi si parava." Often was I the pastore, who "piangendo e gridando," strove to head a sudden stampede; often, too, if at night one strolled round from the corral mouth to the camp fire to light one's pipe of peace, on returning one could see—

> "Come le pecorelle escon del chiuso [corral]
> Ad una, a due, a tre, e l'altre stanno
> Timidette atterrando l'occhio e chiuso," &c.

passages, one may add, that seem to refute Mr. De Quincey's remark, that "the iteration daily exhibited in the habits of cattle had never forced itself into conscious notice until arrested by Wordsworth; and I rather think, long before Dante, the Hebrew prophets, loving to draw their similes from pastoral life, had noticed the same.

Though our cattle were not half branded, yet, as the feed was becoming scarce and the dust around camp intolerable, a move of two miles was ordered—our first move. But it was not till later that all the waggons moved in a body, and the cattle were not unyoked for several days, till they grew quieter and drivers began to know their own cattle: five yoke went to a team. As we started off, "Hurrah for Salt Lake!" was exclaimed and heartily responded to: strange to say, the two most forward in this enthusiasm never reached Salt Lake; one died in less than a month, and the other was discharged near the Forks of the Platte. Some now began to choose their waggons, and paint on the covers titles and devices, such as "Polar Star," "Clipper No. 2," "City Hotel," "EXCELSIOR." On my asking the meaning of the last, the embellisher replied, "Regular go-a-head, and no mistake," an interpretation that might have astonished the poet; it was one of those instances where a name extends beyond, as it so often outlasts, that it belongs to. None of these names, however, but the "Polar Star," which happened to belong to the leading waggon, and so had a propriety in fact, obtained in camp. While the waggon-covers were clean and the blue and red of the woodwork untarnished, a train of forty, with as many drivers, also decked out in bright blue and red overshirts, made really a brave show as it stretched over a mile of road.

About the same time, we were divided into messes, being allowed to group ourselves in tens. That I fell into was the relic of the rest, and comprised a pretty hotch-potch; four Germans, always called Dutchmen in the West, two Irishmen, two Americans, a Mexican, and myself, the solitary Englishman of the whole camp, and hence always spoken of as "the Englishman," except in my own mess, where I went by my Christian name. All the Dutchmen but one left us in a few days, and were no loss; nature had made them so phlegmatic that they would have seen the camp fire spread to the prairie, and then to the waggons or cattle, without stirring an inch to put it out. One of the Irishmen was oldish, and always known as the "old man." According to his own account, he had been a wine-bottler in the north of England, and left in consequence of some Excise difficulty, and should return in three or four years, when it had blown over. He was a man of first-rate pluck, warm-hearted, with a jovial face, and a sharp, but never abusive, tongue. Mat, the other Irishman, I consider in special my comrade; we slept for three months in the same waggon and under the same blankets. I made his acquaintance here by curing him of ague with a dose of quinine, a good deed never forgotten. He had worked, like most Irishmen in America, as a navvy and steamboat hand, and also served in and deserted from the United States' army; education he had not much of beyond reading and writing, but a better hand at telling a story one rarely meets; those of the Arabian Nights sort he preferred, and threw into them a wonderful amount of dramatic effect. This, and his singing capital songs, made him much sought for round the camp fire, but he had a cut ready for every one, myself included; and discovering I had studied law, begged politely to know if I was one of two hundred able-bodied lawyers who had advertised themselves as ready to turn the sod in Minnesota Territory. Such was our first mess; and, all in all, a sorry affair it was. None would be cook but a Dutchman, who was a mere pettifogger of a cook. At meal-times, the knives and forks we never used were bright enough, but the bread was still dough; and in despair we often ate it while warm dough. Worse still was it when he succeeded in making a good loaf, for then, from inordinate vanity, he would give so much away to passers-by that we who owned it were half-starved. Our cooking utensils consisted of two or three camp-kettles, a frying-pan, skillet (or bake-pan), and a coffee-mill. We had also tin cups and plates, and the above-mentioned knives and forks. Each mess, too, had an axe, a spade, and three or four six-gallon water-kegs. Rations were served out every evening, for each man 1¼ lb. of flour, the same of bacon; coffee and sugar in sufficiency: we used to brown all the coffee each evening in the frying-pan.

We had hardly moved a score of miles by the end of the month, as branding and choosing teams delayed us. My first attempt at managing a team was a ludicrous failure, ending, in fact, in a double knot, every steer having its feet over every chain, and most of the yokes turned upside down; some consolation, however, was to be derived from finding the team also a failure and unmanageable in other hands without a change of leaders, mine leading everything to perdition as fast as they could. One evening we had about the heaviest rain-storm I ever had the luck to fall in with; two-thirds of the train, including myself, were at camp, but those bringing up waggons and loose cattle, left behind the day before, caught it properly; some waggons had to be left on the road now, as the teams could not be got to face the wind and rain. Among the sufferers was my friend the little Frenchman, who had scarcely arrived in camp five minutes when he was ordered off from the fire, drenched and supperless, to stand guard; with a true soldierly spirit he declined my offer of taking his place, saying it was his duty to stand when and where he was commanded; but he gladly accepted the loan of a coat—a very bad one—and afterwards, on sharing my dry blankets, with no less true French demonstrativeness exclaimed that I was no longer "un camarade, mais un frère:" we proved the truth of this often subsequently by abusing each other soundly—as brothers are wont to do—though the Frenchman was never coarse in his language, and fraternity and equality required as much politeness on my part. Ah! *mon frère*, may we never sleep worse than we did in No. 15 waggon on the night of July 30, 1855, though the corners of the boxes were very perverse; and somehow in my diary is recorded, "slept very badly; rough bed, and cold too." Yet the night was pleasant after the storm, and the full moon shone brightly over the log-house of a solitary squatter; and, since the squatter supplied us with fresh milk at a fair price, I go in for squatter sovereignty.

CHAPTER III.

THE START.

I HAVE spoken of the glorious rolling prairie. Go out on to the prairies of Illinois in the early summer-time when the grass is greenest and the flowers are brightest, and the flowers are so bright and so thick you can hardly see that the grass is at its greenest, and then say is not the prairie glorious? And when you are tired of gazing on the beauty that woos your feet, and as in dalliance flings on them its light dew-drops, treasured from sun and wind for your coming, look far off how sun and wind scatter light and shade over the unwooded landscape; drink in all you can of the spirit of that expanse that seems "boundless as we wish our souls to be," and then, too, say is not the prairie glorious? But, between May and August, between Illinois and Kansas there is some difference; the wild lupin, with a few companions, still blossomed; but the season of flowers was past; the coarse prairie grass, too, though from its height of eight or ten inches sufficient to prevent anything of bareness at a distance, looks miserably thin close to you; and the waves of the prairie are often as short, steep, and multitudinous as those of the Moray Firth when a north-easter is blowing; seldom have they a slope of more than a quarter of a mile, and such a uniformity of elevation that hour after hour you may travel on without a view of a mile; lucky if, once or twice in the day, by climbing high on the waggon, you gain a further prospect. Road, in a proper sense, there is none; the continual passage of trains has indeed worn away the grass and made the semblance of one, and two or three old tracks now grassed over run parallel to the present; this next season will give place to a new. In good weather, and on moderately-sloping ground, you may travel smoothly enough, but at the crossings of the creeks, and at the bottom of the steeper hills, the road is often rough, sidling, and dangerous. At some of these places we had to chop away the ground with an axe, for the sun had baked it as hard as a brick, and spades were useless. All the creeks, and most of the springs, have names, from their nature or their discoverers, or mere fancy—"Mud Creek," "Rock Creek," "Vermillion," &c. Unfortunately in summer the smaller creeks become very scant of water, in fact, merely strings of disconnected stagnant pools, far from wholesome for drinking. Wood is scarcely ever wanting. Sometimes there are quite picturesque little valleys, with beautiful groves of oak, elm, maple, hickory, or cottonwood around the water, that in the scorching days of August tempt passers-by to stay and rest, and will soon tempt little bands of settlers. Away from the creeks the land seems habit-able enough, though not of special fertility. Probably by sinking wells a sufficiency of water could be obtained; at present you may go ten or fifteen miles without seeing a drop.

The last day of July was a kind of epoch, being the first time we travelled in one body; at the same time two mule carriages joined us, in which were the owners of the goods. We had but little to do with them; they harnessed their own animals; made their own fire, and cooked for themselves, as travellers on the plains do. They had nothing to do with the management of the train, and if they wanted any help rather asked than commanded it. They travelled with us till early in September.

August 2nd.—Last night one of the men was caught running off with the mules (besides the mules of the two carriages there were several for our "chiefs" to ride); he was of our mess, but had only joined the day before, having deserted or been turned out of some train ahead. It seems he had asked Mitchell, our new cook (the Dutchman had been forced to abdicate), to take part in the theft. Mitchell declined, and told X., who at first was for seizing the culprit forthwith; but subsequently on the police plan the affair was carried out. A guard was posted and fell asleep, as all the guards here do, and let the thief and Mitchell pass, and the latter had great difficulty in delaying him long enough for them to wake and come up; if he had once mounted, "Good-bye." One of the corrall guards called me up to stand in his place while he went to see "the fun:" afterwards I found him (the thief) tied to a waggon. Moved five miles; camped near an Indian settlement; fine deep creek and capital wood and grass; went down to the cottages in the hopes of getting corn and milk; cows not yet driven in; could not make the old squaw understand; stole some water-melons, not quite ripe, but they were delicious, and did me a world of good; one wants fresh vegetables and fruit occasionally.

August 3rd.—Terribly hot day. The nails in the soles of my old shooting-boots a great nuisance; they draw up the heat, and almost blistered my feet. Moved ten miles; pleasant camping-place; creek rather discontinuous, but with some deep large pools; close beside it two springs, quite cold, but strongly mineral, and soon drunk dry. On a beautiful slope of grass towards the water, half surrounded by scrub oaks, were several graves—the first we met with; almost every one of the train gathered round them and read the inscriptions with interest—an interest lessened perhaps in some minds when we met with such nearly every day, in some perhaps increased after we had added two to the number that mark the line of travel across the plains—spots where one journey has been suddenly broken off and another taken.

August 4th.—Had a delicious bathe in the creek; water from four to five feet deep, and sandy bottom in most parts; water-snakes gambolling about, but are harmless. The Salt Lake mail from Independence came up, and stopped during the heat of the day; two mule carriages with six mules each, and two men on mules to help; pay for the hands seventy-five dollars a month; fare for passengers two hundred dollars; there were two or three of them. Had an early supper off bean soup; quite a luxury. A man from Fort Laramie (700 miles from Missouri) joined our meal, and then left us; he had travelled alone on foot in about twenty days. This was not such a formidable enterprise as it looks, for any one at that time of the year travelling eastwards would be sure to meet six or seven different trains at least, and therefore would not require any large stock of provisions. Indians would hardly observe one man on foot, generally walking at night, and sleeping during the day.

Along with the mail Mr. Kinkead, one of the Salt Lake firm (all Gentiles) which owned our freight, left us. This gentlemen the preceding fall had a very narrow escape. The mail from Salt Lake, in which he was the only passenger, was attacked, apparently by a band of Sioux, twenty miles east of Laramie, and at the first fire all but himself were killed; he jumped out of the mail waggon and mounted a mule, but was almost immediately struck by six arrows, and fell to the ground; an Indian then came up and signified to him to lie still. After rifling the mail they went off, and he with much difficulty crawled back to the house of a settler not very far away. Whether the attacking party were real or sham Indians, the robbery was evidently a "plant," got up by white men. Mr. Kinkead had with him a large amount of specie, as he was returning to the States on business, and this was taken, though the Sioux and other Indians of the plains have no knowledge of money. This account I read long afterwards, though the story in our camp was not very different, except that it transferred the scene from some propriety in the name to the Devil's Gap, nearly 200 miles west of Laramie.

Soon after the mail we also started with the last of the twilight, and travelled far into the small hours. In the stillness of the dark and breathless night, the barking of the wolves sounded on all sides shrill and clear: "Their horses are fierce as evening wolves," says Habakkuk; that evening I felt the force of the expression, though, as a fact, the wolf of the plains is by no means a gaunt savage-looking animal, but rather a sleek, well-conditioned gentleman, too apt to sneak into camp and steal a flitch of bacon or the remains of a supper if he can, but never known to attack a man or even cattle unless they are disabled; the buffalo calf, if separated from its mother, sometimes fares badly. A night without a breath of wind is as thirsty a time as day, so a thunderstorm with heavy rain came agreeably; I was glad to drink off the brim of my "wide-awake:" the moon was high before we camped, and soon all but the guard were fast asleep. This was the first night march we made, and we made but five or six altogether; only in fact when there were long intervals without grass or water, and it was necessary to push on and well (as now), to escape the heat.

Near this camping-place was a spring that deserves special mention as the best perhaps on the whole route; unluckily it was not discovered for several hours, as it lay on the side of a bank half shut in by low ground brush; a little basin hardly more than a foot across, and about as deep, in the rich black mould, and filling faster than we could draw from it, with the clearest, coldest, and most healthful of water: the overplus ran away into a narrow deep bed, overhung by the long grass, and in fifty yards lost itself in a small marsh with no exit. The "Cottonwood spring" in the valley of the Platte is more famous, and like this, quite cold, but its water seemed to me rather insipid. This day another man from a train ahead joined us; he was no thief like the former. California instils a respect for *meum* and *tuum*; he had made a "pile" at the diggings—you never meet a man who has been there and has not—and had lost it gambling—I never met but one who had not lost his pile gambling—and then supported himself with his violin—I never met a fiddler whose instrument was not a violin—and here was the violin, like the bricks that proved Jack Cade's lineage, to testify to the whole story. Previously he had served as interpreter to one of the London police-courts, as he was an Anglo-Italian, or rather Welsh-Piedmontese, and a sort of putative Catholic; he was called the "old Italian," and joined the Italian mess, who disliked him almost as much as he did them.

One of these nights I had a curious dream, viz. that I saw and heard Milton recite the "Areopagitica" before "the Lords and Commons of England." Place, &c., were of the usual inconsistency, and the passages one seemed to hear naturally those one knew best. Nothing about our camp was very Miltonic, nor in the daytime had a thought of Milton passed across my brain. I suppose it came from some connection between the prose works of Milton and Dante, which last our cattle reminded me of.

Two succeeding days' travel of five and fifteen miles respectively brought us to Big Nemahaw creek, at this time rather shallow, but still a *stream* with an average width of twenty-five feet: here there was a settlement of some half-dozen houses, two of which were "groceries," and no doubt made a good thing of selling whisky to passing trains, and villainous bad whisky it was too; several of our men however indulged freely in it, but then they did not know or had forgotten Scotch and Irish whisky; a taste was quite enough for me, after which I revelled in a quart of fresh milk, only wishing I could have added to it honey to complete "the glory of all lands." A return empty train from Fort Kearney camped by us. During the night a heavy thunderstorm came on, with a strong wind, but I covered my head up in my blankets and braved it a long while beneath the waggon, till from the slope of the ground inundation threatened below, upon which I took refuge above; from this time I never but once slept on the ground; hitherto, I had always done so.

Morning brought a worse storm—three dismissals. These were the lazy Frenchman, our Dutch ex-cook (chiefly for impudence), and one of our Irishmen, "the old man," John Dillon. There was something comical in his discharge, though I was sincerely sorry for it; he was cooking—for our second cook Mitchell, who had entrapped the mule thief, had left our mess—and rating me soundly in well-balanced sentences because I had taken a bathe in the creek instead of bringing water, concluding that he should report to Mr. J. how little use I was, when that very gentleman appeared, and informed *him* that as he was no use at all they would pay him his wages, and had arranged with the return-train to take him back. The old man's spirit was roused in a moment. "Thank you for nothing," said he; "you might have asked me first whether I wished to go back, but I shan't go back, and 'll be in Salt Lake before you yet:" and sure enough in twenty minutes, without staying to take breakfast, he was off by himself with an old carpet-bag over his shoulder, and veteran hat-box in his hand; he was quite moved when I shook hands with him, but we all wished him well, and nearly the whole camp joined in three cheers to him in spite of black looks from X.

The old man walked twenty miles without a bite, but his pluck never failed him; the next day a body of troops caught him up, and he got along with them to Fort Kearney. The officers liked him much, for he was useful in his way, and would have gladly kept him, but he had set his heart on going West, and joined a Mormon goods train, working only for his board, but he was a favourite there also, and received some pay at last, and they tried hard to convert him; he would listen, I was told, to any amount of argument, but remained a good Catholic after all. Irishmen seldom turn Mormons; one, however, of the managers of an emigrant train along with us was Irish, and all his countrymen in our train, though friendly enough to the other emigrants, were quite ashamed of him; each disclaimed him from their country; "he couldn't be a Corkonian," "he hadn't been raised in Dublin anyhow," &c. After passing the Rocky Mountains we met "the old man" again, but he ultimately got into Salt Lake City ahead of us—by two days. In place of the three dismissed three joined us from the return train, and also one of the settlers; the latter on the Scotch principle was always called Nemahaw after his "claim," though as the claim was but a claim, and the chance of payment for it when due very uncertain, the nomenclature seemed premature. Little settled as this part of the country is the land along or near the creek was entirely in the hands of a land company: individual settlers can rarely buy much worth having direct from the government at the regular price of one dollar and a quarter an acre.

Aug. 8th.—Left several head of cattle behind, half dead or dead lame, chiefly from bad driving down hills, not locking the wheels, &c., and drove away several more we ought to have left. Made about eight miles through a stupid, tiresome, grass country; I did not get to camp till late, having remained behind driving wo or three lame cattle, a terrible infliction on them and me—shall shirk it for the future.

Aug. 9th.—After breakfast one hundred dragoons passed our camp; all the men had revolvers; an officer came up and had a talk with us; said that General Harney meant to pitch into the Indians right and left.

Aug. 11th.—Heavy rain all the forenoon, drenching us to the skin behind; about three it cleared off fine: quite provoking! sun too far west: only got roasted on one side without getting dry on the other. Camped near Big Blue, a river from forty to fifty yards wide, generally fordable, but now from the rains very high and impassable except by ferry-boat. There is fine timber all along the river bottom, and for the first time we had a fire of red cedar wood; there was something quite luxurious in the idea.

Near the Ferry were camped two Mormon emigrant trains, of some thirty-five waggons and 400 emigrants each. Flour was their chief load, over which appeared a miscellaneous assortment of boxes and bedding, with sometimes a chair or two. Some of the richer families had cows driven loose, and many had one or two as part of their team, which had to draw a load much lighter than ours, and lightening daily. Few, even of the women and children, unless sick or very young, were accustomed to ride. At first, our men had had a great prejudice against the Mormons, and whenever we passed their waggons would abuse and order them out of the road; but after seeing a bit more, we found they were as good Christians as "the balance." Perfect morality it would be useless to expect: one knows what an emigrant ship's morality is (though, by-the-by, the author of "The Mormons" reports, from what captains told him, that Mormons are far better behaved than the average run of emigrants across the Atlantic); there are quite as many temptations in an emigrant train; but the immorality was exceptional, and never scandalous. As a whole, they were a good, plain, honest sort of people, simple-minded, but not fools, nor yet altogether uneducated; an omnium gatherum from half-a-dozen nations, containing many excellent artizans and some tradespeople, along with a large number of mere labourers and some few men of talent and cultivation. Local papers in England occasionally mention a departure of Mormons, and speak of them as poor and ignorant people. This, no doubt, is correct; but it would not be equally so to set down the entire class of emigrants as such. The better class pay their own expenses mainly; and though they join at Liverpool, do not travel in large bodies, or attract the attention which those emigrating by help of the "Perpetual Emigration Fund" (and therefore necessarily collected in the charge of some "elder") do; these are the poor and ignorant; and more shame for us there are so many such, and that poverty and ignorance are cause and effect. In the United States these people would have had a decent education, and in Utah their children will have, no matter how poor they are.

Those emigrating by aid of the "Perpetual Emigration Fund," are required to pay back what has been advanced as soon after their arrival in Utah as possible, either in labour or produce, &c. To save expense, it was determined that after this time, instead of waggons and cattle, merely hand-barrows or small carts should be used; and most thought the journey could be made as quickly that way, but it will come hard upon children and those who are sick. At Chicago, last June, I fell in with 300 or 400 Welsh, still in the most primitive state of semi-civilisation, doomed to use the hand-barrows. They seemed contented, though rather sorry they could not settle at some of the pleasant places they had seen in their R.R. journey from Boston. Had they known the state of distress at Salt Lake, perhaps they would have done so; but they would not have believed me had I told them.

Aug. 12*th, Sunday.*—No grouse killed by me, or any one else to-day, I suppose. Day very fine, but the level almost ankle-deep in water from the late rains.

Idled away some time at the store, which was crowded with men buying things at exorbitant prices—far more so than anywhere else, considering the distance from the States, only 150 miles. Then rambled through the Mormon camps: they have tents, which adds a good deal to their comfort, though, after all, in a waggon you are surest of a dry bed to sleep on. Many women were trying in vain to raise a fire from wet wood on the wet ground: you can always tell the camping-place of an emigrant train, there are the remains of so many small fires; those of other trains are fewer and larger; we never had more than half-a-dozen, and very seldom as many. Found a couple of Piedmontese families, fifteen or sixteen together, with a waggon between them. When I spoke of them to the Italians of our camp, they expressed as much scorn as the Irish did at the Mormon Irishmen, and would not go near them. Perhaps it is a Catholic feeling; yet our Irish had half dropped their religion: one to-day said to me, "I'm Catholic, but all religions are ways to heaven, except the Mormon; all their priests will go to hell." The grown-up Piedmontese were ignorant, and spoke their miserable dialect, but some of the children spoke very plainly; one girl of twelve or thirteen was eager to talk, and very quick, and promised to be pretty also. Casually she spoke of the sunset as "tramontare."

"But there are no mountains here," said I.

"No," she said, catching my meaning at once, "but it was the old word they used at home in the 'bel paese;' were there mountains where they were going?"

"Yes," I said, "but the mountains were very far off; it would be almost as easy to get back to the 'bel paese.'"

She looked sad; and I was sorry I had made the observation. From them I strolled on to the Welsh: one dark-haired beauty attracted my glance; she was but young, and seemed travelling alone, without any relatives. I could make out her story but imperfectly, for she could speak very little English, and not even understand it readily; otherwise she was ready enough to talk, though with more of the air and caprice one would fancy natural to a harem beauty than any Mormon girl I ever met. A middle-aged woman from Dover was a curious free-spoken person for a "saint," and almost put our men to the blush; for a very trifling gratuity she would have (and perhaps did) acted as the procuress of the girls of her people. On common-place subjects she talked sensibly; told me from having delayed so long at Atchison they were already short of provisions, and got only one pound of bacon a week each (perhaps including all the children); complained bitterly that the settler would not sell her any butter, he would keep it all for the "captain's lady" (the captain of the United States' troops)—that in a free country!—besides, he had "extortionated" her for other trifles; but—and this she told with immense gusto—she had sold his wife some worsted stockings, and put just as much extra on the price of them. The story was not unlike that of the Troglodyte wool-merchant and corn-merchant in the "Lettres Persanes."

On return to camp found Preston and O'Rourke had deserted: neither were very courageous, a good deal fonder of whisky than hardship, and terrible believers in the Indians. The latter was a great humbug, pretended not to be of Irish birth, and wanted us to pronounce his name Orrpack; he carried off a pocket-comb I had lent him. The other was a printer, had an excellent memory, and could repeat whole passages of the poets. Neither could drive well, or was much loss, but Preston was a good-natured, jovial fellow; yet he, too, borrowed another man's hat and went off with it.

The waggons were driven by one or two of the best drivers to the ferry-boat; they crossed one by one, and camped half-a-mile on the other side; a little before dark we drove the rest of the cattle down, and swam them across. Intended to have stolen some corn and water-melons, but missed the opportunity; the store-keeper, the only settler here, has a good show of these, besides lots of cattle. His wife complains of loneliness and cold in winter. "Nemahaw" lost my knife, and then—impudent fellow!—said it was not of much account, and he could get a better in St. Louis for twenty-five cents. Thank you, N., but this is Big Blue, not St. Louis.

Aug. 13*th*.—Had to keep second guard last night. Heavy rain, but my blanket kept me dry,—when will *it* be dry again? Moran—idle scoundrel!—lay under a waggon the whole time. Great difficulty in raising a fire for breakfast. "Nemahaw," our cook, was a sloven, content to leave things anyhow, and call that "roughing it,"—a type of a pretty large class in the world. N. said it was too wet to cook, we must eat hard bread; I opposed, and volunteered my blanket to be held over the fire while some "slap-jacks" (pancakes) were fried. All vociferously voted this to be magnanimous, but by mistake, some one else's blanket was taken. Myself and another stood one on each side of the fire, "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved," with the blanket over our shoulders, eyes, nose, and mouth so full of smoke we could hardly see to swear. Made up for a bad breakfast by dining at the store for half-a-dollar: we had chickens and fresh vegetables, milk and cream, and capital Java coffee—altogether a treat and a healthy change. Settler's wife told me the reports of the devastation of grasshoppers at Salt Lake. She must have to do with a great many rogues, or be very suspicious by nature, for no sooner did I rise from dinner and lounge half-way to the door, than she positively jumped at me for the half-dollar, thinking I was trying to sneak off. Forty or fifty head of new cattle bought from the settler; out herding them till late; lucky I had made a good dinner. On coming in, found Nemahaw had fallen out with some of the mess and vacated office—no great loss, but I lost my supper, everything having gone to sixes and sevens, or rather to the six or seven who were ready for a scramble. Lost my supper, and might say also "lost a day," not in the philosophical or the Cambridge sense, but we have not moved camp to-day. Joined the "Great Western" as my sleeping waggon; it is a famous large waggon, quite different from the rest, and loaded with coffee and rice, so one will have a good even bed. The two Italian brothers, my particular friends, are to be left behind, one being lame, and the other staying to take care of him; both are to receive their wages.

In consequence of the diminution of our numbers, the messes were reduced to four, and guard and driving arranged accordingly. Each mess took a night's guard, half standing till midnight, the remainder till daylight. In rotation we had the lead in driving, not a mere distinction, but a practical advantage; the first waggons would often get to camp an hour before the last, particularly as forming corral takes some time; that hour might change twilight into dark; many a time I've seen the camp fire of the leading mess blazing up cheerfully, when we were two miles or more away.

Of our messes I may give a short account. No. 1 was chiefly of professional teamsters, and entirely of Americans. They were certainly the most useful and willing, and the least quarrelsome,—but the varieties of character among them were fewer. "Woodpecker," however,—surnames were not much in vogue with us—having been among the Indians, could sing a good song, or spin a yarn by the camp fire.

"We had been out a few days from the trading-post, up the Yellow Stone, hunting; Pierre a French-Canadian, a Dutchman, myself and another American, but we had not done much yet; that was the trading-post, you know, we worked from. Well, it was just after daylight, and the Dutchman had shot a wolf-bitch, and we made sure she had a litter somewhere, so we scattered about, and at last we found the hole, and I wanted to have one of the wolf-pups, so I put my arm in, and pushed in myself as far as I could, and at last got out a couple, but I can tell you those little beggars have sharp teeth, you can see the mark still, only it's too dark now. Put another bit of wood on the fire, Tom. Any water in this keg I'm on?"

"Take some coffee, Woodpecker."

"What! you've got coffee left; well, we drink our kettle dry, anyhow."

"Well, so do we, mostly, but we filled up again. Go on, Woodpecker."

"Well, we'd just got the wolf-pup out you know; he was a dog-wolf, and I stuck him in a bit of a sack, and slung him over my shoulder. Somehow we'd been after this the whole time, and kept no look-out, and we hadn't seen any Indians yet since we'd been out; when Dick—that's the American—turned round and didn't say a word, but pointed to the hill. By Jove! there were pretty near 100 Indians coming over, and they saw us too, so it was no good trying to escape, for some of them had ponies. Well, we wanted to fight it out, and kill what we could of them, for we knew they were Sioux; but Pierre wouldn't hear of it, so we gave in to him, and waited for the Indians to come up. They came up, and asked us who we were. Pierre had told us we must all make out we were French-Canadians, and then they'd not kill us; Pierre knew their language, and told 'em we were French Canadians. Well they saw he was, and I passed off pretty well, but the other two couldn't pass, and two of the 'braves'—Pierre whispered to me—said they must have a scalp; well, I thought it was all up with us, for if they killed one, they'd be likely to kill all, and I wanted to fire, but Pierre said 'No.' Well, just at that moment, from the other side comes up another band of Indians of the same tribe [the Sioux nation consists of eight or nine different tribes, and these are subdivided in bands under different chiefs] bigger than the others. These first lot you know, were all young 'braves,' and they're always for killing the whites. But these others had with them an old chief; that is, he wasn't young. Well, they came up and claimed a share in us, and as they were the strongest the first band could not help it; but one of them stuck an arrow through the Dutchman's arm, and their chief said they must have a scalp. Pierre told the old chief we were all Canadian-Frenchmen, and loved the Indians, and hated the Americans. Well, they made us give up our arms, and then they fell talking what they'd do with us, and meanwhile we were stript pretty near of all we had on, just as they fancied the things. Just as they were going to take away my bag, the old chief turned round and asked what it was, and the wolf-pup put out his head and yelped, and the chief laughed. I think that put him in a good humour, but Pierre said the others were still for having our scalps, and the Dutchman and Dick were a good deal kicked and knocked about. However, at last, they made out to let us go, because four guns count as good as a scalp; so they told us we might go, and off we went at once, but some of the braves followed us at first, and the younger chief fired a gun at us several times, but he only grazed Dick's side once. I don't think he liked Dick. So we got off at last, but we'd no clothes and no food, or means of killing any game. I can tell you it was hot to a man's skin, for it was July you know, and we must push on, having nothing to eat, and no friendly Indians nearer than the river. Just at dark a herd of buffalo came along, and behind 'em all a buffalo cow with a young calf; close by us there was a bit of a bank, and the calf could not get up that easily; then a big wolf slipped up and laid hold of the calf, but the cow turned and drove him off; but while she was after him, we set on the young one. Then she turned right on us, but that brought the wolf back again, so between the two, the cow had a bad time of it, though I was sorry for her, but we couldn't do without something to eat. So at last we finished the calf with a blow on the head, and drove off the cow and the wolf, though

I know he didn't go far; then we got a bite, it was raw though, for we hadn't a light. Well, in four days we reached the Yellow Stone; but the sun had tanned us so, the Indians took us for Black-feet, and began to fire at us across the river; it's lucky we were not hit, for they kept it up a good while after they found us to be white men. Indians, you know, always kill a white man they find in an enemy's country, as they suppose him to be an ally of their enemy. However, all's well that end's well. At last we made 'em understand. Then they took us over to their own side, gave us lots to eat and drink, and we got back safe to the trading post. That's all. Now give us another drink of coffee."

"All gone, Woodpecker."

"Well, some water then."

"Not a drop left."

"Then I'll go round to our mess. Good night."

"Good night, Woodpecker," from all, *und voce.*

"Oh, here's a nice state of things," cries one of our cooks, "how are we to get breakfast, and not a drop of water to do it with? Whose turn is it?"

"Oh, I went for water this evening," cries one. "And I for wood," cries another; and that great shirk, Moran, slips away to his waggon.

"Oh, well, if none of you'll go, it's no affair of ours," says the cook, "we can do as well without coffee as the balance, can't we Tom (to his sub)? I know No. 2 mess 'll give us a drop."

"Call me up first thing, and I'll go," says Howard.

"No, we've had plenty of that; you'd have had no breakfast this morning, if some one hadn't lugged you right out. Won't any one go?"

"I'll go," says Dutch John, the most willing man in camp, who never talks about his turn, or grumbles that his bread and bacon is less than another man's.

"It's too bad Dutch John should have to go, he brought wood and water both this evening," says another, but never offers to go himself.

"Come along, William," says John, to myself, "we'll go together,"—for John and I were great chums.

"Oh, William," says Nemahaw, insinuatingly, "if you are going, you may as well take another keg."

"Well I guess I will take Mat's keg: we shall want some water in the waggon, as we go along to morrow."

"Oh, that's just like you, William," say two or three bitterly, "always thinking of the waggon and yourself."

"Go to; —— the waggon doesn't drink any of the water, nor I much. Don't we always give a drink to any one who wants? You'd have been thirsty enough on Tuesday, if we had had none. Last time I trusted to you there wasn't a drop, and I drank out of a rut in the road, and afterwards of that putrid Vermillion Creek. Bah! it was worse than Croton oil."

"Oh, make a speech now, you're a lawyer."

"I'll give you more law than water to night, you may swear to it; make that idle dog Moran bring water if you want it brought."

Return of Moran, glaring savagely at me, foaming at his mouth, putting his hand on his big knife, as he always does when there's a chance of a quarrel, and trying to see if I have my revolver about me. Failing in this he keeps quiet, and Dutch John and I go off tranquilly with our kegs.

Such are the common wranglings of camp life. "No. 2," consisting in the main of American mechanics, was even worse. They would often squabble and rail like so many angry women; but they were handier than "ours" in getting a meal ready, and much less wolf-like in taking it. One or two of our Irish had no manners at all, and would try to grab everything. The Emerald Isle had now a decided predominance in "ours," though we might still, like Midshipman Easy, have hoisted "the flag of all nations." In place of our Mexican we had a Scotchman; he was a sailor, had served on board a United States' man-of-war, and deserted from it. "Scottie" was, all in all, a good specimen. Before a select and appreciative audience he would sing "Highland Mary," and others of Burns' songs, but not *coram populo*; there was a touch of genuine delicacy there; and, by talking alone with him and hearing him speak with deep affection of his dead mother, I learnt that there are those whom you cannot know till they know you:

outwardly he was rough enough, though not unmannerly.

One American we had of great versatility. Landon could anywhere have made at least a respectable show as cook, confectioner, chemist, general practitioner and poisoner, painter, actor, and tailor. I will vouch, with proper materials he could have made a costume for any stage character, and supported it very fairly himself. Sometimes, when pacing round our herd on night guard, one might hear in the distance a passage of Shakspere recited in imitation of some English or American "star." He was a doctor's son, and had come on to the plains half for the fun of the thing, half to get to California, and with a general self-confidence that he could support himself wherever he went. Honest and honourable as he was, even excessively good-natured, his popularity was marred by a more excessive touchiness.

Among our Irish there was one character—besides my comrade Mat of the "Great Western," the character of the whole camp—known among us as "Little Tom." His was a true Irish story. Born of parents fairly off, well educated, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; put to some business, he had soon tired of it, and gone off to America without a penny; stayed some months with a rich uncle at Boston; again put in an office; again tired of steady work, and ran off to New Orleans; since that he had lived anyhow—teamster, steam-boat hand, porter at hotels, &c.; two or three times he had been nearly starved, both in cities and out in Indian country, and, unfortunately, still ate always as if he were starved; but if he had lost the outside polish, like a good coin he rang true and clear. Much delighted he was to find any one with a little classical knowledge, for his own, of Latin at least, was still fresh. Sometimes we capped Latin verses by the camp-fire, to the intense astonishment of the rest of "ours," who had not given Tom credit for so much learning, and he would hold his head a little higher after such exhibitions. He always assured me there were no such scholars as those of Dublin. Related college anecdotes, and delighted to propound "catches," such as, "Mea mater est mala sus:" it was worth being posed to see his pleasure. Prouder than of Dublin was he of some remote—I dare say very remote—relationship to Cardinal Wiseman, who some ten years before had patted him on the head, and spoken a few kind encouraging words; still remembered every syllable, though not likely ever to be turned to account. Like the rest of our Irish (except Nemahaw, who had been brought up as a surveyor, and on joining camp very foolishly boasted himself to be come of "good people," a phrase he was often twitted with), Little Tom had been in the United States Service, and come out some irregular way or other. I think on a plea of not being an American citizen.

Irish in America stick mainly to public works, railroads, and the river; consequently they come but little in competition with native American workmen.

The latter (of whom I have seen a good deal, both here and elsewhere out West) have a great dislike of Germans, who will underbid them entirely. One told me he and another American were working near Pittsburg at one dollar and a half a day, when two Germans came and offered for ten dollars a month, and, of course, cut them out. This, no doubt, to those who think the sum of human wisdom is comprised in buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and who I dare say would sell their own souls if they could find out the dearest market for those valuable articles, will seem the perfection of competition; others may find less to admire in it. Englishmen and Protestant Irish, both a very small number, are well spoken of as workmen, and as very tenacious of proper wages.

One feeling our Irishmen had in common, that of an intense hatred towards England; this was mainly national, but partly also republican. They had found a greater equality in America, and spoke very bitterly of such laws as the game laws. As a whole, they preferred the slave States, though asserting that on steamboats, &c., along with slaves, the latter, as being owned not hired merely, were invariably put to the lightest work—I think the greater hospitality in country places influenced their opinions. Scarcely less intense than their hatred of England (or rather of the governing classes of England) was their hatred of the United States army, while they would eulogise the English Service. One quite roused the Americans to a K.N. feeling against him, by boasting that the Scotch Grays, Enniskillens, 4th Light Dragoons, and 10th Hussars—regiments he happened to have seen formerly—out on the prairie would in half an hour cut to pieces the entire American army, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and all they could muster. Another Irish characteristic I noticed. Though not specially given to lying, yet if they swore "on their souls" a thing was true, then invariably it was false. A young naval officer, soon after the Pacifico affair in Greece, told me that whenever a Greek assured him of a fact with great solemnity, he always assumed the direct contrary to be the case, and always found it so. I did the same when I heard anything of the Irishman's soul.

Though Kansas theoretically extends to the mountains, Big Blue is considered the boundary line of the territory, and the great ocean of Indian country; indeed we were not unlike a vessel outward bound, nor our journey unlike a voyage. We struck out hence into a region, considered by our pace of travelling, as boundless, if not as trackless, as an ocean. Fort Kearney and Laramie were our St. Helena and Cape, the mountains and snow our icebergs, the mails a monthly line of steamers passing to and fro, the buffalo and antelope our halibuts and flying-fish, the wolves our sharks, and if the journey had continued a little longer one might have added "scurvy was scurvy." Was it not a voyage?

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH IN THE COMPANY.

Morning broke gloriously on August 14, such as one rarely sees upon the plains, and not too often anywhere; it was, indeed, a "shining morrow," fit for the start of the outward-bound. The rain-clouds, that yesterday had swept over the prairie ocean upon the swiftness of the western gale, were now on the point of vanishing, when caught like lingering ghosts by the rising daylight. Golden-hour, not the rosy-fingered Eos, ruled the dawn. There was scarcely a tinge of rose colour, but the whole sky was a sphere of gold, as I walked down the hill-side to the spring; by the time one returned the sun was up, as though shamed by our earlier camp-fires. Our pleasant, if in fare simple and unchanging, meal was soon over, and then less pleasant work began. The cattle had been two successive nights in this same corral, and as a natural consequence the ground was knee-deep in mud. Corral was but an elliptical space of fifty yards by thirty, not a superfluity of room for four hundred and twenty head of cattle, and forty men seeking their own in the *mêlée*. At the hour of yoking up it was always a strange scene, and echoed with strange shoutings. "Who has seen my bald-faced steer?"—"Head my red stag, or he'll be out of corral!"—"D——n you, but I'll have you yet," from a big Southerner, as he is dragged by a wild steer for the third time round corral, his right arm holding to a horn, and his left hand clenched on the bleeding nostrils of the animal.—"That's a dear, good creature, Lines, always ready!" from an Irishman, as he puts his arm affectionately round the neck of a milk-white bull.—"Now, then, how am I to yoke my wild cattle, and you cracking your whip close by?"—"Look out, Dutch John, my off leader's a kicker, he'll break your leg in a moment."—"There's Mexican Joe left his gap unchained as usual, and my black yoke have got out and gone right down to the creek. I don't care; I won't go after them; it's too bad."—"Now look alive; are you going to be all day yoking up?" from Carill Hughes, our first waggon-master. Then a volley of Anglo-Italian oaths from the old Italian, as his team, instead of coming out, turns hopelessly back into corral; and then "Maledetto! maledetto!" from half a dozen mellifluous voices, as every off steer of the afore-mentioned team successively runs his head against the Italian mess-box behind one of the waggons, ending in an upset and a conglomeration of frying-pans, coffee-mill, bacon, flour, green and brown coffee, fallen together on the ground. But this day all was at its worst. Men, some voluntarily entering the mire barefoot, some emerging shoeless, some cursing a steer they could not hold, some upset and uttering curses deep—in mud; "keys" lost, chains entangled, lariettes thrown in vain, yokes turned upside down, all to the eye in hopeless confusion, like revolutions on the Continent; and yet the work did go on, if the progress were slow, and at last, after two hours, we got clear of the mire. May the revolutions end as happily!

The emigrant trains passed us a few minutes earlier, and from this time to the end of the month we camped near together. It was a pretty sight to watch them starting off for the day's march; great numbers of women and children walking in advance gaily, the little ones picking flowers, the boys looking for grapes or plums if there were trees near, and the mothers knitting as they went: all seemed willing to endure hardship, looking upon the journey as a pilgrimage to the promised land, where they should have rest: many, I fear, had a hard time the next winter, and perhaps much disappointment, proceeding from a cause rumours of which we now began to hear—the grasshoppers; but they were a hopeful set, and in the main as fully believed themselves under divine guidance as though a pillar of cloud had marched before them by day and a pillar of fire given light to their camp at night. As since [New York, June, 1856] charges have been made against Mormon emigrants of ill-treating their children, and even rejoicing in their deaths, as one mouth less to feed, I may say that I saw nothing of the kind, though of course for all that it might have existed.

From this time we began to travel in earnest, sixteen to twenty miles a day—"only," one unacquainted with ox-teams might add; but this distance is quite as much as cattle are fit to continue at. Their pace being seldom over two miles an hour, a journey took from morning till night, for small accidents often occur, and a large train is greatly delayed by any bad place in the road, as the foremost waggons cannot go on a-head but must wait for the rest to come up. Desertion having made drivers scarce, I again had a team; three yoke, being new cattle, were only unchained, not unyoked, at night for some time.

Aug. 15*th.*—Finer weather; but the roads still very dirty. My leaders, having just come from grass, were mad to return to it, and would never keep for long together on the road, particularly delighting to turn off to the long grass at the bottoms of hills, the most inconvenient place for such pranks. Ran my waggon into a chink at the side of the road; fortunately it was pulled out without accident. Tom Brown is our new cook, and a great improvement. A thoroughly good-natured and half-generous Irishman was this Tom Brown, but a regular wolf at meals, ready to lie or steal for an extra biscuit, and altogether with loose notions as to *meum* and *tuum;* his name was not exactly a *nom de guerre,* as he had left his real name behind when he deserted from the United States dragoons.

Aug. 16*th.* — The nights now seem completely changed from pleasantly cool to sharp frost, and one feels it after the heat of the day. This is the coming in of the harvest moon: has that caused the change? Water in the kegs all night is "iced" deliciously by morning.

Aug. 17*th.*—Gloriously fine morning. Drove five miles before breakfast; hot enough even so early. Camped by Rock Creek, a very pretty one, with abundance of wood round, but steep hills on each side, and terribly rocky in the bottom. B. Duncan drove my team across. Bad headache, perhaps from the heat; intended to ask not to drive, but Roland just then said he could not drive, as he was suffering severely from diarrhœa, so I did not ask. We camped in the evening in good time. Felt bad every way and tired: took no supper, and went to bed in N.'s waggon, as Roland was in the "Great Western," very sick. Had a miserable night, being awake from before second guard till daylight. N. is the most restless fellow imaginable, but very good-natured.

Aug. 18*th.*—Roland died at two this morning; he was one of the strongest men in our train; I don't think I had spoken to him five times since he joined. When I got up, he was lying on a blanket by the "Great Western," his face drawn in a good deal, but else unaltered. After a while, Carill Hughes, our first waggon-master, came round, and had a blanket placed over him; two or three men were engaged a short distance off in digging his grave by turns. On the other side of the camp—a curious contrast—guns and ammunition were being distributed, as there were reports of the Pawnees being collected some twelve miles in advance. The Pawnees have the name of being about the meanest and most rascally set of Indians in the whole country; more ready to bully than to fight, and most to pick off stragglers; as a tribe, they are at peace with the United States. The rifles were what are called "yagers," but rather old ones, formerly belonging to the government; men seemed very eager to get the rifles, but not many knew how to use them: I prophesied, in case of an attack, more would be killed by our own accidents than by the Indians: the supply was insufficient, and I did not get one, which I cared little about, having a D. and A. The box that had contained the guns was broken up to place in Roland's grave.

Our mess was only a few yards from where the body lay, and breakfast was accompanied by sounds of "ill-seeming merriment." When all was ready, Carill Hughes, who seemed a good deal "cut up," called us together "to help all in doing the last for him." We carried him in his blanket to the grave, and when he was lowered into it placed pieces of plank over him; the grave was filled in very tenderly and smoothed all round on the top; a *wooden* tomb-*stone* was put at the head, with his name, &c., very neatly carved on. In a couple of days he seemed forgotten, and his name unmentioned, except in such phrases as "Roland's waggon," "Roland's rifle," &c.; three weeks afterwards his clothes, &c., were sold by auction, and fetched considerably above their cost-prices, or even their value on the spot, but men bid freely when the payment is not cash down, but a deduction from wages not payable for two or three months later.

Howard and Rice being sick, I drove again to-day, though not at all up to work. Very tired when we got to camp, and sent to head the cattle, that continually plunged into a wilderness of sunflowers, dead the wrong way. No water near at hand.

Aug. 20th.—Worse again, but there were no men to spare. Carill Hughes very kind; helped me to yoke up and offered to find a substitute, but I hoped to pull through. Some charitable individual took my blanket, which was spread out to air, Roland having used it, and gave it to Howard, and I could not get it away again; shared Mat's in the "Great Western" till he went out on second guard; then was almost frozen, and slept, I think, with my eyes open, dreaming the whole time that I was surrounded by goblins, and the front of the waggon was the mouth of a cavern which one had to drive through and could not.

Aug. 22nd.—Drove till about noon, and then gave out, being unable to walk a step further. This was the last work I did for some time.

A time of sickness is, I suppose (never having tried it but this once), a wearisome time at best and with any alleviations, and a bed of coffee-sacks in a waggon is probably as healthy as a feather-bed in a close and half-poisonous room; but to wear the same clothes night and day for days together, to have water only now and then for drinking, and never but for drinking, and to be jolted over rough roads for ten or twelve hours at a time through sun and dust—and often an almost stifling dust—are unpleasant, and something more in a feverish attack.

Wearisome and monotonous indeed those days were: as the morning heat came on, one longed for night, and yet the last two hours before sunset were the hottest, for as our course was N.W., the sun then shone full into the waggon; and before one could well enjoy the evening cool, it turned to bitter cold, at least one felt it so those frosty moonlight nights. The food of our camp was not such as a sick person could eat; medicines our "office" had none but some boxes of quack pills, a culpable negligence that perhaps cost two lives; my own stock was opium and quinine; the former a good travelling companion, and useful here in checking cholera, which the unwholesome water at this time produced; but the latter failed to cure me. Fortunately the Mormon trains were near, and they had doctors; one morning I went to their camp. How long the distance seemed, yet it was not over 200 yards, but one could only make it in many stages. The doctor was a young man, but he had regularly studied and practised in Philadelphia, and had rather come on the plains as a cure for pulmonary weakness* than from any special zeal for Mormonism, though he was, I daresay, a good saint for a medical student. His own work he certainly understood, for after asking me a few questions he told me all the rest himself, concluding with—"Well, you 've no constitution, and it 's a toss-up whether you pull through." I admired his plain-speaking, but thought my case had not quite reached that; but the *coup d'état* on my constitution, that I had always believed excellent—that was infamous; henceforth Louis Napoleon, Santa Anna, &c., seem to me very law-abiding characters. "However," added the doctor, "I 'll give you some medicines." The principal of these were taken in effervescing draughts, and though of a strong and nasty taste, were then more delicious than anything I had ever swallowed; one had longed, almost dreamed, of effervescence as the highest physical gratification. These did me a great deal of good in taking away my fever, but from want of food I grew daily weaker, and could hardly walk ten yards away from the waggons, and often sat long at the mouth of the waggon, fearing to get down without help, and waiting for a passer-by.

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* Whatever be the cause, it is found as a fact that those suffering from pulmonary diseases in the Eastern States are much benefited by travelling West; and the converse is found true to a great extent. This I have heard both in Illinois and Minnesota.

One of these days Rice died; some said from taking too much laudanum, others from too much cold water during his attack of cholera. He was buried at night, decently enough, and the grave was deep—too deep for the wolves—and bushes in place of boards were placed over his blankets; there is a kind of repugnance to throwing and trampling the earth down upon the very body; but altogether there was not the same scrupulous care as in the former case. I wedged myself in among the rest, and put a hand to the blanket that carried him to his grave, for we had been friends from the first, and I used to help him yoke his team, which was wild. He was as good-natured a man as there was in camp, and there was not a better-natured than he out of it.

Next day we reached Little Blue River, a stream rather than a river, but now considerably swollen and therefore less unwholesome drinking than usual. Nemahaw was very kind, and helped me down to the water, so at last I got a "wash;" it was as delightful as the effervescing draught. The day after I took a bathe, and must have been a ludicrous spectacle, as I tottered about in shallowish water, clinging fast to the boughs of a tree overhead; many thought me stark mad to bathe, but cleanliness is a step not only towards comfort but towards health.

We were now approaching the valley of the Platte, and buffalo were looked for; a solitary "chip"—so the buffalo droppings are called—found one evening caused quite an excitement in camp; then some buffalo were seen or thought to be seen miles off; then came an actual chase, but after some near and exciting chances an unsuccessful one; and finally came a fat four-year-old cow, the very perfection of age and condition for the table, if one may say so where there were no tables. No one was more interested in the result than myself, who might otherwise perhaps have died of sheer weakness and want of food, as our escort told me six or seven soldiers had died after sicknesses in themselves not serious. As it was, the fresh meat, taken at first very moderately, brought one strength rapidly, the more so perhaps from having lived previously on salt food. For the same reason many indulging too freely at first suffered accordingly.

About the full of the harvest moon we passed Fort Kearney; it has no fortifications, but every post in Indian country is termed "fort:" all I could see was a large and tall square house, resembling a boarding-school just out of town, such as that at Hammersmith Becky Sharp and Amelia in the picture are leaving, and a few store-houses round. Great disappointment was felt at our not staying there at least a few hours to buy some of the articles we most needed; tobacco and soap were very scarce in camp, and on the plains are of equal necessity. Our cattle evidently sympathised with us, as the main of them turned back that night, and were found near the fort. We, however, lay camped by the broad channel of the Platte, in which at this season a few shallow streams of water hardly make their way through sand and shingle. We had completed the first stage of our long journey. We had left the rolling prairie and creeks of Kansas behind, and were in Nebraska. Fort Laramie was less than 400 miles off, and that did not seem so very far now we were travelling fast; men began to talk of getting there and conjecture the time; and hearing the conversation I asked them the day of the month. It was the last of August: I had believed September was half through. Do we then live faster or slower in sickness than in health? Both possibly in a certain sense. The motion of our life is one made up of many motions. So it is in the material world. The man walks to and fro along the deck; the vessel moves on its course through the ocean; the ocean is whirled around the earth's axis; the earth flies along circling the sun; and some now hint that the entire visible universe moves around some unknown and invisible centre. So too it is in the life of man. But we often note the lesser motions and wholly forget the greater.

CHAPTER V.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE.

The valley of the Platte from Fort Kearney to the South Crossing has an average width of six or eight miles, closed in N. and S. by low bluffs from 200 to 300 feet high; while the river divides the level between pretty evenly, having itself a width of little less than a mile. Cedar-wood is sprinkled thinly over the bluffs, and now and then (but rarely), you may find a copse on the river-side, half impervious through the tangled masses of the wild vine; their grapes, though small and acid, are wholesome and refreshing, and an excellent remedy for either hunger or thirst. We should, however, have fared badly if dependant upon wood for fuel; our fires henceforth during several weeks were entirely of buffalo-chips, which are thickly strewn over any pasture on which you care to camp, and in a quarter of an hour with an old coffee-sack one could gather up enough for a cooking; when dry they make admirable fuel, indeed, for baking, preferable to wood, as they keep up a more even heat. At first the idea and the smell were a little unpleasant, but very soon one was only too glad to put a slice of buffalo-steak to broil on the coals, and it tasted none the worse for a sprinkling of the ashes—rather hard though upon the buffalo, that he should supply the very fuel for himself to be cooked upon.

The soil and the grass appear very good, both along the river and sloping away to the Bluffs; on these slopes feed herds of buffalo, many hundreds, perhaps thousands, together, blackening the ground like a grove of cedar trees; our own cattle numbering over 400 head one could make a fair guess by comparison of the numbers of a buffalo herd. An old buffalo bull, with his dark shaggy mane and grim broad head, is if not a graceful at least a noble-looking animal, as he is in fact noble and courageous: we admire and let him go by, for if catering be the question one must reverse the rule of pheasant-shooting. The meat of a fat four-year-old cow is as juicy and tender as the best beef, and with a specially delicate flavour of its own. A young bull you may grumble over and just eat; an old bull of five years or more you positively cannot; I have nearly pulled out my teeth in the attempt; if you boil the meat to rags, the rags are still shreds of leather, and even pounding I fear would be too weak a process. Several of our people were good buffalo-hunters, but the best was a Frenchman, who joined us here with a small mule-waggon, and agreed to exchange his services against the buffalo for what other provisions he needed. He had previously been a purveyor of fresh meat for the United States troops at 140 dollars a month, and was assuredly a famous stalker; he would go out alone of a morning, while our cattle were being yoked up, and, slipping among a large herd not more than a mile away, bring down two or three without disturbing any of the rest, and walk back to camp with their tongues in his hands. These delicacies he always reserved for himself and his friends.

One morning, as we sat round the camp-fire breakfasting off the last of the cow, several hundred buffalo came pouring down the Northern Bluffs towards the river exactly opposite our camp; at first it was feared they only came to drink, but in a few minutes they were struggling over the loose sand. Then what a chance! what a scene! a whole herd likely to pass within gunshot, for they did not seem to notice us! Guns were out, caps on, and every man felt himself a man and a sportsman. All was in readiness; but the buffalo gradually edged a little down stream, and reached the south bank, three furlongs off. Nothing daunted at this, our sportsmen fired a volley of some thirty bullets, many of them into the air, as if aimed at birds, or only a salute to the buffalo. "Woodpecker," however, who was another sort of person, had run ahead and concealed himself in a bit of a hollow, from which he had a fine chance, and shot a good two-year-old cow; it was lucky he was not himself shot first among such indiscriminate firing. Very often our waggons, travelling up wind, would approach a herd quite close before they were alarmed; then if a chance unsavoury gust fell upon them, it swept all away rapidly, as in a vast succession of dark tempestuous waves. The bones of buffalo whiten the roadside, and their bleached skulls serve in a double way as records of the passers-by. Many are the names and bulletins pencilled on them; and by continually reading one begins to learn the biography of those in front, and feel an interest and a companionship in their progress. Perhaps we catch up another train, we all chat together, names drop out; "Oh!" one answers, "I know your name, I read it on a buffalo head three weeks ago; you're from ——, are not you?" Sometimes one reads short camp anecdotes or accidents, such as, "Woman shot to-day by her husband taking his gun loaded into the waggon—not expected to recover:" then, "Woman shot on Thursday, doing well." It was strange, by-the-by, there were not many more such accidents, particularly as our men would keep their hammers down. I was set down as an ignoramus for objecting to it, at least till they saw what the soldiers did; luckily the main-springs were too weak to burst a cap, except from quite full cock.

In addition to wolves and buffalo, we saw plenty of prairie dogs and rattlesnakes; the former look more like large squirrels, and burrow in the ground like rabbits; they were often fired at, but rarely hit, and were certainly not worth the powder and lead; prairie-dogs would not be delicacies under any name, and under their own are quite the reverse. People say the bite of the rattlesnake is fatal if on the bare skin, but through clothes not so; I have no personal experience on the subject. When attacked they certainly hiss and vibrate their rattles, but I could never hear any special sound of rattling, nor is the smell they then emit very noticeable. I nearly trod on the biggest we killed, about six feet in length. You kill them very soon with a whip, and we destroyed two or three every day: some men taking especial care to secure the rattles, which are believed a specific for head-ache. Their coats, as they darted along in the sunshine, looked as bright as that of a Thames jack in good condition—"startlingly beautiful," as writes the poet of the prairies.

All this time the weather continued fine and hot; water excellent, and near at hand; roads firm and level, therefore we made long drives every day; but a most unpleasant system was adopted, viz. of driving the cattle into corral at daylight and travelling till noon without breakfast; perhaps the rest to the cattle during the heat of the day made up for the loss of time in a double forming and breaking-up of camp. I was still unfit for any but very trifling work; but I struggled for strength, walked short distances from time to time, riding in the waggon when tired, and ate as much buffalo meat as possible. About Sept. 4 we met a return train from Laramie, and took one of their hands, one of our own being at the same time dismissed, principally for blasphemy of "the powers that be."

He was a gentleman from St. Joseph; but, like most men out West, up to most work, driving a team or a plough, rafting logs, and what not. His idea of coming on the plains was, I think, suggested by my own determination; we were stopping at the same inn there, and he was always afterwards very friendly and willing to assist me. In appearance he was rather striking; his shoulders were herculean, but relieved by a magnificent beard of such length (except when he fastened it up with hair-pins) as to fall half-way down his chest; long enough, indeed, to hang a romance upon, and accordingly one was hung upon it. That its owner loved a lady, young and fair, but since young still subject to the tyranny of hard-hearted parents,who looked upon the accepted lover with an evil eye: that his letters were intercepted, and the lady guarded from personal visits, if not by brazen tower or the hundred-eyed sentinels and hundred-mouthed dragons of mythology and fairy-land, at least by several border-ruffians fully armed: still he hoped and loved on, and looked for the hour that should free her, and had sworn a mighty oath not to clip his beard until he wedded her, even though in the interim it should grow as long as that of the king in the "Sleeping Beauty." May his love be crowned with happiness, and his beard never grow less! for as it was a distinguished ornament to him and our camp, I trust he will be content to trim it slightly on his marriage morn.

A sight more astonishing to us than that of buffalo or rattlesnakes was "a gentle ladie riding o'er the plain:" her sole companion was her brother. The lady was "fair to look upon," dressed in a short riding habit, and mounted on a small but handsome horse, and was evidently an excellent horsewoman. To her there attached a story far more tragical than the little romance above; one too painful to believe too readily, and yet in part it was but that which is very common, the tale of love, and confidence, and wrong. They had been thrown much together, she and one she thought her lover; they travelled together, she, and he, and her brother; she still clung to him, and loved him, though scarcely any longer hoping the fulfilment of his promise; he still was fascinated by her beauty, and could not leave her; all saw or feared the truth but her brother; he and his sister's seducer had been friends for years; that friendship at once had given the opportunity and blinded all watchfulness. Months passed; then the truth flashed on the brother's mind; he questioned her: learnt all; took his resolve. It was not a country where men seek a discreditable pecuniary compensation for the shame of those dearest to them, nor where men go through the flimsy politenesses of a duel with those whom they ought to "hate with the hate of hell;" it was one in which a Gordian knot, even if tied in the thread of life, is soon cut. He took his resolve; loaded his six-shooter; walked out smilingly with his friend away from houses; then spoke, not with imprecations, not even bitterly—so he said afterwards—but coolly; gave the man five minutes to consider—would he fulfil his promise or not? received an answer in the negative; shot him dead then and there, and went back and told his sister what he had done. Her child was born prematurely; perhaps might not have lived long; but her brother did not leave that to chance; she was insane for many months afterwards; he was tried and acquitted by Lynch law of both murders; the provocation was thought to justify the one; the other passed as an act of sudden grief and passion. Now he was taking his sister home across the plains, I suppose disliking the publicity of the Panama route; perhaps for the sake of the distraction from thought such a journey must produce. He was said to have been very fond of her; one may doubt if she could love him still. As far as I saw they had only a couple of attendants with them. One of our train, a man not given to exaggeration, had been in California at the time and scene of the tragedy, and knew both the facts and the faces well; hers he said was paler, but not altered else.

The same evening—though not probably at all in connection with these travellers—one of our mess picked up a letter, and as the writing was small and crabbed, brought it to me to read. Deciphering an almost illegible MS. is one of the few things I pride myself on, and this and the locality must be one's excuse for doing what would not have been quite honourable elsewhere. The contents were curious for such a place. The writer said his daughter—apparently an authoress of some repute—had lately written a work of fiction founded on the massacre of Glencoe, but which, from the kind or the subject, he did not think would add to her literary reputation, and was opposed to its appearance under her name. If his friend, to whom he was writing, liked to publish it under his own name, he was welcome to all the possible profits and fame, and not a syllable on the real authorship should ever be whispered. Initials only were signed, and the direction I have long since forgotten, nor if the literary mystery were one likely to be guessed, should now mention it.

Sept. 6th.—Started early after a rapid breakfast; five miles' travel brought us to the South Crossing of the Platte. The river here is quite shallow, but very broad, and with a sandy bottom, tolerably firm; all the waggons double-teamed across. Had whisky served out to us afterwards; sufficient, but rather spoilt by a bad cask. There was a good deal of ascent from the river across the Bluffs, and towards evening we wound through barren rocky hills, wild and dreary as the top of the pass of Glencoe. Then our waggons slid down one terribly steep hill, with both hind-wheels locked; any upset would have been a complete smash.* The sun had set before we reached the notable Ash Hollow. As far as one could see in the twilight it is from 150 to 200 yards wide, and three or four miles long: cliffs something less than 100 feet high close it in on each side, and ash trees—whence the name—hanging over, seem to increase the gloom. In the dusk of a dull evening, as our waggons toiled through the deep loose sand, the hindmost draggling along two miles from the front, the Hollow seemed the very perfection of a place for attack; it has an ill name with travellers, and the Sioux were known to be near and hostile. Our cattle had come far that day, and were tired out, so I too footed it through the sand, soon tired also. A cheering sight was the camp-fire of the leading mess, but it was far off, and long before we reached the end of the hollow that opens on the river—the North Fork of the Platte—twilight had passed away.

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* It is a fortunate thing that the western side of all the severe hills (*i. e.* the descending side for us and all heavy traffic) is the steepest by far: this was one instance; and here,

On the opposite bank was camped General Harney's army of 700 or 800 men, and their fires were bright and thick as fire-flies. We heard they had fought a battle with the Indians the day before; this accounted for our seeing none at the Hollow, but as they were supposed to be still about, and only the more hostile, we were ordered to keep double guard, two messes a night, and to be well armed. Went out myself for the first time again, though

and at several hills in the last hundred miles to Salt Lake, I am sure, if travelling eastwards, we must have unloaded our waggons.

very much exhausted with walking through the sand; did not care to have the weight of a revolver: the rest had their rusty old yagers.

Sept. 7th.—A good many cattle missing; while they were being hunted up, a lot of soldiers came into our camp, some for provisions, of which they were very short, and others having crossed to build a fort at the mouth of Ash Hollow, that is, an earthwork high enough to protect from arrows or bullets; it could be entirely commanded from the top of the Bluffs with Minié rifles. Heard plenty about the fight, infantry and dragoons each making out they had borne the brunt of it. The evening before the battle, General Harney looking round with his glass, discovered the Indians, who were unaware of the approach of the troops. The general immediately addressed his men with a classical spirit, if not in classical language.

"There," said he, "are those d—d red sons of ——, who massacred the soldiers near Laramie last year, in time of peace. They killed your own kindred, your own flesh and blood. Now, by ——, men, there we have them, and if you don't give it them, you deserve to be ——. Don't spare one of the d—d red sons of ——." This speech was "short, but to the purpose," and no doubt General Harney's manner did not diminish its effect. The soldiers of themselves hate the Indians, because *they* bring them out on the plains to all sorts of privation, and fruitless marching to and fro. Before morning the Sioux were caught in a trap, such as, it is said, Indians never were caught in before: but for some error in the execution of the plan not a man could have escaped. Indians, like wild beasts, are cowards till roused, and they wanted to have a "talk," but "Old Harney," who is no joke of a man to deal with, made his terms so stringent that they were sure to be rejected, and the fight came off. About 150 Sioux were killed, and a good many wounded, who escaped; some, however, when wounded, fought desperately to the last, and would not die. Sixty squaws and children were taken prisoners, and a large number of ponies, and the whole stock of dried buffalo meat and robes of this band were captured, which it was expected, taking place so late in the season, would starve a good many more during the following winter. The casualties among the soldiers were but seven or eight.

Northern newspapers are apt to set down "Old Harney," who is a Southerner, as a truculent barbarian; but he was certainly popular with his army, and his policy was quite right. Shilly-shallying does not answer with Indians; the news of this battle spread like fire over the prairies, and many, not merely of the Crows, but of tribes west of Green River, 150 miles beyond the mountains, questioned us as to the rifles that killed at half a mile, and spoke of the loss of the Sioux, making the sign of that nation —rather an unpleasant one, the hand drawn edgewise across the throat. The sign of the Crows is the fore-finger jerked about in the air peculiarly; of the Snakes making an undulating line with the finger pointing to the ground; and so of other nations or tribes. This day we only travelled three or four miles for the sake of better feed, as our cattle were tired from the twenty-three mile drive of yesterday. From the south Fork to the north Fork of the Platte, through Ash Hollow, is eighteen miles. The Bluffs on our side were not far from the river, and we had a fire of red cedar wood again. On the north bank, they were some four or five miles off; and the battle took place among them about that distance from the river. Landon, of our mess, crossed the water, and made for the battle-field. A good many wolves and ravens were still at work, though most of the bodies had been already picked clean. L. started on his return with a large bag of buffalo meat that must have escaped notice previously, but when half-way to camp was fired at by a soldier, who took him for an Indian from his dusty face, which he might as well have washed when crossing the river. L., having the sun in his eyes, could not see plainly, and also took the soldier for an Indian, and dropping the buffalo meat, ran for his life. The soldier had no time to reload, but ran too, each believing the other wanted to cut him off from camp; at last they came nearer and found out their mistake. The soldier was a good deal laughed at by his comrades, but L. lost his buffalo meat.

At this time a company of mounted infantry, about fifty men in all, joined us as an escort; their arms were rifles and revolvers. As they travelled more or less along with us, and always camped close, one had an opportunity of observing United States troops a little. I can say but little for them; they were a medley of French, English, Germans, and Irish, the last predominating, and with few native Americans among them.

As a rule the army is recruited from the riff-raff of foreigners, too stupid or too indolent to get on by industry; whether from this character of the men, or because the army is thought a poor means of advancement in life, or for both reasons, great contempt is felt for soldiers in the States; if one appears in a town he is watched like a dog given to stealing, and treated like a dog; this, almost necessarily, renders the men worse, and so the ball keeps rolling—action and reaction; but with this difference, that where mind and feelings are concerned, elasticity is not less, but greater than unity, and the motion tends to increase, not to die away; and while it lasts few good men will enter the service. There are, of course, exceptions; the sergeants were such, and an Englishman, formerly a sergeant in an English regiment, now receiving higher pay as a private. With such a class as the generality strictness, no doubt, is necessary, and West-Point officers, having passed through a very severe ordeal th[illegible] themselves, are not apt to make allowance for human weakness. But the methods of punishment are to my mind far more odious and degrading than the lash; tying a man to a waggon by his thumbs, loading him with a heavy wooden or iron collar (and even in a town like Leavenworth, K.T., making him stand guard in public with it on), chaining a heavy ball to his ancle, &c.; who can wonder that desertions are numerous, followed now and then by recapture, flogging, branding, and imprisonment? And this, too, when men are but enlisted for five years at a time.

Thus it was that Riley the Irishman deserted to the Mexicans shortly before the war broke out, and caused more trouble to the Americans than any score of men or officers opposed to them; with a few more like him the struggle would have been far different in its course, though hardly in its result. He was recaptured, and the court-martial itched to hang him, but he had left a few weeks too soon, so they adjudged him branding, and the utmost possible number of lashes, to show the world how they appreciated valour in a foe. This account I have from an American volunteer in Scott's army (whom I met elsewhere), an eyewitness of his capture and punishment; he also told me of the great and indeed notorious severity before Vera Cruz to prevent wholesale desertion and insubordination. I have seen something of this myself, for the captain of our escort was a man not more known as an able officer than as a harsh disciplinarian—a man who had followed deserters five hundred miles more than once, and whose name was a terror and byword among soldiers. Besides the Irish deserters in our own camp, I have talked with many other soldiers of very different characters—the desponding man, who was sorry he had not been killed in the last battle, and hoped to be in the next; the unsoldierly man, who would lie down on guard when he thought to escape notice, "for why should he stand up there to be a mark for Indians just to save the army—what reason had he to care about the army?" the morose man of few words, brooding over his treatment, and half inclined to shoot his captain; the triumphantly malignant man, who related his plan for tying up an odious corporal to a tree and after giving him one hundred lashes, himself with several others to desert, and leave the corporal for the wolves. These and others one talked with, on whom the common feeling of hatred to the service acted variously according to their varieties of character. Are such men and such feelings common in the English service?

It would, however, be altogether a mistake to estimate the military strength of America by its regular army; the militia throughout the country are a very fine and well-disciplined body of men, and with the *esprit de corps* of volunteers; for defence, now they could be concentrated by railroads, they would be amply sufficient, not to speak of the vast numbers of men in the south and north-west, who as good riders and good riflemen, would make admirable irregular troops at once. A description of the Texas Rangers gives a man some idea of useful light cavalry, such as we wanted in the Crimea: men armed with sword, rifle, and revolver, on small strong horses (a cross between the American and the mustang), scattering before artillery, so that no two could be hit together, dismounting and using their saddles as a rest to fire from, up and in a body at the first sign of a charge—in short, ready for defence or attack with any kind of opponents, and always able to supply themselves by foraging.

Judging from what one has seen and read—particularly in the latter an article of the "New York Herald," June 24th, 1856—the regular army seems to be very ill supplied with barracks and clothing—at least clothing suited to the climate—and, in fact, with any comforts. I have, however, dwelt long enough on this subject.

Sept. 8*th.*—A day of grasshoppers; there was not a square foot of ground without one: they were in our eyes and in our bread; we saw, and could hardly see for, grasshoppers; smelt grasshoppers; breathed grasshoppers; ate grasshoppers; cursed grasshoppers; nay, they raised a false alarm in camp, for the dense cloud of them at a distance was mistaken for smoke from the prairie fired by the Indians. Perhaps every grasshopper has his day; this was assuredly the day of a good many. While walking along with the waggons I made acquaintance with Sergeant Trumball of our escort, an Englishman; as countrymen we were soon friends; he had been only eight months in the army, but had risen quick, being well informed, and such a man as is wanted. Stood first guard from dark till twelve; cattle in corral; heavy rain and thunderstorm; left my blanket in my waggon, and took my drenching philosophically: how comfortable it did seem afterwards to crawl between dry blankets and shut up the front of the waggon all cosily! *

September 9th, Sunday.—Returned to work for the first time to-day; must walk, any way, and therefore it was best to do so for pay. X., indeed, had said that when unable to work a man ought to pay for his board at the rate of one dollar a day (!). Being informed it was illegal, determined to resist any such deductions from my wages; the laws are fortunately pretty strict, or poor teamsters would have a bad time of it. Yesterday the sand was so deep and loose we made but seven or eight miles all day. Last night's rain has made travelling better. There are sixty miles of this sand in all, thirty very bad, often very little vegetation but dwarfish sunflowers, now and then by the river a little good grass. Day much cooler. Our road lay close along the Platte, so that one could get plenty of water. The river up several inches, and full of grasshoppers, drowned and rolling seawards (how many will reach the gulf?); yesterday we ate them, to-day we drink them; however, they have had their day, and not one of them is left alive; plenty of them dead all over the sand and grass. Much less fatigued than I expected with fifteen miles' travelling, particularly after the previous night. Drove loose cattle, or rather prevented them from coming among the waggons; held on half the time behind the last waggon. A Frenchman, who had joined while I was sick, had my old team. Unluckily, after the South Crossing, we killed no more buffalo; in this sandy district they are naturally not so plentiful, though we saw a good many, but our French buffalo butcher was sulky because some one had said the last buffalo was infernally tough, and would kill no more—there was no use in killing any more old bulls. Want of the fresh meat threw me back again in strength a good deal.

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* I mention the rain because of its rarity; up to and at Big Blue, we had as much rain as you might look for in England at that time of year. From Big Blue to Salt Lake, one thousand miles as we travelled it, a period of more than twelve weeks, we had no rain but this one night, and two nights by Fort Laramie: none after that, but snow on two successive nights. From this a person may judge of the drought of the tract of country.

September 10*th*.—Fine settled weather again. Went in the evening to the sergeant's tent; saw there a number of trophies, leggings, quivers, and saddle-cloths, covered with very handsome bead-work. They gave me a lot of dried buffalo meat, which they set little store by, as they hate the Indians and all touched by them; heard, myself unmoved, some nasty accounts of the method of curing; thought the meat excellent. It is dried in long thin strips, and is very good when stewed; and I liked it raw, though it then has a sweetish taste; frying makes it as hard as shoe-leather. Camped nearly a mile from the river; grass good the whole way to the bank. Kept second guard; about one o'clock a bitter cold wind came on to blow with positive fury; should have been almost frozen but for a corner of Howard's blanket; he is good-natured enough. Two of our mess, getting near the soldiers' sentinels, were, in consequence of their blankets, mistaken for Indians, and fired at several times, fortunately without harm. The soldiers' work was but light compared to ours. They had two changes at night, we but one. Keeping guard half of every other night is hard work, and worst of all being hard at work from midnight to noon without any rest or a morsel of breakfast.

The work *was* hard; yet those night-watches had, and still have in memory, not a strange but a most natural charm: the whole sense of stillness and repose as one walked backwards and forwards "through the long and pleasant grass," now and then stopping to listen to the wolves howling, or to the monotonous munching of an ox here and there; then walking on again, greeting and greeted by each comrade as we met with a friendly word or two, always including question and answer as to how wore the night, followed by a look at our only clock, the Great Bear; and then, as the footsteps grew fainter, a little star-gazing on one's own account, with thoughts of home, and how perhaps this very night last year one had looked at the stars, and who was then with one, and what they were doing now; and whether they thought of the wanderer on the prairie, and that it must be breakfast-time with them, and that it could not be far from morning with us, as oneself began to wish for breakfast. And then another round (often a mile or two), the approach of day now certainly shown by the entire herd beginning to graze, and the Pleiades to sink, and the "Pointers" (of the Great Bear) rising so near to a level with the pole-star that it must be hard on four o'clock; and then at last a wee bit north of east the pure light gliding up the cloudless sky, as one could image the spirit of Laura fading from Avignon (like the dying flame of a lamp that lacks sustenance), and rising *poco a poco* with new light heavenwards.

So came the pure light fading from another hemisphere to brighten ours; but before one could muse on any resemblance, the glad words flew round that it was daylight, each one fancying himself the first to observe the changing sky; and the camp-fires of the soldiers rose cheerily as they busied themselves in getting breakfast, and we drove in our straggling cattle towards camp, with the somewhat gloomy reflection that our breakfast was still seven hours off. Yes, there was pleasure to be found in these night-watches: destitute of books—except a couple—and with no time to read, one had at least these hours to think over what one had read, and enjoy them doubly in the recollection.

Hours of contemplation, however, are not wanting to any traveller, and so far these would not be different from many nights at sea; but this whole period was one in which, if ever, one might feel the truth of the poet's "suave mari magno," &c., as I have often felt its falsity. One seemed cut off from all the din and turmoil of the world, and the hopes and fears of a life in it, as much as if one had been a denizen of the happy valley. There was the daily work to do and the daily bread to eat (bad luck on it, there was no fresh buffalo meat!); so it was yesterday, so it would be to-morrow: one had no more anxieties as to the morrow than a boy at school has, or a slave in the South. And in estimating the condition of slaves this should not be overlooked. Perpetual childhood may not be a noble state of existence, but it certainly would not be an unhappy one; they who would choose the bliss of ignorance would consistently prefer such a life; they who have the folly to be wise, and would snatch at the fruit of the tree of knowledge, even if in doing so they should bring on themselves "death, and all our woe, with loss of Eden," would turn away from it, as Ulysses from the lotus-eaters. At any rate, it is neither unpleasant nor uninstructive to have a few such months, like the small space of blue sky that often appears between the clouds that have passed and those that are coming up, and seems the very ideal of tranquillity. True this life was not to last very long, but while it did last one looked upon the future as through a wall of glass very thick.

Sept. 11*th.*—In the afternoon we had an alarm of Indians coming over the Bluffs on our side, four or five miles ahead; waggons formed closely in battle corral; great bustle and animation; caps and cartridges served out; my revolver a good deal admired; the soldiers determined to keep out of our range, very wisely: I offered to bet that our men caused more casualties among us than among the Indians, or than the Indians among us. It was amusing to note the different view of the affair men took; one or two cowards, and several habitual croakers, spoke very gloomily; others were quite pleased, and thought "there'd be some fun;" a third, and the largest part, looked upon the great question as being whisky or no whisky. After waiting the best part of an hour, the supposed Sioux turned out to be a troop of cavalry scouring the country: so much for a cheap telescope.

Sept. 12*th.*—Very much fagged from intense hunger and inability to eat our food at all. Sergeant Trumball very kindly gave me a general invitation to their mess at dinner (they take their dinner when we breakfast); so I had a good meal off rice and dried buffalo meat soup; he spoke of having some soldiers' coats to sell, coats of deserters or dead men, and asked me to mention it about. Rode in the waggon in the afternoon, being knocked up; managed to have all the six coats come into our mess at three dollars apiece: (fourteen dollars had been refused half an hour before for one in camp!) for camping out there is nothing equal to a soldier's coat, the cape alone would be worth the price; took first choice myself, and had the thickest and largest of them all. Ah, my coat!—good companion of my wanderings for several thousand miles, and whom an eagle could not induce me to part with—where are you now? How fares it with you since that bright March morning, whose sky was as blue and bright as your own original colour, when I reluctantly left you on board the "Golden Gate" in the lake-like harbour of Acapulco? methinks if we meet again I shall know you, by sundry scars, reminiscences of when we sat down together on the remains of a campfire, "suppositos cineri doloso." Peace be with you, though you are a soldier's coat! Great pride our mess felt that night on turning out for guard so many in uniform; one hero indeed expressed alarm that the Indians might take us for soldiers and kill us; the rest however only considered if it was necessary to take arms out at all, or whether the coats alone would not do all the work in any case; at last on reflection that there was no moon, and the buttons would not show, the old yagers were brought out.

This night we were camped within three or four miles of the Chimney Rock, an object visible for many miles, east or west; the lower portion, forming one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole height, is conical, with about an angle of forty-five degrees, from the top of this rises the chimney, in appearance much like a factory chimney; the entire height is said to be 180 feet and within memory to have been thirty feet higher; the substance of it is a conglomerate of earth and pebbles, and the rain, that has caused the remarkable shape, is now rapidly lessening and destroying the object. Earlier in the day we passed a detached rock, (once no doubt a portion of the Bluffs) quite as remarkable, and far more picturesque and beautiful; a precipitous height, whose appearance was not unlike that which, from the description in Waverley, I had often imagined Stirling would present, and which the Castle Hill, Edinburgh, looked at from the west, does; but this was more beetling, and seemed hardly to need the crown of battlements one's eye fancied around its summit. I had been told many times—knew as a fact, knew positively—there was no United States fortification nearer than Laramie, and yet I was deceived: deceived, too, though I had seen Fort Kearney and the fort near Ash Hollow, and knew the character of Indian posts to be utterly different from that of massive stone walls on an impregnable rock; but in spite of all improbabilities, for a couple of hours I was as fairly deceived as ever Eastern traveller was by mirage.

Sept. 13th.—In the morning half the cattle gone; the soldiers having caught some of the Italians, who were second guard, asleep, cleared our mess. Rather glad of the delay; washed my clothes, making a fire beside the river; one of the sergeants gave me soap, which we could not get in our camp for love or money. Had dinner in the afternoon; started off at three, and travelled till dark; camped without grass or water, and put the cattle in corral. We had no supper, nor any fire, but I got a warm in the soldiers' camp, and from Trumbell a good piece of beef, as they had killed a lame steer belonging to some train ahead. X. played me a dirty trick this day, offering me some sham pills of bread; from his apparent kindness of manner I suspected a cheat and was not taken in, and we had the laugh at him in both camps: some said the pills were of the right material for them if only big enough; others recommended returning them, with a remark that I could make plenty such myself; others only said it was a d——d mean trick, that they didn't think even X. would have played on a man really sick; in fact, such a subject for bad jokes was quite a godsend in camp. By a sort of retribution, some six weeks later, X. was attacked with low fever or ague, and had to send to me for quinine, as no one else had any.

Sept. 14*th.*—The Chimney Rock still in sight this morning. Our road lay up a ravine, the hills on our left being high and covered here and there with pine (the first we have seen), the fir-apples of which had blown right down into the hollow. In a cross ravine or watercourse that delayed our waggons nearly two hours, I found some grapes; and most welcome they were, for it was five in the evening before we reached camp (on a glorious clear cool stream, Horse Creek I think), not having had a meal for thirty hours: this was the first day I felt really fit for work. Kept second guard, but the grass was knee deep, and the cattle revelled in it—they were too tired and hungry to stray far.

Sept. 16*th, Sunday.*—The most miserable day, without exception, we had on the plains: all the forenoon a furious wind lashed the prairies, and drove along a coarse cutting sand; towards evening the wind dropped, and we had a fine dust that almost stifled us, and quite prevented our seeing—even as far as one could in a Scotch mist. Rain and snow, heat and cold, are no hardships compared to dust: dust was a positive affliction that one never could get reconciled to, and compared to this evening's dust, all I have ever experienced was like spring water by Mississippi water. The little Frenchman incessantly cursed *la poussière,* in the bitterness of his soul declaring he had never known half such misery in Algérie, and that he would not come on the plains again were he offered fifty dollars a day. We were glad enough, after sundry mishaps, to reach camp a short hour before midnight, and hear the good news that we were close to Laramie. Truly, as one of the soldiers remarked (for the day, if not kept, is not altogether forgotten), a pleasant Sunday! And as I turned in after a short first guard and a midnight supper, closed by a serious affray between two of the mess—knife drawn and pistol fired—I repeated to myself, "Truly a pleasant Sunday!" and saying "Good night, Mat," to my comrade, pulled the blankets over me, and, falling asleep, dreamt of England.

CHAPTER VI.

SAGE-BRUSH.

As a nation's life resembles an individual's, so does a long journey resemble a short one; and thus, on the morning of September 17, being only a short half-day's journey from Laramie, we felt that cheeriness and bustling animation that travellers on a stage-coach exhibit as they rattle through the streets of the town where they stop to dine; the same even is observable in a less degree as one approaches York or Preston by railway, and in a minimum at the five-minutes-here-for-refreshment places. No doubt, therefore, the feelings, and the expression of them, are among the universalities of human, or at least Anglo-Saxon, nature. The only exceptions among us were three or four who had a gloomy apprehension of being apprehended as deserters, and would fain have been too sick to drive, but could not "come it." Near us were camped a few friendly Indians, and some settlers out after stray cattle; from one of whom, after a good deal of palaver, I managed to buy a pretty fair fowl for half-a-dollar. Soon afterwards we were in motion, and new scenery opened in front: with the morning light falling from behind us on to its silvery, but not snowy, pyramid, rose majestically the peak of Laramie, in form not unlike Ben Lomond, but somewhat more bristling, and, to my thinking, larger and grander: such as one who had seen the Scotch mountain when a child might in after years fancy it to be. Two months before what weariness of the prairie one had expected to feel, and with what pleasure to hail the first sight of mountains! but it was not altogether so; the mountain, indeed, was welcome, as any noble or beautiful object ever is, but one had come to love the plains—ay, love them; and it will be long before I cease to do so. I should not like to have a fixed home on them (for home should have some individuality—its own rock, or tree, or slope, or landscape), any more than I should to live in a lighthouse or lightship, or even to be becalmed at sea for twenty-four hours with plenty more vessels near; but in a less degree I love the plains, even as the great ocean itself.

Cedars now crept down from the mountains, like coy dark-robed maidens, to the very roadside. We passed them by, and soon rolled down across the valley and river of Laramie to the greener trees that wave and rustle on the grass meadow lands bordering on our old friend, the Platte; they were truly a summer view, still unfaded and unparched, fair and tranquil. But the Platte—he was quite changed; from the broad sandy bed and scattered streamlets, that might have excited the envy of the river-hating monarch of Persia, he had become a compact stream, neither swift nor sluggish, and which a good salmon-fisher could command with his rod and line. There we camped, two miles from Laramie.

Next morning, waggons were sent round for the quantum of provisions we had lent to the soldiers, and with two or three comrades I crossed the hills. At the foot of these, in the Laramie Valley, we came upon some prickly pear; the plant was small as compared to what one sees in Lower California and Mexico, but only the more troublesome to those who wore mocassins. We had met with them for two or three days previously, and continually afterwards, but only on this one spot did we find them bearing fruit. The soil was not, like that on which they chiefly grow, a dry, hard sand, but a coarse pebbly gravel, almost cemented into a conglomerate: the difference of soil may have produced the difference in vegetation. The fruit is nearly oval, about the size of a bantam's egg, and of a dull crimson or puce colour; the skin of it is full of the finest prickles, as one's fingers soon were; the fruit inside, however, seemed to me perfectly luscious (only with rather too many seeds), and I ate about a hundred in the course of the day without any bad effect.

There is no fortification at Laramie, but the buildings are considerable, including storehouses and barracks, and all now was in a state of bustle and activity on account of the Indian war; particularly as General Harney was near, and expected to march in a day or two. There is a very good store here, but prices of course are high; whisky could not be obtained without a written order from the Governor, though many soldiers, having just received pay, tried hard by sending civilians, protesting it was only for themselves. Soldiers' coats cost twelve dollars; lemon syrup seventy-five cents a pint bottle; preserved peaches four dollars a quart. Some of our men even indulged in these and sardines, and other luxuries, besides wholesale in woollen shirts, socks, &c., and tobacco: one or two bought first-rate buffalo robes for five dollars each. On the door of the store was posted a notice of pains and penalties to whoever should presume to trade with any of the Sioux nation, then at war with the United States; also another notice that some persons had, for evil purposes, spread among peaceful Indians a false and wicked rumour that General Harney meant to kill every Indian he could catch, whether Sioux or not, and that such persons and all others were forbidden to publish this rumour under pain, &c.

I bought very little; only three boxes of yeast-powder (at thirty cents each) to improve our bread, as saleratus is poor stuff, and a good-sized loaf of bread for myself from the bakery. Before returning to camp, I bade good-by to Carill Hughes, our ex-waggon-master, whom I shall always respect for his warmth and manliness of nature, and regard with gratitude for his kindness to myself. When our mess knew I had bought yeast-powder for the commonwealth, most were loud in applause—more noise than gratitude; though I deserved none, having bought it wholly on my own account.

One, however, said, "You had better have spent the money on bread, and given us a good feed at once;" but he was voted down. We remained at the same camp two nights, and—what we little expected, while so near Laramie—were victims to Indians; almost all the mules being cut loose, and two or three finally stolen: one Indian was fired at without effect. Kerr, the chief owner of the cattle and waggons, joined us here, and acted to some extent as first waggon-master; he was as good-hearted a man as one need wish to serve under, but necessarily more removed from us than Carill Hughes. One very agreeable change took place, starting after breakfast instead of before.

Ten days more passed before we looked our last on the Platte; meanwhile we often travelled along it and crossed it often, and in these parts wood and grass were seldom wanting. But when the river curved, or hid itself in a dark cañon between perpendicular cliffs, we held our way alone, and in a different country; over steep sandy hills and through fresh delicious hollows, decked round with pine and cedar wood and red jutting rocks, and across desolate slopes, on which sage—afterwards our constant companion—met one's eye here and there. The creeks we camped by were poor and puny, with too little water for the traveller to have much to spare for the freshening of their own banks; and so, though we reduced our day's travel to some fifteen miles, our cattle, one to-day, another tomorrow, began to droop and die.

The first day we camped only twelve miles from Laramie, beside a trading post, which in consequence of the late order was being deserted; near it were some twenty lodges of Cheyennes, probably with the object of obtaining what they could. This tribe is in close alliance with the Sioux nation, and, like it, very powerful, and these had with them a herd of nearly 200 ponies—the principal wealth of Indians. Men, women, and children soon thronged around our waggons after Indian fashion, and with tolerable friendliness, considering they were at war with the whites; though very dirty, and with often no clothing but a buffalo robe thrown around them (few children had any), unpainted and unadorned as they were, yet in the dark hair, tall stature, and athletic forms of the men as they paced to and fro, looking round on us and ours with a panther-like glare, one could trace, or at least fancy, some of those Indian characteristics that have been set down as fiction and are poetry. Physically these were by far the finest specimen of Indians I have seen, and certainly the only ones approaching an ideal. Most Indians will steal and beg, but they do the one in something of that old Greek piratical spirit, and the other, if with much importunity, at least not cringingly. To judge fairly of any race whose habits differ from your own and especially of an uncivilized race, you must look beyond the mere repulsive exterior, or even actions, to motives, feelings, and principles. I saw among them few guns, each one had a few arrows and his bow, much valued, as wood is scarce, and which they will rarely part with; the bow is hardly three feet long, but of great power, and strung with a cord of twisted sinews.

The squaws had little beauty, and sometimes it was hard enough to distinguish the sexes, and consequently some ludicrous mistakes occurred; in general, I observed it was much as in trolling, you sometimes think a weed is a fish, but never the converse, so you could not mistake a squaw for a buck Indian. About dark they had a dance and song among their lodges; I heard the latter some distance off, but could not leave the waggons to see them; the children especially were ever looking out for a chance to steal something.

Next day fifteen soldiers, with a sergeant and corporal, joined us; the latter was that corporal I have already alluded to as being plotted against, and had not our previous escort, an entire company, come up four days later, no doubt he would have suffered terribly: as it was, those under him caught it, and subsequently deserted.

One afternoon we had a fresh alarm; we had barely started a mile after watering our cattle, as we now often did in the middle of the day if water were handy, when an orderly came galloping from the front, to hasten up their baggage waggons which had loitered behind, and called out to us, "Indians!" Their waggons being mule-teams soon hastened on, but we were a good way in the rear, for among our mess, which that day was last, were some terrible laggards; they, however, showed themselves to be birds that could sing, and made up the lost ground with astonishing rapidity. Behind them was my friend Dutch John, whose team could not go fast, and then myself, seated on the remains of a waggon, two hind-wheels with a fore-wheel and waggon cover balanced between them, driving most leisurely a rickety yoke of black cattle; and last of all were the loose cattle, driven by the little Frenchman and an Italian; who could hardly at all understand each other, though the Frenchman assured me he knew *Tuscan* well. John was by nature phlegmatic, and said, "Let them come: I 'm paid to drive team, and I shan't kill my leaders." For myself, I was very comfortable, and as the danger was in front, saw no use in hurrying; my revolver—my better half—being in front also; but the Frenchman believed we should be cut off, and as it was against rule to drive loose cattle past waggons, was furious at us for not going faster. "Mon dieu!" he exclaimed, "Nous sommes perdus, nous sommes perdus!" not a very courageous expression for an ex-French-soldier; but in truth he considered the cattle under his care quite a part of himself. The Italian, who was not given to much talking, belaboured the poor creatures vigorously, only uttering from time to time, "Maledetto! maledetto! maledetto!" and some nearly *sotto voce* grumblings, to the effect that the Indians were a "Maledetta cattiva gente." The Frenchman's fear that we should go (as a Greek would have said) "to the crows," was only, however, realised after the fashion of a Pagan oracle. We presently found the Indians to be not Sioux but Crows, a very friendly tribe: many of them sat by the roadside, and as we passed along, saluted us with "How d'ye do," which all Indians seem to know. Many also came up and shook hands, sometimes saying, "Bishcuit," "tobacco," but if one expressed that he had none, they bowed and smiled no less courteously. Dutch John would argue the point with them in English, and seemed surprised he could not convince them.

They were certainly not as fine a looking tribe as the Cheyennes, but I saw one or two pretty young squaws among them. We travelled a good deal further, and camped late, but a number of them came to us there with things for sale; our men seemed to think the formula "Me! you! biscuit! buffalo-robe!" and the like, with pointing at the objects of barter, amply sufficient; Indians however are not so easily over-reached: "Satan now is wiser than of yore." All they sold was very poor of its kind, mocassins of bad leather, and buffalo-robes of which the hair was just ready to fall off: it requires besides great caution to avoid buying anything they have used. These purchases largely increased and made universal (though they did not introduce) the presence of parasitical insects—an unpleasant matter of discourse, and a still more unpleasant reality. For our rations of coffee and sugar (a pint of each), our mess obtained from a young squaw, whom

I found in the soldiers' camp, about a cubic foot of fresh buffalo meat. The air in the valley of the Platte is so pure, that meat, if kept from flies, does not readily corrupt, and I have been told it will dry without corrupting; but I suspect only by a regular process, in thin strips, &c.: dead steers corrupted the air only too frequently.

That night was bitterly cold, and bright moonlight; our cattle were across the river, unguarded, as Indians seldom touch them, preferring buffalo; our thirteen mules were close beside it, and though all the Indians around camp were ordered within the soldiers' guard, we expected they would pay us a visit. Crows never kill a white man, and if they find him in want will give him food, but they will strip him of all superfluities if they can: in summer leave him no clothes or blanket, and in winter one and his shirt perhaps, but they would not attack in a body. At my suggestion we made a fire, the first that was made on guard; and which henceforth, considerably destroyed the efficacy of that institution. About an hour before dawn, the time always chosen by Indians, who expect then to find sentinels tired out and asleep, all the tethered mules became restless, snorted violently, and finally struggled and broke loose, and, with the rest, galloped off; we went forward to the bank, which was four or five feet high, and on the soft mud we found fresh mocassin prints up to within fifty yards of the nearest mule, and then turning back: but there were copses of wood near, and we could see nothing of the Indians. White man never hated red man with more than a mule's hatred; and keen, indeed, must be his ear, and quick his voice, who would discover the approach and give the alarm of Indians, earlier than the scent, and snort, and struggles of the hybrid: oxen and horses show the same dislike, but in a less degree.

There had, on previous nights, been several false alarms of Indians, but never on our nights. Once the whole camp were called up: I knew it was false and lay still to be scalped. One of the guard dropped his blanket in a panic, but taking courage went forward to look for it, and fired thrice into it; those, who like myself had not turned out, thought the whole thing a good joke. Next evening we camped, for the last time, beside the Platte. At the "Last Crossing," our escort left us, and turned aside to the "bridge," and we saw them no more; unfortunately, not having anticipated this move, we lost some public and private chattels lent to the soldiers.

And now we had a tract of barren and thirsty land for fifty miles between us and the Sweetwater River; that stream running into the Platte a good deal higher up, and further south than our line of travel. The greater part is covered with sage (*Artemisia tridentata*), as Scotch moors are with heather; its leaves (if they can be called such) are minute, and of a dull leaden green, half way as it were between life and death; the roots strong and tough, the stems thick and dry, and the whole plant resembles a tree in miniature. Among these, like grouse among heather, but far fewer, run the sage-hens; birds with a plumage between that of the gray-hen and guinea fowl, and on an average the size of a good pullet, to which, as delicacies, they are not inferior. Herds of antelope also bound gracefully over the sage-brush, starting timidly at the discovery of danger, but gazing wistfully and approaching, as by fascination, any unknown moving object; thus, hidden himself and waving his handkerchief, the hunter often draws them within shot. Wolves and carrion crows are never wanting where carcases are to be found. Sage burns well, and with a high, swift, hissing blaze, when first thrown on, like Christmas evergreens on Twelfth-night, only without that merry crackle; but it lasts so short a time one needs a stack as big as two or three cotton bales to start with, and one is half the time scorched, half frozen: as an Irishman said, the coffee got boiled all on one side; burnt, instead of browned in the earlier process, it certainly did. The fifty miles took us nearly four days, thirty of hard travelling and without water, except so strong of alkali that we had strict orders to keep the cattle from tasting it as they passed. Feed they had none for thirty-six hours, and several dropped on the road and were left. Dry as the soil was, I found a good many mushrooms, and after filling my pockets, ate the rest raw as I went along.

Sept. 28*th*.—A subtle question of law arose. No. 3 mess (ours) had to keep first guard; the guard changes at midnight; we travel till midnight; has No. 3 any guard to keep? I argued vehemently we had not, but the court held, if not by law by equity, that every one ought to have *some* sleep, and we must stand two hours. Stood accordingly. Though it was bright moonlight, Howard shot the cream-coloured mule; a beauty worth 100 dollars, at least, and a pair with a horse which it would never separate from. Howard gave different versions of the affair—that he thought it was an Indian—that he thought it was a wolf—that there was a wolf and he did not see the mule—that there was an Indian and he did not see the mule—the only argument for the truth of the last statements was that he could hardly have hit anything he aimed at. Kerr took it very well, and said little about it; but we all declared, and Howard believed, he would get no wages at Salt Lake and be put in gaol for the remainder of the value.

Oct. 1*st.*—Camped last night by a good burn, not wider mostly than one could jump over, but deep and rapid; tolerable grass eight or ten yards on either side, then sage. On the second guard before daylight, quantities of wild ducks passed over us; two or three swam down the brook close by, but as we were in the Crows' country, I had not my revolver out, and the guns of the rest had no caps on. Very bright fresh morning; cattle scattered several miles; while some way ahead of the rest an antelope came trotting gently to within forty yards of me. I stood still; at first he snuffed the air for his own pleasure, without noticing me, then he turned, but as I was dressed in shepherd's plaid he could hardly make me out, not having a sky-line. So he gazed—not looked, but gazed—intently at me for about five minutes, and then slowly trotted off again. I do not think I would have fired at him if I could, though antelopes are good eating.

About noon three deserters caught us up, having left their company fifty miles off at four o'clock the preceding afternoon; as they had carried their rifles but no food, they were fagged enough. My friend, the little Frenchman, on finding out their character, exclaimed "*lâches!*" and would not, if he could, have spoken a word to them.

Towards evening we reached the Sweetwater, at the mouth of a valley through the Rattlesnake Mountains, and crossed it by a bridge at a trading post—the only bridge on the whole route. The river here was a good-sized trout stream—only there were no trout in it—with grass stretching to some distance on either side, but not a single tree. The valley, perhaps a mile and a half wide, and the mountain ridges high, steep, and rocky, but with a few of the accustomed cedar-wood trees. In the middle of the valley stands the Rock Independence, a solid bare mass of granite, some 500 yards in length, and 200 feet in height; in itself somewhat a remarkable feature, but rendered more so by the name, which is (excepting Indian names) the best I know of in the United States.

On this rock is the cross, placed there by Colonel Fremont, and since a subject of foul-mouthed abuse against him. If ever man made the direst vulgarity almost poetical, Colonel Fremont has done so when he speaks of the cross being "surrounded by the names of many since dead, and for whom the rock is a giant tombstone." I am sorry to say the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, is similarly a vast sepulchre of "names forgotten, born to be forgot," and much defaced thereby. This vile habit is prevalent enough in England, but perhaps less excusable in America, where people have greater opportunities of "calling a place after their own names," as several hundred Brownsvilles, Jonesvilles, Greensvilles, &c., are evidence. The name of the river is given from some fanciful idea of taste; though I could no more perceive sweetness in its waters than bitterness in those of the Bitter Springs towards California; they are, however, full of alkali, and our hands and lips and cattle suffered from this a good deal.

Six miles from the Rock Independence, is the Devil's Gap; but I am doubtful whether the pass we so called, which is thirty-five yards wide at the narrowest part and might be about filled with the rock inverted, or the ravine parallel to it in which the stream runs, is the veritable Gap: the latter I did not see. The country to the south is open for miles; but something of a ridge crosses the western end of the valley of the Rock, and through the highest part of this, at the north side of the valley, as if in spite, the river has forced its way.

Near "the three crossings," well known to teamsters, but not worth describing, we had a fall of snow; as we might have expected from the cold and furious wind (a bad combination of characters) that had given us dirt to eat the night before. Sand is worse eating than grasshoppers, I think. Unfortunately we took no warning, and plates, &c., having been left on the ground, sad to say, were lost. Rather cheerless work too it was, long before daylight, shaking the snow from the sage brush, and struggling painfully to keep alive our pitiful fire. Our cooks were now always called up at 4 A.M., but the rest, unless fuel or water was deficient, could sleep on till breakfast was nearly ready. I, however, sleep lightly, and loving the camp-fire, mostly turned out as soon as I saw its merry blaze. I was the first by it at morning, and last from it at night; some, if we reached camp very late, would go to bed supperless. My doctrine was, it is bad to go to bed hungry, and worse to go to bed full: "Spin a yarn, somebody," and we sat on an hour or two.

Two more days, over a "cut off," little travelled, brought us within a few miles of the mountains—*the* mountains. Here we met the mail from Salt Lake six days before; the journey took us a month. As the September mail from the States was six weeks overdue, these carriers were in great trepidation of the Indians; they were also, excepting one, most intolerable liars, and magnified the distance and difficulties ahead of us considerably. I chose to believe the truthful one, or rather the facts, the distance and time, and was accordingly set down by the croakers in camp as "an obstinate fool."

On the morrow morning, Sunday, Oct. 7, we drank for the last time of water flowing eastward; then by a continuous, but never steep, ascent over a hard gravelly soil, reached the top of the South Pass, about 7400 feet above the sea. No mountain ravine is this—no gorge of Killiecrankie, that a few highlanders might defend—no Thermopylæ with space for one chariot only; but an almost level table land, of twenty miles from north to south, and four or five across: a field of battle large enough for all the armies of the world. Close on our left was Table Mountain, one of the dullest and least graceful elevations I ever saw; and those to the north were in nowise remarkable. If, however, the character of the scenery was not impressive, the character of the place was; and the very breadth of the pass seemed suited to the vastness of the regions it connected.

One could not but think of these regions. Behind us the vast Prairie, watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries; the Ohio—la belle rivière—down which I had travelled a few months before; the Upper Mississippi, one of the fairest and most queenly of rivers; the huge Missouri, bearing along to the Balize his snags and drift-wood, and the soil of these very plains, with an unrelaxed and almost a steady impetuosity, as of one bent on a purpose—and again the tributaries of all these; each one of which, in Europe, would be a great independent river, but here was *only* a tributary:

"Nec Oceani pervenit ad undas."

Behind us this vast plain, stretching from the Gulf to the British frontiers, and from the Alleghanies to these Rocky Mountains we stood on; and before us the Colorado, the Great Basin, the Sierra, and the Pacific slope. One had enough to think of as we passed over those four miles of table land; ay, and as we descended by a narrow sandy ravine (probably one of many such from the pass), till at evening we reached water flowing towards the sunset from the Pacific springs. These springs were but a green quagmire, fifty yards wide between the sandy ridges of sage brush; from which, at last, a narrow streamlet oozed: but they were the *Pacific* springs. Our cattle got mired, but we hauled them out; even the croakers felt that evening *we* were not to be mired: indeed, our hungry souls found they had more reason for congratulation than complaint.

We camped near two Mormon merchant trains, one which had before passed us, the other all along in front; both were short of provisions, the former having been reduced to ¾lb. of flour a day, and coffee without sugar. It is but just to say we in our Gentile train were paid and fed five to three better than the Mormon drivers. An emigrant train, our old companion 700 miles east, was only three miles off, and one of their men out after dark, mistaking our camp-fires for his own, came in about midnight, and was regaled by my comrade, who was on guard, with our best cheer. In gratitude, the saint regaled him with explanations and arguments of the Mormon creed—all of course wasted upon an Irishman. But any talk is welcome on guard; besides, from my acquaintance with their doctor, I was well known in their camp, and my comrade sent a civil message back in my name. I, happy soul, was snoring in the waggon — for cattle-guard from this time was often excused; but those who had struggled for the honour of corral guards got no excuse, only *dignitatem sine otio.*

The preceding nights had been all bitterly cold, particularly since we struck the Sweetwater; but with crossing the mountains came a change of temperature. As we descended to the Pacific springs, the succession of the seasons turned backwards a month: no small boon; though perhaps some of us hardly thought so next morning, when called before breakfast to extract a steer mired in a morass, knee-deep for us, and frozen so as just not to bear. Perhaps it was some satisfaction to the animal, but not to his owners or us, that he died on terra firma. We travelled but a short distance that day; for the week before, and in spite of the day's rest afterwards, we lost three or four head of cattle daily: some would drop on the road, some be found dead in the morning, or die in corral: the wolves knew it, and the carrion crows knew it. I have seen the latter circling round and round in the air, lower and lower as one by one our waggons started off, and, as the last went, settle on the dead or dying animal. Some loss of cattle must always be expected in crossing the plains; but this season, in consequence of drought and scanty feed, it was in all the trains quite unprecedented.

Towards evening the two other trains passed us, and I took the opportunity of giving my ration of bacon (which since my sickness I could not eat a morsel of) to one of the Mormons; he ran at it as a pike in clear water—clear, but not too clear*—runs at a spinning bait: for weeks they had not had enough to grease a frying-pan. So we give and take, and learn contentment of one another. When I saw the fair Mrs. Hardcastle of Norfolk (England, not Va) compounding a rabbit pie, "truly these Mormons are epicures," I thought; inquiry showed me that all their breadstuffs of the day went to form the crust, and the fair compounder herself longed only for a pancake.

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* "A basin of gruel, weak, but not too weak."—Miss Austen's "Emma."

CHAPTER VII.

THE VALLEY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Again we travelled. The mountains were behind us now, but for a day's travel they only grew as we left them; and grand their ridge then looked upon the north-east. I prefer hardly any view to that of mountains rising (at least apparently) with steepness out of a low country, or a mountainous coast seen from the offing. Some perverse spirits, who had been in California, maintained that there were three chains of the Rocky Mountains, and this was only the lowest.

"How then," said I, "does the water from these Pacific springs get to the ocean?"

"Oh!" said they, "it disappears and comes out again the other side."

This I considered a subterfuge, but could get no better answer; they probably thought that *the* Mountains were the Wahsatch range and the Sierra was a single range—rather a large idea on the whole.

If possible, the country was more uninhabitable and dreary in its aspect than the slope on the east of the watershed; both have the same rolling character, though they are very different from rolling prairie, and are covered with sand and sage-brush, and strewn along the roadside with bones, not of buffalo, but of cattle. One different feature there is; on the west, most streams run in a small valley fifty to eighty feet below the general level of the country, and often with almost perpendicular cliffs on each side: such a valley as the Rio Virgen, a tributary of the Colorado much lower down, winds through. Such was "Little Sandy," quite an English willow-fringed stream, here with a deep hole fit for a sheep-washing, there running over gravel and not ancle deep, winding backwards and forwards through the level grass-land 400 or 500 yards wide. Big Sandy was a less tranquil stream, in a similar but narrower and deeper valley, consequently its channel was straighter; there was, too, as it approached Green River, very little feed on its banks.

The Pacific springs, Little Sandy, Big Sandy, Green River, made something over 100 miles of travel from first to last; all soon put on paper, but in the reality a matter of long wearisome days, and longer intervals, without water. Yet we travelled fast considering the state of our cattle, and a good deal at night; when cattle—and I think all animals at all seasons—travel easiest and fastest. One of our first duties on reaching camp and our last before leaving it, was the shoeing of unfortunate hoofless steers; very necessary no doubt, but a good many were entirely lamed by it. The two other trains fared no better than ourselves, and companionship, even in misfortune, was pleasant; not to speak of a sort of tortoise race tacitly agreed on between us. The sage-brush occasionally grew very large, and bush after bush, lighted by those on guard, blazed till "All the night the country seemed on fire;" though the whole charm of the guard-fire was lost this way, and we looked at each other's faces in the glare like the witches on the heath.

Oct. 13*th.*—Started at daybreak, and travelled six miles: terrible work, almost an impossibility to keep moving, so many cattle barely able to go that the rest scatter off the road; but our orders are to keep up all we can to Green River. Camped by Big Sandy for breakfast about noon; sun scorchingly hot. Left again at three. Several miles of mere sand and stones without vegetation, then sage again; out of forty-eight head of loose cattle we left twenty-three on the road—much against the Frenchman's will, but we outvoted him. Thought we never should get to camp; fires made by the roadside disappointed us over and over again. We were far behind the waggons, and when a man has watched a fire for half-an-hour and every minute expects to see corral, and supper cooking, desolation and dying embers make him "feel like swearing." After five or six disappointments one became sceptical, not to say philosophical, and prepared for a night of it. On reaching camp, found the fires had been meant to guide us: as if we could not see as well as those in front!

Oct. 14*th, Sunday.*—In the twilight of the frosty morning the river looked like blue steel, but as the day advanced, it seemed to warm and freshen. Green River is a beautiful bright gushing river, at this point forty to fifty yards wide. Oh! that there were salmon in it, and I had my rod here! Its name I suppose springs from its grassy banks, for the water is blue. After the miserable country we have passed through, grass and trees and a river like this are as much of a banquet to us as to our cattle: I feasted my eyes upon them (not the cattle) for a couple of hours incessantly. When we last saw trees—on the Platte, except cedar wood—their leaves were hardly changed from their summer green, and now these are all yellow and falling fast; the change seems unexpected, but autumn is the season I love best—so, All hail! ye sear and falling leaves of the trees that wave around the Rio Verde!

Crossed the river, and camped three miles down it, near a trading post. A kitten that found its way into camp, created quite a *furore*, for it was the first sign of our approach to homes; unluckily we had no milk, but Puss shared our bread and bacon, not to speak of fresh meat, by courtesy termed beef, really "such stuff as sausages are made of:" nay, she was offered cold coffee and a bed by my Irish comrade; but to this I demurred, and she lodged elsewhere. Much merriment at the expense of H., who had been sent across the river after three stray oxen; he brought them over, but while he was putting on his lower habiliments one of them got mired, another recrossed, and he had but one to show.

Oct. 15*th.*—Went at the first daylight to the trading post, and bought ten pounds of potatoes at fifteen cents per pound: dear enough; but they were good, and from Salt Lake. Also changed a blue overshirt for four wolf-skins: I did not want them at all, but the trader, though a French Canadian, as most Indian traders are, hung about me like a Holywell Street Jew, eager to trade for my soldier's coat, which he would have sold again to mountaineers at a handsome profit; and eager myself to get back to camp with my potatoes in time for breakfast, I compromised on the shirt, one of the academic-aquatic sort that did not often come over the "hard road to travel." Camped again by Green River.

When leaving, we left behind all our loose cattle but nine, for the loose had long been the turned-out and worn-out. This was light work: three men to drive nine steers; but a timely change, as for several days afterwards a fierce head-wind blew on us, and brought a sharp blinding dust, maddening the waggon-drivers; but which we penetrated only with pebbles and maledictions, "Sacre!" or "Maledetto!" or—

"Get along, you horned thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling."

High level table lands, rising one above another by sudden steps, and with quaintly-shaped sandy peaks, often of many colours, rising high above them all, are the characteristics of that portion of country; the streams had some little brushwood about them serviceable for faggots. The first evening after leaving Green River my friend Landon, our cook, was sick; the mess were furious, not because he would not officiate, but because while he said his sickness was incipient scurvy, yet he refused to eat raw potatoes. A diversion was caused by Nemahaw arguing scientifically upon celestial phenomena, to wit, that the stars were in the same position, due south for instance, at the same hour every night throughout the year: N. at each step of the argument taking care to remind his hearers that the earth moved, not the stars. The public, being unconvinced, called on me to reply, which I did, not scientifically, but by asking all present if the "Dipper" (Great Bear) was not a good deal further round now when we changed guard than it used to be two months ago? This was unanswerable, but "Little Tom" (of Trinity College, Dublin) wanted the why and wherefore, and would have me "explain scientifically;" which I did, and very unscientifically too most probably: however it pleased and satisfied Tom, who then with a dictatorial air told Nemahaw he was clearly wrong, as all the rest had told him long before.

We came from the stars to earth on a sudden (like Bellerophon to the Aleian field), in consequence of a fight, in American fashion pure and simple, between two of the next mess; to this we all sped, and having paper and pencil I took down a full account, such as those which appear in "Bell's Life," and appended "Remarks," which are all I shall introduce here.

"Remarks.—We never witnessed a more disgusting exhibition." However the damages were not very serious; no eyes were hooked; one of the combatants looked as if he had received the tonsure; the ear of the other was bored, and the fingers of both were a good deal mauled; but rags and plaister set all right. Such is "Rough-and-tumble." When a fight is not quite on the sudden, men will sometimes agree on "Stand-up," or the other (θάτερον), and sometimes disagree. I recollect our all landing from a Mississippi steamer on the Illinois side for a fight between two of the passengers; but when on the ground the men could not agree which kind of fight to have; so at last, after an hour's jangling, we all returned to the boat, the spectators more disappointed at missing the sight, than the actors at missing the fight.

Fort Bridger was quite a gay rendezvous on the Sunday we reached it, for besides ourselves and two companion trains, the place was enlivened by a score or two of mountaineers, and a band of Indians with ponies for sale; the "sell" being usually completed by the ponies disappearing the next night. These Indians (Snakes I think) were small-sized, but some of the younger "braves" and squaws were very handsome; several of them were wrapped round with folds of linen, and this gave them when mounted something of an oriental appearance. The mountaineers were a grim-looking set, principally from the Western States and Lower Canada, yet several of them were better than they looked, and improved on acquaintance; a sort of rough friendliness too they all had, which in the Canadians, when drunk, turned into the most intolerable maudlin fondness. A word and a blow—or rather that "winged word," a bullet—is the way of them all; and, unless I misjudge, few of them but would shoot a stranger whose buttons they chanced to fancy. On the whole I think them rather better than the average of the world.

Oct. 22nd.—Most of us down at the store; for Kerr allowed men to get what they liked on credit up to ten or twelve dollars. Met Nemahaw just coming away in a leathern coat that he assured me was real buck-skin (N.B.—Coats never by any chance are made of buckskin), and a great bargain at four dollars, as it would fetch twice as much at Salt Lake, &c., &c. I threw no cold water on the coat, but thought of Moses and the spectacles. Cards and whisky were the order of the day, followed of course by a fight: a "Stand-up" this time, as two Irish, having floored their opponents, disdained to jump on them. The storekeeper judiciously slipped away my comrade's revolver, and I took it off to camp; the latter on discovering his loss declared he would have a "material guarantee" for it, and after futile attempts at carrying off saddles, &c., marched up to camp with two rifles and two pistols. Finding me out, he called for his revolver, and on my refusal to surrender it, cocked one of the confounded big pistols and held it right at me: not so pleasant; though when sober he would as soon have shot himself as me; especially as his weapon was a big single-barrel of a mountaineer, and had a bright cap on; with one of our own guns it would have been at least an even chance for a miss-fire or a burst barrel. Fortunately Ben Duncan came up and straightened things a bit, and a sleep in the waggon did the rest.

During first guard one of the men was discovered running off with a bag of sugar to the Indians; he dropped it like a hot potato, and bolted into a waggon. A whole bag! ninety-six pounds!! *Magne pater divûm!* that would have bought ten or twelve ponies. The affair was duly reported, but not the offender, who was pretty well known to be one of the Irishmen of our mess; he had but a few days before stolen a rifle from a Canadian, and after his regular open-hearted fashion told us all of it, within half an hour: as a great secret, of course. One might say of him—what Chaucer says of the "shipman" his travelling companion—

> "Certainly he was a good felaw,"

but alas! also

> "Of nice conscience took he no kepe."

Next day we left Fort Bridger, with fifty head of new cattle, a very needful reinforcement, distributed among our teams. A few miles of constant ascent brought us to the high table land, from which you descend among the mountains of the Wahsatch range. All at once we saw below us a panorama of valleys and cañons winding and climbing this way and that, the hill-sides round, looking not unlike English downs, but clouded with patches of cedar-wood, and separated here and there by running brooks. Henceforth we had no more travelling on broad sandy plains, but over steep ridges, beside pictured rocks (on the right hand, never on the left), along deep gullies, and across glorious valleys, with then only a view of the hills close on each side, and the sky roofing us over. The sun rose late for us and left us early, and the nights grew longer and colder, but during the day, as if the heat were collected and reflected below, all was summer-like; the roads were in the main better than their wont, there was little dust, and some days hardly a furlong without a beautiful bright spring oozing out from the cliff: this last 100 miles, in truth, was the only portion of our route that could make any pretensions to fine scenery.

Oct. 24th.—Camped late, and in a cold position on the top of a connecting and dividing ridge; but we soon had a blazing wood fire of the right sort. Drove our cattle down a cañon to the right; there had been grass knee-deep, but rather dry, at the bottom, but it was almost spoilt by a train a few days ahead of us, and our poor beasts had little forage. "Is it not enough that ye have eaten of the deep pastures, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures; and that ye have drunk of the clear waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet?"

While we were driving our oxen to the best places, which they were too tired to look for themselves, the moon was eclipsed, and stopped our operations. We were relieved two hours before our time, as those who called up second guard thought an eclipse of the moon could only take place at midnight.

Oct. 26th.—A hill not much over 100 yards long, but very steep, delayed us from one P.M. to six, as the waggons had to be treble-teamed; the Mormon goods' train behind us very much disgusted, as they could have crossed it in less than two hours, being fewer and lighter, but now were brought to a dead stop by us: we only made four miles all day. Bear River, by which we camped, is not so large as Green River, but a rapid sparkling river of the same character, and curiously enough with water of a greenish colour. I saw a few fair-sized trout, and "Woodpecker" caught one over 1 lb., a very handsome fish. Bears there were no signs of, nor yet of mountain-sheep, except a horned skull or two. The valley was very picturesque, with the russet colouring and round yet rocky hills characteristic of the "borders," and an abundance of timber along the river-banks: a pleasanter scene on a fine October morning one could not wish to look on.

Oct. 28th, Sunday.—Bitterly cold morning, particularly as we had been delayed by a bad hill the night before till near ten, and could get little supper for want of fuel. All now scattered for the latter, and for a long while in vain; at last some one pitched on an old camping-place studded with "ox-chips," and we all flocked thither as eagerly as if to a gold-mine. After six or seven miles' travel, the hills on the right broke into limestone cliffs of great beauty, resembling gateways, castles, turrets, and towns, all of a rich deep red: the Frenchman, who was an artist, was in ecstacies and longed to sketch them.

A grave placed below on a small circular rising ground at a bend of Echo Cañon struck me perhaps more: wistfully one reads these records of the dead; one may people the castles on the cliffs with aerial warriors from faery land, but human sympathies, and something more than idle curiosities, group around these lonely tombs. Here, for instance, is one but a week old, that tells us the emigrant train was just so far ahead of us. The name is Cadoret, a Frenchman, I suppose; my companion reads with interest the name of his countryman, and tells me it is a Breton name; we both wonder why he joined the Mormons, and came hither. Side by side is another grave: read that slab; "aged 76:" were there no graves in Egypt, that the old man came out to perish in the wilderness? Was it zeal for a faith adopted late in life, or the intenser thirst for the gold of California, that brought him to the mouth of Echo Cañon, and to the side of the rapid Weber, and within a day's walk of the valley in the mountains? Look at this one more: Bewick might have chosen it as the subject of a vignette; the slab of wood is neatly carved, and tells us a woman was buried here; her place of birth, her age, and whose wife she was, we can read; but the ground was soft and the grave shallow, and the wolves have torn up the body —perhaps before the first night's dew settled on the tombstone, or the cheek of the mourner was dry. But we have stayed too long; the waggons are almost out of sight, and the Frenchman, satiated with the beauty of the red cliffs, is eager to drive on the straggling invalids of our herd.

Weber Valley, down which we turned, but for the excessive brilliancy of the day would have appeared a little stern, for it has none of the herbage or colour that clothes Bear River; but before and behind the mountains rose up with noble grey and red peaks against the clear blue sky, while from the hill-sides on the right rocks of cemented gravel stood out like the ruins of some old cathedral. Weber, like Bear River, is a tributary of the Salt Lake, and with a somewhat concentrical course, but considerably shorter and smaller; the stream wanders among tall cottonwood-trees in an inner valley from two to three furlongs wide, but the greater part of the main valley is "bench," dry and herbless enough; there were, however, some remains of cultivation, and one house, now deserted, overlooked the water and a mill beside it. Two or three attempts at a settlement have been made, but with too small numbers to resist the hostility of the Indians; otherwise the position is thought favourable: and certainly this whole mountain district, but for Indians and wolves, is quite as well adapted to sheep farming as the Highlands of Scotland; nearly all the larger cañons have water running throughout the year, and both they and the smaller ones have plenty of grass: at most, a supply of roots during the depth of the winter snow would be necessary.

The crossing of the Weber is barely thirty miles from the entrance to Salt Lake Valley. We did not much expect to be seven days more in the cañons; but the difficulties of the route increase continually: the burns wash the rock on either side so closely that the track must necessarily change sides often, and the large amount of travelling has worn the stream-bed into a hole where you want a ford; in these places waggons would occasionally upset, often stick fast, and a single impediment in such places brings the whole train to a stand-still. Sometimes the bed of the cañon itself was but little wider than to allow a passage at all, and so uneven that several men were needed to support each waggon over bad places; sometimes so strewn with fragments of rock that the cattle could hardly move the load an inch: in these "fixes," while the leading waggons struggled along one by one, men behind lit fires, if fuel were handy; and then we sat round near an hour at a time chatting, and as we progressed had but to throw a little more on the fires already lighted by our predecessors. Several times one of the other trains ahead forced us to camp in unsuitable places; once where the bush was impenetrably thick—it must have been a complete barrier to the pioneers of the route—so that next morning it took us hours to get our cattle out of it, though the space was not much over that of Bloomsbury Square; indeed several times I thought I must have cut my own way out, for you may force your way into underwood *with* the boughs, and be unable to force it out against them. In the middle of the bush we found a skeleton, its skull cleft in two as by a blow from an axe; the murdered man—for such doubtless he was—had lain there long; but it was a place where even beasts would hardly come in search of prey, or the bones would have been torn apart: very likely we were the first living being who had ever entered that thicket since the murderer cast there the body of the murdered.

At last we began the ascent of the Big Mountain, an ominous name that had haunted us for weeks before; in reality rather a pass between mountains than a mountain itself. It is strange how the pass should have been found, for the entrance is out of a large cañon almost a valley, and is itself narrow and insignificant at first, and with by no means a look of leading anywhere. At its mouth was a grave piled up with stones, as if each traveller here at the "foot of the mountain" had added one, as an offering to the genius of the pass: the stern grim cairn accorded well with the features of the spot; and I, too, paid the tribute of a pebble. The ascent is five miles long; the lower half of which is exceedingly rough and narrow, but not very steep; higher up it opens out a little, and for the last half mile rises sharply: tall gaunt pines, scattered here and there, some with a semblance of life, others stripped by the wind, some bare blackened poles, some charred and fallen, added to the desolation of the cañon. Half way up we camped, though the ground did not permit anything like a proper corral; our cattle we drove up a sort of scrambling gully onto the hill tops, several hundred feet above us, there to shift for themselves: we could do no more for them.

Gradually a rumour spread through camp that we were on the morrow to drive the remaining twenty-two miles to the city; something of the joviality of a last evening was aroused; songs were sung, tales were told, and a little caricature acting was performed, as we sat around our fires watching the bread baking for our early breakfast. "O curas hominum! quantum est in rebus inane!" We were called up before three, and such was the enthusiasm, that even the laziest were out at once: and, truth to say, it was quite too cold to sleep with any comfort in the waggons. By the time Orion began to sink we had finished breakfast, and when the morning star rose at the bottom of the pass, we groped our way out in the dark, and with the first twilight were on the mountains; excitement and exercise gave one warmth to enjoy the glory of that cold November sunrise.

Half our cattle we soon drove in, but the rest—*Wala wa!*—had not merely scattered, but travelled, some back, some Sion-wards; it was three in the afternoon, twelve hours from the time we had turned out, and not very far from dusk, when we got under way again. By dark two-thirds of the waggons had double teamed up, and gone down the other side, almost in full trot, though with both hind wheels locked. From the "top of the mountain," a small space of level ground fifty yards across, one saw the camp-fires blazing cheerily far, far below; the road down most resembled the bottom of a gigantic trough, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in the darkness at each footfall it seemed as if one stepped over a precipice. Camp was in no sort of order; half our mess and all our cooking utensils were still on the wrong side of the mountain, and the snow was falling fast; but after a most decided negative on a proposition to go supperless to bed, we borrowed things here and there, and voted, as in defiance, to cook two rations at once and trust for the morrow. Our faith was rewarded; by the aid of some unsettled claim and some generosity we received a new supply: but it was worth a morrow's fast that evening to see the agreeable surprise of our really tired-out comrades, when several hours later they came in expecting nothing, and found warmth and abundance. In the morning we had another troublesome, and still more unsuccessful, hunt after our poor half-starved worn-out cattle; the hill sides were so steep, one had literally to push the oxen down; driving was useless: I pushed seven oxen by stages down for a thousand feet or more.

Our journey had a sort of fitting resemblance to the journey of life. When we left the Missouri, but half our train moved at once: that was childhood; in our middle course along the valley of the Platte, we made our eighteen or twenty miles daily; now we had sunk to the decrepitude of old age and moved in detachments. Our day's travel was but four miles, but it brought us into rather warmer weather, and we camped near a cottage; trading posts, we had passed many of on our road, but this was the first "wonning:" its habitants were Mormons, but (as I afterwards heard, though I cannot positively vouch for the truth of it) ejected from the valley for misconduct; in fact, the man had seduced, as he might not marry, his own daughter. Mormonism stood aghast: ἄνω γὰρ ποτάμων τοῦτόγε—this was water flowing up stream, and pretty considerably too. They were, however, civil and pleasant people enough, and I took supper there; fresh butter and a quart of milk being the greatest of luxuries to me. They told me that one of the emigrant trains camped close by a few days back, had run quite out of provisions, and the children were crying for hunger, till a supply was brought from the city: it made me feel how little hardship I had passed through.

A third time we travelled but three or four miles, having to cross the Little Mountain; an ascent shorter but more troublesome than the Big Mountain, and fortunately our descending (*i.e.* the western) side was in both cases infinitely the worst of the two; this was the last obstacle to pass. We camped at the head of Emigration Cañon on the evening of November 6, having made just one hundred miles since October 23.

I have dwelt at some length on these last days of the journey, as well to show the manner in which Salt Lake Valley is walled in, as the difficulties of the route; and not least that a reader may thus appreciate both the actual relief and intense exhilaration of recovered light, and space, and prospect. At twilight, or in gloomy daylight, all the cañons feel like coffins: before you can well see the clouds above you they have passed out of your sight; either you feel no breeze or else a gust rendered fierce by compression. Emigration Cañon is one of the deepest and narrowest of them all; its cliffs are relieved by no beauty of form or colour, they are stern, grim, unpitying; the snow higher up looks warmer; you may fancy Giant Despair looking over their edge at his prisoners. Actually, a few Indians might destroy an army: masses of rock (like that by which Beatrice Cenci designates the spot for Cenci's murder) seem ready to fall, and falling would, in many places, block up all passage. The day was dull and cold, such as in England when a north-east wind blows—not breathes; towards noon it brightened, though as the cañon runs east and west, the sunshine could not reach us; half an hour later, turning a projection of rock, like many before and therefore exciting no expectation in us, we passed all at once, and almost unawares, from the cold, deep, viewless cañon into the open sunshine, and breathing prospect of the long-wished-for valley. I do not know what may be the feeling of emigrants who have left all to come hither, and look, for the first time, upon this their Sion and Promised Land. I recollect my own well: instinctively I rushed up a small eminence to the right, and then turned and gazed. I said nothing, but in my heart shouted, *θάλασσα* ! *θάλασσα* ! while the Frenchman below gave utterance to his artistic delight, and also to sundry moral apophthegms with a philosophical sound. Frenchmen have plenty of them.

Some persons complained of disappointment at the want of timber; nothing, however, to one looking from above is more sombre than a forest: I did not wish for any. The length and breadth of the valley spread before us; the snowy Sierra opposite, but ten leagues off; the range behind us black-looking, but white-crested, a mountain wave and a mountain wall, grander now we had passed it; most of all the Great Lake, blue and bright in the afternoon sunshine, circling a mountainous island, and itself encircled by mountains, shining as it were a bed of sapphires set in silver,—these, the whole view then, whatever one might have thought at any other moment, like water to a thirsty man, seemed at once to repay all the fatigues and hardships of the journey. Salt Lake City, visible as a multitude of white specks on the plain at the bottom, served rather to excite our curiosity than to improve the landscape. Next morning we drove into the city;

its appearance I shall describe elsewhere, and only here remark that any one not knowing what to expect would probably have been disappointed: our own appearance was strange enough. My dress, for instance; would have rivalled the cynic's, "a coat with many doors, fluttering about in every gust of wind, and overlaid with an embroidery of rags;" it had been supported by voluntary contributions of every colour and texture, and the embroidery, as tailors love to say, had been "all done with the needle." Such sights were too common to attract the notice or laughter even of the children in the streets.

I chanced that evening to wait half an hour or so at the workshop of a shoemaker, apparently, at close of day, the resort of a few choice spirits of Mormonism. Songs were sung in turn: songs of Sion. The cobbler sang as he worked: his was a stirring air, such as would have suited that matchless war-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" the words, too, were vigorous, part denunciatory, part hopeful: one could almost have fancied the singer one of the stern old Puritans. I recollect one stanza commenced "Tremble ye nations," and the chorus repeated after each denunciation was—

"But Sion shall have peace,
Israel must increase;
Glory to the Lord of Hosts!
Israel is free!"

By the end of the week our freight was unloaded, and we were paid off; my own amount was 76 dollars

76 cents. I was again my own master. Some others were eager to start for California, but for my part, considering Utah, if not one of the most interesting, at least one of the most out-of-the-way places in the world, and also from some slight weariness of daily travel and one's own company, I preferred remaining at Salt Lake City for a season, and took up my abode in a Mormon family.

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PART II.

THE MORMON SETTLEMENTS.

"Μορμώ· δάκνει ἵππος."

THEOCRITUS.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY, PRODUCTS, AND COLONISATION.

The territory of Utah lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and from lat. 37° to 42° north; an extent of country about six times as large as Pennsylvania. Of this the strip some 150 miles wide, east of the Wahsatch ranges, and watered by the tributaries of the Colorado, is uninhabited and almost uninhabitable, except by Indians. West of the latter range lies the Great Basin, the waters of which find no outlet to the ocean, but fall into a number of lakes, of which the Great Salt Lake is the chief.

The country as yet is by no means fully explored; but all the known part is strewn over with mountain ridges more or less connected, and having a general north and south direction, parallel to the great chains of the continent; these enclose a multitude of valleys, many of which no doubt in time will be colonized. At present the settlements extend more or less thickly in a line from north to south of 300 miles, along a string of valleys from rim to rim of the Basin; with one or two exceptions, they have not as yet diverged on either side.

In character these valleys differ entirely from what we call the valley of a river; more resembling such as the valley of Mexico, large tracts of almost level lands surrounded by mountain ridges; these are jagged sierras, rising into numberless peaks of an almost equal altitude, and cleft below by steep narrow cañons fully as numerous, only a few of which, however, penetrate any distance through the chain. Most cañons in their sheltered parts have some growth of wood, and they serve as watercourses for the melting snow. The mountain springs also are numerous, and except when ice-bound, valuable for consumption and irrigation; to be diverted along the streets of the young settlements, turn the waterwheels, grind the corn, saw the lumber, and finally, "leaping to music and to light," help to raise another crop on the fertile soil of the valley bottom. Few places have a more abundant supply of water and water-power. Between the mountains of the valley intervenes a strip of dry sterility, known as the "bench;" a sort of table land sloping slightly to the base of the former, but commonly falling with a sudden step to the latter: its soil and nature is pretty much the same as that of the plains of sage-brush on either side the Rocky Mountains.

The appearance of Salt Lake Valley, as we entered it from Emigration Cañon, I have already described; but it may be worth while giving a few details. Opposite the city it is nearly thirty miles wide and continues to widen for the lake, which lies twenty miles north; twenty-five miles to the south the mountains approach, and the bench on each side meets, but for the deep gully through which their river Jordan passes from the fresh-water lake Utah in the adjoining valley towards the Salt Lake. The similitude of this to the river of Palestine, falling into the Dead Sea, gives a propriety to the name; no other could have been as fit: it has also a sort of religious propriety in the faith and language of the colonists, for Utah is their Promised Land. Salt Lake City is their Sion, and in these waters, they say, there is baptism for the remission of sins. I was not a little surprised to hear from some of the first Mormon settlers, that they "found the name."

Though by no means the principal tributary of the lake, the Jordan is the chief stream of the valley, and in its own valley—an *imperium in imperio*—is the very finest pasture-land. The bunch-grass shoots up in spring with astonishing rapidity and luxuriance, and the herds revel and grow fat in a fortnight; sometimes animals eat themselves to death in their first eagerness for the green food, and though in a short time the grass dries up, it retains all the year its sweetness and a good deal of its nutritiousness: unfortunately in the preceding summer (1855), the grasshoppers had eaten almost every blade, and the place was desert and deserted. The river has an abundance of fine trout and chub, and in Lake Utah, trout are almost as thick as "mackarel schools," and, I am told, run to great size; but in winter, the larger ones go to the deep water beyond netting, and I saw none over two pounds: these were splendid fish, cutting red, and coloured and marked like sea trout. An inferior sort of fish called suckers, and with the appearance of small barbel, are also abundant. In the Salt Lake no fish are found, nor is it supposed any could live; this marred utterly my philanthropic and philo-piscatorial scheme of importing salmon from California, which at the right season could have gone down to the salt water. None of these waters are navigated, nor as yet are the settlements in a position, locally or otherwise, to make much of it; yet it was in contemplation to start a small steamer on Salt Lake, that in high water might run up the Jordan near the city and connect it with the most northern settlements; or even up Bear River, if emigration should come by a more northerly route than at present. The necessity of importing machinery with vast expense and difficulty, must render such a scheme, even if otherwise practicable, quite visionary, until the Mormons have extended their iron-works; machinery, if imported, could be applied to fifty more useful purposes.

The soil of the valley bottom differs greatly: in parts it is of exceeding fertility; even as much as eighty bushels of wheat *have been* raised to the acre, and thirty or forty are still not uncommon, though above the average; good and bad land, however, are very much mixed up—not to speak of wholesale desert tracts—and it is hard to find a farm site, one-third of which is not nearly worthless. The climate is also adverse: from the early summer till long after harvest home not a drop of rain falls, so that irrigation several times during the season is absolutely necessary to keep alive the growing crops; and though, as I have said above, the supply of water is good, still it is in part uncertain, being derived from the melting snow. Inhabitants say that the coldness of the water injures the crop, and irrigation has a tendency to impoverish the land.

If accounts be true, the drought, always feared, has this year (1856) in their utmost need withered among the people of Utah all hope of abundance; and that more terrible scourge the grasshoppers, following upon the drought, has raised a panic of actual starvation: if they should come for a succession of years, as they now have for two, a famine and a new emigration seem inevitable. The people, however, struggle bravely, dig ditches around their fields, and try to sweep the foe away; failing that, they plant crop after crop as each is eaten off, to the end of the season. Brigham Young tells the Mormons it is a judgment on them for wasting the superabundance of 1853; when much could have been stored up, but was recklessly given to animals, and almost thrown away. Till lately, corn was hardly grown as a crop, except in the southern valleys; but its advantages of quick growth have, the last year or two, introduced it very largely at the north, and it now equals the growth of wheat.

Potatoes, beets, pumpkins, all succeed well, and nothing better than potatoes; they have a monopoly in the ground, like that of herrings in Loch Fyne, two of fish to one of water; and for their quality you could hardly match them in London. Sugar works were ready for operation, and a large manufacture had been calculated on; but the beet crop suffered even beyond the rest. All ordinary garden vegetables seem to thrive, and some fruits; strawberries, and water melons in particular. Standard peach and apple trees have been introduced, and hitherto stood the winter, and though as yet but young, peaches were sold by the bushel in the city; most gardens have a few trees, and there are several extensive orchards. This success has encouraged some enterprising persons to attempt vine-growing, which has advanced, on the banks of the Ohio into a regular branch of agriculture, and even established a new item in the vast commerce of Cincinnati. Many thousands of vine-cuttings were ordered from the neighbourhood of Los Angeles, in Southern California, and before this time the experiment has been tried; the winter is the test: there are fine slopes to the south and west, in every way suited for vineyards, and it is a pity if they cannot after all be rendered productive. So much for the cultivation of the country.

The first emigrants brought to the valley nearly a myriad of cattle, and every caravan still brings its hundreds, so that cattle are numerous; and hardly one man is so poor, if he own a roof to his head, but has a cow or two or a yoke of oxen: indeed stock-raising must needs be profitable where you pay nothing for pasture land; that is, if the Indians do not make an incursion like the Sabeans of old upon Job's herd, or if the winter be not such a one as that commencing when I was in the country. Pasture, as I have before said, there was none left by the grasshoppers in the southern part of the valley; and 100 miles to the north, along Bear River and in Cache Valley, the snow in December thawed and froze again, covering the whole face of the country with a coating of ice, through which the cattle could not, except here and there, reach a blade of grass, or even a bunch of sage-brush. Truly (according to the words of the prophet) "the cattle were perplexed because there was no pasture;" some starved on the spot, others rushed, as in despair, to the mountains, where the snow was not frozen but only four to seven feet deep; a few kept alive by browsing on the small shoots of the kinnik-kinnik that grows like willow along the stream sides. S., my host, was, I fear, one of the great losers, and a great part of the church herd perished; while of the 400 head of cattle that had belonged to our train, according to the papers, not a single one lived through the winter. Cattle that have crossed the plains are always feeble, and fetch a considerably lower price for many months to come. As may be supposed, where horses and mules are scarce, a good Indian pony fetching 50 dollars or more, and a good mule 150 dollars, all heavy carting, as well as ploughing, is done with oxen. Mules have as yet been imported only. A gigantic jackass from Tennessee, standing about fifteen hands, drew together a considerable crowd: gaunt as he looked, for he would eat none of the corn brought on the plains for him, his owner valued him at 350 dollars; but even in the States, particularly Kentucky or Tennessee, owing to the demand for mules, a first-rate donkey fetches a price rather astonishing to an Englishman.

Sheep are scarce; not being like cattle a means of travelling, and even very troublesome to bring over the plains on account of the wolves: at Salt Lake they require watching in the daytime, and folding at night: as for feed there is mostly sufficient picking for sheep on the "bench." S. pressed me very much to return to Salt Lake the following year (1856) with 1000 or 1500 sheep, mostly ewes; assuring me they would fetch from four to five times their price in Missouri, and that if kept for a couple of seasons the return would be a considerable profit: to him perhaps. I do not mean that he would have cheated me; and very likely after expenses and losses there would be a considerable profit; but to turn that profit and the principal into coin would be so difficult as, practically, for any but a settler, to nullify the gain. I never saw mutton once in Utah. Sheep are very seldom killed, for the owners are few, and desirous of raising large flocks for the sale of the wool. There is already some little manufacture of cloth, but the raw material is as yet too scanty; otherwise this, like all manufactures, ought to flourish with such an immense protective duty as the cost of importation in effect gives them. Pigs are scarcer than cattle, but far more numerous than sheep; beef is quite the staple food.

The greatest of all deficiencies is that of wood, and, unluckily, where most wanted; near Salt Lake City, with the exception of a fringe of cottonwood along a few creeks, there is literally none in the valley. Fuel must be hauled from among the mountains, a yearly-increasing distance—now from twenty to twenty-five miles: oak, pine, cedar, and maple are the commonest, and fetch eight dollars a "cord," viz. a pile eight feet by four, and four high. Wood hauling is a regular business, and considering that a trip for a "cord" occupies a man and a yoke of oxen—and they must be no weaklings—two days, the price is not unreasonable; but it is the severest item in household expenditure. A family, with two stoves constantly burning, will run very near to 300 dollars in the course of the winter. Very unwisely, hardly a soul thinks of laying in a stock till October, when the roads are becoming bad; and even then most live from hand to mouth. For lumber the white and red pine are chiefly used; the quality is good, though seasoning is out of the question, and the abundance of water power and saw-mills at the mouths of the cañons only just keeps up a sufficient supply.

Frame houses, so universal in the States, you never see; sun-baked bricks, called "dobies," a corruption of the word "adobe," are the sole building material: as regards the name, I may remark that the fifty dollar California pieces, now almost in disuse, were called "dobies," because octagonal—a very foolish shape: and the name was suitable thus far, that both coin and brick rub away far too easily. Owing to tithes (on which I may touch hereafter) being paid in kind, and the obvious inconvenience of a motley collection of bricks, dobies are by law required to be of one shape and size. Mormon descriptions of the city speak of the resemblance these bricks bear to freestone; I rather dislike the sickly colour: perhaps they are but a temporary resource, and some future "Prophet" may (like the Roman emperor) be able to say he found the city of dobies and left it of stone. The foundations of houses are always of stone, rough hewn. There are good quarries fourteen or fifteen miles from the city; but, without greater facilities of carriage, it can be used only for necessities.

The people are alive to the need of better communication, but with so much else to do little of this has been yet done. Across the rivers and larger streams substantial wooden bridges have been constructed: undoubtedly the first requisite; but proper roads are wanted in place of the present mere tracks. Those in the richest and most settled parts of the valley become, in wet weather or thaws, downright sloughs of mire; wasting hours, and wearing out the team with a double draught; and in the frost, if not impassable, very dangerous for travelling over beyond a foot's pace. Railroads will, no doubt, spread in due season from the Pacific Railroad; perhaps in connection with two or three, across the country: without the basis of another railroad they are impracticable.

Canals, however, though in parts difficult, might well be constructed. The first was being excavated in Nov., 1855, by aid of the tithe labour: this was to connect the quarries with the city; but, owing to the necessary windings, it will be nearly thirty miles in length—double the direct distance. Jordan might possibly be deepened by means of locks; which would give water communication to the southern end of Lake Utah, a distance of fifty miles from the city, and nearly half way to the coal-beds in San Pete Valley. These, as they lie almost on the surface, are worked very cheaply; though not for consumption, beyond the immediate neighbourhood: but with such a scarcity of wood, sooner or later, unless others be found at a less distance, they will have to supply Salt Lake City with fuel. One hundred and fifty miles still further south you come upon coal and iron ore in great abundance, the latter producing seventy per cent. of pure metal. Want of better machinery and more capital, the distance from Salt Lake City causing a deficiency of hands and teams and a consequently irregular supply of ore and fuel, with a frequent and (as every one knows it must be) a ruinous extinction of the furnaces, has much crippled the efforts of the iron works; and an entire dependence upon water for the working power brings the whole to a stand-still after the first hard frost. Skilled labour in this, as in almost every other kind of work, Utah has no lack of.

Gold is said to have been found in the territory, though probably not in sufficient quantities to pay the miner; and the search is discouraged, for fear, if successful, it might draw in an alien emigration, and so bring not only the church in peril of antagonism, but the entire population in danger of a famine: produce being limited, and supplies from abroad impossible to obtain. Alum and sulphur abound on the two mountains called by their names, as if in rivalry of the celebrated "Iron Mountain," of Missouri, a solid mass of iron ore. Saltpetre is yet to be found, though most desired, as that which would make the people no longer dependent on the States for ammunition: 500 or 1000 dollars has been offered as a premium for the first pound of gunpowder genuinely manufactured and produced in the territory.

In some compensation for other deficiencies, Nature has supplied that which is most indispensable, and could not be supplied by importation—namely, salt. On the margin of the great lake, which from time to time advances and retires, salt covers the ground for many inches in thickness with a coating as white as snow, and it can be shovelled up and carted off as easily as sand. The level around the lake on the south and south-east, the sides on which I have approached it, is for several miles low, and the lands are marshy and unfit for cultivation; but those living on its borders, and indeed in other marshy districts, do not suffer from fever and ague: either the pure dry mountain air or the saline element is a curative. Consumption is almost unknown, and the climate is in general very healthful: nor could one call it unpleasant, but for the want of rain; which, during the summer months, renders city and country alike arid and dusty, agreeable neither to live in nor travel through, swept as they are by dry hot winds, and unshaded by a single tree. Though in winter the snow lies among the mountains many feet deep, and prevents all communication with the Eastern States, or Upper California, for several months; yet, in the valleys, the temperature is not below that of a cold English winter, and the frost is broken by frequent thaws. Since the first settlement, in 1847, the longest and severest term of cold weather was that during which I was at Salt Lake City; when the mercury fell to seventeen degrees below zero for a night or two.

In concluding this branch of the subject, one may remark that if, as compared with most other countries sought by emigrants, Utah may have little to recommend it, yet considering it actually was sought as a refuge from persecution, and because islanded by many hundred miles of uninhabited country on every side—a barrier more difficult of passage than the ocean—as a place where there was little to be coveted by enemies, and few could know of that little; certainly more advantages have been found than could have been, or indeed were, anticipated. Considering, again, how all efforts for the improvement of these advantages must necessarily be self-dependent in such a place, one cannot say they have been tardily developed. Indeed, to me, the manufactures, few as they were, and the products and settlements sprung up so extensively in so short a time, spoke not of a sensual but of a thrifty and industrious population; who, whatever might be their delusions in matters of belief, or the corrupting influence of their customs, at least determined to put their hands to the plough, and, looking forwards, to work, out of hardship and adversity, a comfortable, if not an enviable, prosperity. Observe Salt Lake City—not a San Francisco, certainly—but remember that eight years ago not a house stood here, nor a stick, nor a stone to build one of.

The city lies immediately at the foot, and on the southern and western sides, of a jutting ridge of the mountains that terminate in Ensign Peak; a buttress of Nature's architecture, and a warder overlooking the whole valley. A few streets rest on the "bench," here little more than a terrace, but rising in successive terraces to a height of several hundred feet; below them the city stretches on either side over the plain, and forms around the peak the figure of a gnomon, three-fourths of a square. The whole space occupied is about four square miles, laid out in "blocks" (squares) of ten acres: that is with a side of a furlong's length, by streets intersecting at right angles. Each block contains eight lots, and originally there were no more houses than lots, the rest being garden-ground; now, lots have been divided and subdivided: for the city, as it does not extend, must thicken, till one or two principal streets have contiguous houses. For a good way round, the houses are as thick as suburban villas; but on the outskirts you may still find only three houses to the furlong of frontage, and even lots unbuilt on.

The designers of the city, warned perhaps by the defect of many even of the newest American cities, and possibly with a presentiment of future magnificence in their own, very wisely gave a great width to their roadways, whilst it could be done for nothing. The streets of Cincinnati, closed in by seven-story houses, begin to look narrow; those of Salt Lake, whatever be its destiny, Mormon or Gentile, can scarcely become so. They have a width of eight rods; and as the houses stand back a regular distance within their own palings, the entire width from wall to wall, as in the principal street where palings have disappeared, is fully 160 feet. Pavement, or paving, there is none; side walk and road is in its primitive state, and good or bad merely according to an accident of soil. Water has been made the most of—not certainly "laid on" to the houses, for society does not yet require that, or I suppose it could easily be done—but drawn off from Temple Creek, a glorious mountain stream, and "spirited" by the gentle inclination of the ground, south and west along each side of almost every street. Beside these runnels are planted young trees, such as can be obtained from the mountains, locust, maple, or cottonwood; the planting is compulsory on the owner of the lot behind, or on the ward if any individual be too poor, so that, without fail, the city may in a few years have pleasant avenues, such as are the delight of Philadelphians in their scorching summer time. The condition of the trees is a pretty fair indication of the idleness or industry of those living near them.

Architecturally, the city is nothing; few houses are over two stories, and many of one only: style there is none; it should be added there are no "follies." Brigham Young's house alone is pretentious, and looks well enough because it is large, and its walls are newly painted white, and the green of the venetians refreshed continually: another large building almost detached — a sort of harem — was just completed in orthodox Gothic style. I felt a pity for those who had to live between the gables. The social hall, a place that may be used for any kind of public amusement, balls, theatre, &c., and the tabernacle and council house are mere useful conventicles.

The foundations of the Temple are laid, and very substantially too; but till the canal to the quarries is complete the work will not proceed. Beyond evidences of large pillars and a frontage to the east, I could not guess at the future result, nor is there any published design; but most expected it would be on the model of the Nauvoo Temple, in its time the finest building of the West, and the ruins of which I passed, unfortunately in the dark, last May. The ground plan is 180 feet by 120, as I found by stepping. The temple block, a furlong square (containing the tabernacle, endowment house, and temple foundations), is enclosed by a strong pannelled wall of stone and dobies, with gateways-about-to-be; at present openings, on each side: unless for purposes of security or concealment, the wall seems a mistake, it being a screen to the glories of the temple.

The whole city, except on the south, is closed in by an earthen wall ten or twelve feet high, here and there jutting out into small bastions, and pierced at intervals by gateless gateways. This work is utterly useless, for the line of defence would be nearly ten miles, and can at any part be climbed over with ease, particularly by a barefooted Indian. The terraces of bench land and Ensign Peak, when you look at them from a mile or two's distance, bear a great resemblance to parts of the Undercliff, in the Isle of Wight, except for the lack of any woodland or cheerful vegetation; while the view from them, though sombre in the dreariness of autumn, must be bright and pleasant when the gardens below are green with young trees and vegetables and rustle with their jungles of Indian corn.

From the description I have given, any one will see that Salt Lake by no means fulfils our ideas of a city, but is rather a gigantic village, or a collection of suburbs. Such as it is, all other settlements in the country have taken it as their prototype; and though security, and in some points convenience, are sacrificed on this plan, yet a population, not commercial, but pastoral or agricultural, may be repaid by the increased healthiness of scattered dwellings, and in the future city (if a city it be) by the advantages of unusual roominess.

I have not seen the census taken in March, 1856, with a view to the admission of the Territory as a State, but Salt Lake was generally considered, in 1855, to have nearly 15,000 inhabitants: a quarter of the entire white population of the country. These included Americans, who hold all the chief offices in church and state: not without a national jealousy on the part of their subjects, often expressed to me, though not in public; English, a fair sprinkling of Scotch, a large number of Welsh, who have their own separate colonies in a neighbouring valley on the west, and are not thick elsewhere; a considerable population of French and Danish, with a few Germans and Italians, chiefly Piedmontese; one Irishman, one Jew and one negro complete the list of nationalities mingled in the ever-increasing swarm of the hive of Deseret. I am sorry I cannot give their numerical proportions with even an approximate accuracy; still more so with respect to the ratio of the two sexes, and of those men who have more than one wife, to the entire male population. Judging from those families with which I have been more or less acquainted, and also from the build of the houses (which last, though of course uncertain, is a better test than might be supposed), I should conjecture the polygamist households throughout the city to be in a decided minority. But this is a mere guess, and the substitution of guesswork for ascertained fact sadly hinders the arrival at any positive truth.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGION.

In the last chapter was given a sketch of the physical character, products, settlements, and development of Utah. In this will be attempted a sketch of the religion of the settlers; not so much gathered from books (though from leisure hours among few but Mormon books, I am tolerably versed in their written theology) as from intercourse with the people, and observation of its character, at Salt Lake, its head-quarters: and it must be remembered that no Mormon even is considered more than half initiated in the faith until he has visited the seat of the First Presidency of the church of Latter-day Saints. Before entering on the subject it may be as well to remark that I shall never intentionally speak with irreverence of what any Christian church or sect may hold sacred; nor on the other hand indulge in sneers at the faith I am writing of—still less in the vulgarity of nick-naming its author or propagators, whatever may be their real or supposed character.

To begin, then, with the first of all, the Deity. It is a little hard to say whether Mormonism is Trinitarian or Unitarian, for on the one hand it believes in three Divine persons, and on the other not in these three as equally divine or equal in power, majesty, and eternity, least of all as three persons in one God. It believes in one eternal, self-existent, Divine being, from whom the other two, completely distinct persons, derive their being and divinity, and receive their power as delegated. But the one God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and Father of Spirits, Mormons conceive to be not a spirit, but a material being, with the form and image in the likeness of which He made man. Not, indeed,—if you converse with the more intelligent—of the same substance as human flesh and blood, but of some more pure and ethereal substance; for they assert it is impossible to form any actual conception of a being wholly immaterial, and that if you believe in such a being, you are in fact believing in nothing: are in truth an atheist.

Bishop Berkeley, after denying the possibility of forming an abstract general idea, leaves the question to the experimentalism of each individual reader. I shall in some sort follow his example here, and not attempt to set forth, much less to discuss, the certainly ingenious and acute argumentation of Orson Pratt, partly physical, partly metaphysical, on this point. Berkeley's assertion of atheism necessarily accompanying a belief in the existence of matter, is a curious contrast and parallel to the Mormon dogma. The words in the first article of the

Church of England, which are also embodied in the Methodist belief (at least in America), "without passions" are the object of constant attacks. "What!" say they, "we read in Scripture 'God loved the world,' 'God is angry with the wicked every day,' &c; 'are not anger and love passions?'" I do not suppose Mr. Pratt or men of his stamp to be so ignorant of the meaning of the word "passion," as themselves to be deceived by such an argument; but with ill-informed persons it takes admirably, for the reasoning is plain and the fraud obscure. A church with such an article is clearly unscriptural, and the sooner left the better. Almost every one to whom I explained the error, set down the explanation as a sophistry, and me as dishonest. Considering the Deity as a material being, they do not attribute to Him omnipotence, omniscience, or omnipresence, in the same sense as most Christian sects do. They regard Him as omnipotent, but subject to certain laws not of his own making; as omniscient, only by means of angels and ministering spirits; and as not pervading all space, but occupying a small limited portion: not at all really omnipresent.

Intelligent Mormons are rather given to speculation upon these and kindred subjects; one is therefore in some danger of including in the general belief merely individual opinions, particularly when writing from memory. Among the *doctrines*, however, is that of a spirit-world, wherein we existed before our incarnation —rather a Platonic doctrine—and in support of which they mention those cases where one seems to recognise a face one has never seen before. "You have met," say they, "in the spirit-world:" not that we existed in that from all eternity, but were born into it as we are into this; being all children, in a literal sense, of one Great Father, the one God and the Father of Spirits, and—the strangest doctrine of all—of spiritual mothers. Who these spiritual mothers are or were, I had some difficulty to ascertain; but after a good deal of indirect questioning, I found them to be considered as beings created with a spiritual (but of course not an immaterial) nature by the Deity, of and for his own pleasure. Thus the doctrine of polygamy is not merely introduced into Heaven, but planted on the throne of the Highest! The idea approximates to paganism: that of our origin might have been held by a Greek philosopher; and the conception of the Deity is as low as any in mythology.

One man, well educated, and with some popular knowledge of astronomy, told me that he personally believed each different solar system had its *own* Supreme Being, and he quoted, though not as his ground of belief, "There be gods many and lords many, but to us"—*i. e.* the planets of our solar system —"there is but one God," &c. It seems strange that he should have overlooked the words immediately preceding—"there be that are *called* gods," as well as the whole drift and object of the chapter: probably the quotation was off-hand; but Mormons have more readiness than exactness in argument. To return: our spirits are supposed from their birth to have been more or less in a state of probation, and according as they were pure and good, they were sent in due season into nobler earthly tenements. I believe I am correct in adding that Mormons consider the spirit of Christ was similar to our spirits, but of a more pure and holy character; therefore whereas *we* all have one Father of our spirits and another of our bodies, He alone had the same Father of both: the Divine Father who made Him divine also.

It may be convenient, in connection with this part of the subject to consider polygamy, so far as it is a doctrine of the religion. Mormons believe in a future state of existence; a sort of renewed life in the spirit world, capable of all the physical enjoyments of our present life, and unclogged with its coarser materialities. "Then," said a high-priest to me, "you will move from place to place bodily with as much ease as your mind alone can now travel from this Salt Lake Valley to England." The comparison was not what Coleridge terms "rhetoric turned into logic," for my friend believed in the actual capability of the mind to travel from the body, and, on the mesmeric principle, exercise its fluence on those far distant from you. The locality allotted to the good and the bad after death or judgment is undecided: one tells you there is no hell but this earth we live in; another, that this earth will then become heaven; while a third, unconsciously, I suppose, following Dante, assured me we should be distributed among the planets and their satellites. Nor are all but the "saints" to be excluded from the new heaven: every one will be judged according to his works, and those who have never heard the "Gospel" preached, or have rejected it from mere dulness, will be admitted, though in some inferior or even servile position, into the kingdom of some of the saints: several Mormons promised to do their best to get me into theirs; I thanked them and accepted the offer, for it was kind of them, and could do no harm to me.

In the new heaven, each original believer in Mormonism—that is, the first of his family to believe—will rule over a kingdom, numbering among his subjects his wives and male descendants with their wives; his daughters will belong to the kingdoms of their different husbands. "But a man may marry a widow, and there might be two claimants." No; for there is marriage either "for time" or "for eternity." A girl on her first marriage is almost invariably "sealed to her husband as his spiritual wife for all eternity," and in that case, if she becomes a widow, she can only marry "for time," and after her death belongs to the kingdom of her original husband: a register being kept to prevent any collisions hereafter. "A widow indeed," said one man expounding to me 1 Timothy iv., "is one who has no living husband; 'a widow' one who has married again, but whose husband 'for eternity' is dead: the former alone needs protection and support, and therefore St. Paul writes, 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.'"

To another I quoted, "In the kingdom of heaven there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." "No," said he, "all the marrying is done first upon earth." One exhorting from the "stand" (pulpit), said, "Wives should obey their husbands in all things, no matter what they are commanded, or whether they know it to be wrong. What then? Will they be punished? No; the wicked husband will go to hell, and be damned to all eternity; but his wives will be taken from him and *given to some better man*." This last seems a little like marriage in heaven.

The more wives a man has, the larger probably will be the numerical extent of his "kingdom;" but I do not suppose that this doctrine relating to the next world really influences Mormons at all in multiplying their wives. The "spiritual-wife system," a phrase that has been turned very naturally a good deal to the disrepute of the Mormons, is nothing but a phrase as affecting practical life and morality: how far, on the first introduction of polygamy at Nauvoo, it was used as a means of overcoming the scruples of women I am unable to say.

It must not be supposed that Mormons consider these their peculiar views contrary to the Bible; far from it, they not only receive the entire Scriptures, but assert that they alone, by literality of interpretation, do receive and believe the truth contained in Scripture.

Dante's "quarto senso, che è sopra senso" of interpretation finds little favour with them. Origen and Neo-Platonism, say their learned men, drew away the whole world into a mist of vain imaginations, since which time half the Bible is understood figuratively. If Noah, say the less erudite, had received the command to build the ark in the manner in which you read prophecy, he 'd have been drowned to a certainty. Literality of interpretation is, accordingly, the great principle of Mormon divinity: though I could see no consistency in their disbelief of transubstantiation.

Thus they believe in a literal gathering of the Jews to their own country, and of the hosts of the earth against Jerusalem; and that Christ himself will come to plead with the nations; and in the great destruction of the "sectarian world"—"multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision"—and then the Millennium. This, however, they do not expect by any means at once. True we are living in "the last days;" but then, as they allow the last days to have commenced when St. Peter spoke, the period included in the phrase must needs be long. To the Bible they append (though not practically, for you never see them) sundry apocryphal books; some unheard of before, as the book of Abraham, and others alluded to in the Old Testament. An additional book of the New Testament contains a narrative of the quarrels of St. Paul's two wives (! !), and how he pacified them: this grief is said to be the "thorn in the flesh" that has so exhausted the ingenuity of commentators, and probably will have plenty more written about it. I have not seen this book, and am inclined to think it a hoax.

Of the Book of Mormon I shall say little: indeed I have not read much, for I found it hopelessly dull. Not but what it contains much good: to wit, some of the finest passages of Isaiah, and the whole "Sermon on the Mount." The first book, professedly written 500 B.C., was evidently written after the Epistle to the Romans, and the prophecies throughout (for I glanced through) have the very ideal of the tone of forgeries. Joseph Smith's account of the angels appearing and revealing to him where to dig up the golden plates, which he translated by the aid of the Urim and Thummim, is well known; by the same assistance, Mormons have told me, had he lived he would have retranslated the Bible, without calling in aid any acquaintance with Greek or Hebrew. The opposition account of the book of Mormon that it was written by some one for amusement—more I should think than it was ever read for—and fell into the hands of Sidney Rigdon who started the affair, may possibly be true. There is plenty of good hard swearing on each side; nor can I say which has the best of it. The internal evidence of the book, which really tells one nothing worth knowing, is rather damnatory of its genuineness.

Its earlier portions contain accounts of the origin of two races, called respectively Nephites and Lamanites, both descended from one family, which left Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, and in some mysterious way reached America, and of their subsequent multiplication and good and evil doings. Then how Christ, after his ascension from Judæa, descended among them; already forewarned by prophets of their own, and by storms and thick darkness and convulsions of nature which during the hours of the crucifixion extended also over the Western continent; that the people believed, and He, after appointing twelve apostles and continuing with them certain days, re-ascended to heaven. The subsequent portion of the book relates how, after being Christianized, these people relapsed to evil, and by constant internecine wars were tending to mutual extermination. Mormons consider the North-American Indians to be a remnant of the Lamanites, and say they are to become "a white and delightsome people." This is the only practical teaching of the Book of Mormon, and I suppose very sufficient reasons of common sense teach the people to make friends of the Indians.

While believing implicitly in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Mormons do not hold that either these or their own books contain all that is necessary for all ages; which in their process must depend for guidance upon a continuing inspiration: but, for the sake of unity in the church, revelations of public import are given only to men of public character. Visions and dreams poured out in these last days upon all (Mormon) flesh, speaking in unknown tongues; the interpretation of tongues and prophesying; the healing of the sick by laying on of hands; and miracles as a sign following them that believe—but not as an inducement to believe—are among the supposed gifts of the church. Inspiration and its limits are certainly a subject difficult enough to any one who thinks but is not a sceptic. It is curious to observe that on this point Mormons agree with Theodore Parker and his school; as to the unknown tongues with the Irvingites; and in form of church government not a little with the Catholics. The "tongues" are with Gentiles a favourite point on which to hang a ridiculous story: such as, that an elder gave a most wonderful interpretation of Kanaki (spoken by one newly returned from the Sandwich Islands), believing it to be an unknown tongue; but, however probable, I do not care to record stories the accuracy of which one has no means of testing.

I have met very few who professed to have seen miracles worked; but many persons of undoubted honesty and intelligence on ordinary subjects have told me they have seen visions. I am not of the disposition to ask such people, jestingly and most unprofitably, the question put to Joan of Arc, whether the angel was naked or not: religious belief, that in its intensity can make the kind-hearted man a tiger and the timid man a hero, may perhaps clothe sometimes a leaden intellect with the wings of a golden imagination. The healing the sick by laying on of hands they do not consider miraculous, but as an ordinary and certain result from a sufficient cause; and as clearly it was never used for the same purpose as the Christian miracles, and had not therefore the same reason for being limited in its efficacy to a short period, Mormons say, not irrationally, "if ever efficacious, why not still? and how can you know it is not so till you have seen it tried in faith and then fail of success?" Whether they are theoretically right, theologians may decide, and whether practically I cannot say; those few cases of which I had fairly reliable evidence were all of the class that may be effected by an excited imagination acting on a disordered system.

One may, perhaps, consider that they receive the two sacraments; though baptism is administered "for the remission of sins," and generally at eight years old, as an age when actual sin has been committed. Any one ejected from the church for misconduct may be readmitted by baptism, if considered penitent; but a third ejection is final. All emigrants on their first arrival at Salt Lake are rebaptized; and, if elders, reordained also. "Endowment" is a still higher rite, not conferred on every one by any means, and conferred only in the "Endowment House" at Salt Lake. Of the ceremonial I could obtain no account, and of the essence of the rite only thus much; that it was an initiation into greater mysteries, and reception of greater light, chiefly concerning spiritual things, accompanied by the most stringent oaths never in word to gainsay, much less in act oppose, the authorities of the church in any matter. Baptism for the dead is one of the most peculiar doctrines. If any find by vision that a relative of theirs has been converted to the faith by the preaching to the souls in prison, then the nearest living relative of and of the same sex as the convert is baptized as a proxy: for though there may be preaching, there is no baptism in prison; and a record is kept of all such baptisms. The dead, though thus admitted to the church, have no kingdom of their own, but belong to that of the first of their family who believed. So much for doctrine; of which I do not pretend to give more than an outline.

The Mormon idea of ecclesiastical history is, that in the course of a century or two from the ascension, persecutions had destroyed the church; true doctrine and apostolical succession were then lost, and consequently all we now call Christianity, having only fragmentary truths and lacking the gifts of the primitive church, a new revelation became necessary; to this end those contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants were given: as this book only professes to be a selection of the most important, some very trivial revelations, not much above the dignity of clairvoyance, had better have been omitted. Of the apostles themselves, they believe St. John to be still alive—probably in the north country—and that he, with St. James and St. Peter, formed a first presidency of the church; St. Peter being head over all. So far they allow the origin of the

Papacy; and they consider the Roman Catholic church is, in its form of hierarchy, the nearest right of any but themselves, and that if apostolical succession had been preserved, the head of the church thereby preserving infallibility, that church would have been free from error and the true church. But while they thus feel a sort of respect for the church of Rome, they feel no small hatred, and even fear of it, not merely from personal danger incurred when proselytising within its boundaries, but from some current prophecy as to a future persecution of their whole community by the Catholics, after the latter have gained the mastery in all other parts of the Union. With this view, it is very fitting the Mormons should admire, as they do, Mr. Fillmore, who, as Know Nothing candidate for the presidency, was pledged to the diminution of Roman Catholic power and influence in America.

Their own church government consists of the president and his two counsellors, forming what is called the first presidency; the president can appoint his successor and his own counsellors, but the appointment must be ratified by the general assembly. Next in rank come the twelve apostles, the unanimous vote of whom is of equal authority with that of the three unanimous: the apostles travel from time to time on missions, but the first presidency never leave Salt Lake. These are practically the governing powers. "Seventies," "high priests," "priests," &c., hold quorums, and talk, but nothing beyond. More cloudy still to an outsider are the two orders of priesthood, the Melchisedec and Aaronic: the latter is specially fictitious, as at present they do not consider they have any descendant of Aaron among them; but by a lucky propriety those of the other or superior priesthood can, in defect of these, hold the offices; which, it is but just to add, are of no particular emolument.

Bishops rather correspond to the deacons of the early church, for their duties are chiefly secular—with respect to provision for the poor, maintenance of schools, collection of tithe dues, and exaction of tithe labour, &c.: they also preside at local religious meetings. Each bishop has his two assistants or counsellors, and this model of the church is carried out everywhere. In settlements at a considerable distance, as also in American or English cities, there is usually a president, sworn, however, to obey the orders of the first presidency at Salt Lake City.

In the main, the whole adult male population are ordained elders, and they boast themselves to be a nation of priests, unlike those of "the sectarian world"—their favourite phrase for all other religious denominations—who serve as hirelings for their pay. They, on the contrary, are bound to strict obedience and unpaid service: at the call of their superiors they must leave their wives and children, and home, and all they have, and go wherever they are ordered, and for as long as they are ordered. This must needs give Mormonism a certain vitality, and something of the force of the early Jesuits. Man is necessarily strengthened and elevated by any self-sacrifice, and most of all when it is for an object which he believes high, and reaching beyond this world. All missionaries probably feel this; but Mormons, like Catholics, believe theirs to be the only true church, and, doubting nothing of its ultimate and universal success, go forth desirous to be co-workers for that success. "'T is a fine thing to be a king; but heaven make me a hand," is a feeling not uncommon either among them or others. They go out too—the great majority at least, exceptions there may be—strengthened by the belief that all they speak is the utterance of the Holy Ghost speaking by them; not as in the sectarian world, where preachers manufacture their sermons beforehand, or trust to their own brain to teach them what they shall speak.

The missionaries are nominated by the presidency before the general assembly; A. to the British Isles, B. to Denmark, C. to Austria, D. to Australia, &c.: they have no previous knowledge of their appointment, and are allowed little time, and little or no money, for a start. During their absence the district supports their wives and families, if in actual distress, like all other poor; but not otherwise. Their mission commonly lasts but from three to five years; and if this makes the sacrifice less, it probably does not give time for the first enthusiasm to slacken, and leave the man to fall back on that rarer found strength of character that can struggle on and on against repeated failures; and they look forward to the time when they will return home and be received with honour. Each on his return gives publicly in the tabernacle an account of his mission; and except for a more frequent acknowledgment of ill success, many of these accounts might have passed for those of any missionaries whatever.

One man, from India, confessed that the feeling of caste among the natives was too strong for any present success among them; another, from the Sandwich Islands, said, "We make a good many converts, just a larger number than those who keep leaving us." An Australian narrative was both interesting and humorous. His party had run out of cash by the time they reached San Bernardino, in Southern California; and while the rest made collections, he, like a sensible man, went to the diggings and made a "pile." At last they sailed from San Francisco; but, as luck would have it, one of them took the small pox on board with him, so, of course, all were considered Jonahs, and treated with no extra civility; however, the fulfilment of a prophecy that all taken ill would recover, sent them up again a little in public estimation. The hire of buildings in Australia was too expensive for much city work, so he donned a blue shirt and again went to the diggings, preaching on Sundays and at odd times; and, as he said, with some success, by the special aid of the blue shirt: in a black coat he could have done nothing, as all the greatest rogues wore black coats, and the people fought shy of them. From these adventures he had acquired among his brethren the name of the "gold-digging elder."

As regards the effect of this missionary system on the Mormons themselves, one may remark that it insures a considerable number of them to have travelled and seen the world outside: no small benefit to those who are valley-bred; otherwise, their minds might become as narrow as the valleys they live in. Yet the contrast of physical comforts and advantages may render a new generation discontented with their own country, and, from this more than from any other reason, inclined to apostacy. That other religions would attract them is very doubtful; we mostly look at others from our own point of view, and to born-and-bred Mormons, the systems of the external world may (and, I have heard, actually do) seem fully as monstrous as their own can appear to us.

The question naturally arises to what does this religion owe its success? for a considerable success undoubtedly it has had. First for external causes. Persecution has aided it: men who have been two or three times driven from their homes, and driven from all inhabited country for their religion's sake, if at first but half believers in it, are sure to be thoroughly so after suffering for it; and such men have some right to say they are not mere impostors. Again, these missionaries mingle with the people, live amongst them, and often work amongst them; use every means to catch men subtilly and by guile, following out the principle of doing evil that good (as they think) may come. They waste no time on the rich, being satisfied with the text—"A rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven:" very wisely, even if Mormonism were ever so true, for no religion that requires great sacrifices can attract many of those who have much to sacrifice. Their converts are of the neglected poor in country villages, and of the class of mechanics and small tradespeople in large towns. The rustics have little doctrinal knowledge, whatever faith they belong to; and, according to Wordsworth, the incense of their prayers to Heaven is "but such as offered up by beasts and birds." The townsfolk are attracted in much the same way as those of a higher class have been to the church of Rome—by the assumed certainty of what they believe: once in it you need have no doubts. *There* is the revelation and the anointing of the new priesthood; *here* the prophet and the priests: obey these, it is said, and you cannot go wrong. Nor is it so difficult, in the mass of evil all around, to persuade them that a new dispensation is necessary. Very true, that "Holy Scripture contains all things *necessary* to salvation," but who can say there is nothing left that could be revealed? How many of those who hear Mormonism preached will look to the test—whether it really does reveal anything of what is and must be unknown without revelation? How many distinguish between the Christianity of Scripture and the Christianity of the world?

I do not think that polygamy is at all held out as an inducement; but rather kept back from the generality, lest they should be scandalised: "milk for babes, strong meat for men." It might be an inducement to emigrate to Utah, but not to become Mormons; and the sacrifices to be made, and the hardships to be overcome before practising it, are such that no sensualist would be much tempted. How far the names "brother" and "sister" in common use among Mormons one to another, and the feeling, inculcated and expressed by their use, that the whole "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" is one family, with one God and Father of all—how far this may have advanced the religion (as men now look for deeper causes for the success of Mahometanism than brute force and brutish impulses), or how far it may only be judged to have done so when Mormonism is as old and has been as successful as Mahometanism, I shall not undertake to say.

Lastly, it may be asked, is there any religion of the heart in Utah? Not a great deal, I fear, beyond what has been brought there. It has been said that sailors are seldom irreligious: the long journey, the eternal separation from home will have a similar tendency; and as we love home after we have left it, and even if we have left it in disgust, so the religious feeling acquired in one faith lingers in the heart that now believes another. I do not think depth of feeling is absent in this people more than in any other; but in Mormonism there is little to nourish it, or even keep it alive through another generation. In the Roman Catholic church there are many forms, which, if they become dead to some, yet, with most, while they may lead to superstition, necessitate some turning away of the thoughts from the earth to something above the earth. Mormonism admits too much scepticism, and too little form for a faith requiring such implicit obedience; and the chances are, if the country should not be overwhelmed otherwise, that infidelity will gradually spread over it.

Prophecies, however, about the future of any religious sect are at best but hap-hazard, and I shall not try my luck; content, if in this chapter I have delineated somewhat of the religious belief, speculations and sentiments of existing Mormonism. What is commonly called the Mormon creed is a very useful one; worth, perhaps, several metaphysical subtilties: "Mind your own business." But the business of a traveller is to look around him.

CHAPTER III.

GOVERNMENT.

UTAH, like Oregon or Minnesota, has a regular territorial government, an upper and lower house of legislature chosen by the people, and the governor appointed by the President of the United States; the chief judges are similarly appointed by the President. On the other hand, the "Church of Latter-day Saints," of which almost all the inhabitants of the territory are members, has its own government: the first presidency and the twelve apostles, presidents and bishops. Neither of these is exactly superseded by the other, but there is a unity of church and state: as with the courts at Doctors' Commons, according to David Copperfield, so it is here; there are plenty of different names, but it is all a family party. Brigham Young is governor, his two counsellors are presidents of the legislative houses—one of them, by-the-by, is also mayor of Salt Lake City—and the members are the notabilities of the church. The people are told by their spiritual rulers whom to elect as their temporal rulers; and since, of course, they "vote that ticket," the fusion is complete. Those who were apostles at

Salt Lake are legislators at Fillmore. Evidently there is no freedom of election here: the ballot-box, that much-vaunted safeguard of American liberty—particularly if some one, as at San Francisco, has taken the liberty to "stuff" it—"fails of its mission," for there are no opposing candidates. The Mormon newspaper always boasts of this as harmony; but it is tyranny: and the worst of tyranny, since it is an oligarchy working under and deadening the forms of a democracy. I think this the very worst feature of Mormonism.

How long such a system can last is hard to say; but it is to be remembered that the ruling body are Americans, and their countrymen submit the more readily perhaps to them: the emigrants from other countries, who have enjoyed no political liberty previously, do not miss it here. The present chiefs having been among the earliest adherents of the church, naturally have a special standing ground that one can scarcely suppose the spiritual leaders of another generation will acquire. Priestly power can hardly be greater anywhere; but a priestly tone is by no means used, merely an insolent and often coarse tirade. The same tone is assumed in speaking of the authorities of the United States and the "Gentiles" in and out of Utah: assumed, I say, for I think it is done with a purpose; perhaps, in the present position of the Mormons, not a foolish one, of inducing the people to suppose the speakers do not fear a contest with the general government, and therefore themselves to be up to the fighting point at any moment. There is, however, a certain class of Mormons, answering to the "dough faces" of the Northern States, a little too ready to fawn upon "Gentiles;" and this to men who have been driven out of house and home by Gentiles is utterly hateful: they would have true Mormons keep away from "the accursed thing." But in the gubernatorial or legislative capacity, the tone and language are quite different.

The governor's annual message in November, 1855, was a well-written business-like document, mingling statistics and recommendations, and giving a good picture of the present state of the territory. Assistance to the iron works and other branches of manufacture; the establishment of better schools, and at least one higher school or college; and the opening of better routes for emigration than at present across the plains, by way of the Upper Missouri or the Colorado, were particularly pressed on the attention of the legislature. A census, to be followed by an application for admission to the Union, was the last and most important recommendation; and the message closed with a comparison between the peaceful state of their "young and growing territory" and the wars in the East, and the strong sectional and party feeling in the United States themselves. The general government was spoken of with the greatest respect, and the territorial system abused as "a system of colonial government the most absurd and tyrannical, which, emanating from the British throne, had in the last century become so oppressive that our fathers threw it off, and we, their children, standing in the same position to the federal government as they did to the British, ask to be relieved, and placed on a footing of complete equality and self-government." I quote from memory, and very likely Brigham's sentence was better turned, but the words are pretty nearly correct. Mark the words "*our fathers*:" the claim to be children of the revolutionary sires: what greater loyalty could be desired?

The advantages of a state constitution would be this; they could then elect their own governors and judges, and legislate for themselves, without Congress having the right, which had [1855] never yet been exercised, of overruling their domestic legislation: on the other hand, they would lose the influx of federal salaries, which is of some importance; and, to make the best of a bad bargain, when it was rumoured that Utah would be cut up into two or three different territories and pieced on with slices of Oregon and New Mexico, Brigham drew this comfort that twice three times as much money would then be paid as is now. I have seen the "constitution" since made; it is very short; says nothing about polygamy; makes religious toleration one of its articles, and is in every way a most proper document. Slavery—which then did not exist, there being but one negro in the territory, and no law by which unwilling slaves could be compelled to work—I think could be introduced under the new constitution. The feeling on the subject was pretty much according to the fatherland of each person: a New Englander was sure to be half an abolitionist, and a Mississippian a staunch pro-slavery man; both considered the negro of a degraded race: "the descendants of Cain and Canaan," said the latter to me; "of Cain" puzzled me and the Mormon at first, when I cross-questioned him, but after a bit he answered ingeniously that Ham's wife was one of the "daughters of men." Of course polygamy only requires the absence of any law forbidding it; at present it violates no statute law of the United States, for every state and territory has its own criminal code. I have heard the Supreme Court last autumn made some decision as to its being forbidden by the common law and therefore by the constitution of the United States; but I was on the Atlantic at the time, and missed reading it.

The Mormons are not an intolerant people, in spite of all the prophecies of the destruction of the nations of the earth. One or two of Brigham's "discourses" were very liberal, others again had a little of "blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke." It is not improbable that a minister of any denomination would, if desirous, be allowed to speak in the tabernacle, and have a civil audience; but, of course, a reply from some president or apostle utterly contemptuous. Whether the establishment of any church, or even any opposition newspaper, would actually be tolerated, is more doubtful.

Respecting the loyalty of the Mormons to the United States—a question often mooted. When they left Nauvoo and travelled 1500 miles into the wilderness, they certainly hoped to make a cheap purchase of the sovereignty over an immense district, from the Mexican government, and set up a "nation and kingdom" of their own, perfectly independent of the United States: the cession of California prevented this. Admission as an organized territory was the next best thing for them; this General Taylor refused, and even was for expelling them from Salt Lake at once, from a fear they might form alliances with the Indians, and cut off the overland communication with California: "the end is not yet;" but hitherto a settlement at Salt Lake has been of the greatest assistance to Californian emigrants. General Taylor died soon afterwards, and at a public dinner, Brigham Young said of him, "He is now rotting in hell for it;" and, on one of the United States judges present, objecting to the words, he added, "You'll see him there some day, and believe it then:" the judge after some quarrelling, left the territory.

Mr. Fillmore, soon after he became President, signed the "Organic Act," and appointed Brigham as governor; hence Mormons are always ready with three cheers at the name of Millard Fillmore, as they are with three groans at that of Martin Van Buren; who did not, possibly could not, protect them from being driven out of Missouri during his presidency. July 4th is always celebrated here, though the 20th, the day on which the pioneers entered the valley, is the great festival of the year.

Some persons from the Mormon interpretation of prophecy, spoken of above, have attributed to them an intense hatred of the world at large; but this is ignorance both of Mormon nature and human nature: many a settler looks back with affection to his birthplace; this to the north, that to the south, and a third across the ocean to "Old England:" ties and associations are not cut in two by prophecies of no present application. No doubt those who have been driven from Jackson county and Nauvoo, have little affection for the people of Missouri or Illinois, and not much for the Federal Government that did not protect them; but if they once obtained admission as a State, and if they could be (what perhaps they never can be) free from all fear of being attacked with violence, or outnumbered by settlers, probably their disloyalty would be very negative. The people, believing themselves free, may sympathize with a republican form of government, but the rulers hardly: still, more dogs bite from fear than from dislike or a savage temper. With a democratic president and a democratic majority in both houses of Congress, pledged not to refuse any territory admission as a State on mere domestic questions, if the principle be not a mere sham, Utah ought to have some chance of admission. Meanwhile it is no small advantage to Brigham to be governor, as this gives him the dispensing a large amount of federal money to the Indians in his agency.

The religious belief of Mormons, as I said in the last chapter, is that the Indians are to be restored to a high position among the races of the world; and their own practical interest is to make the Indians their friends: when driven from Nauvoo, but for the kindness and assistance of the Iowa tribes—a strange contrast to the enmity of white men—the Mormons must have suffered during the winter of 1846-7, far more intensely. If, hopeless as the contest appears, the Mormons should ever determine to resist the sovereignty of the United States, they could have no better allies than roving Indians, who might steal or starve all the animals of an invading army. There have nevertheless, been several predatory incursions of the Utes; particularly before Brigham had Walker their chief, a very determined foe of the Mormons, secretly put to death and buried by Jordan, for venturing into the city, nominally as a friend, but in reality, as was ascertained, "to spy out their liberty" and plan an attack. Feeding Indians is at all times cheaper than fighting them; and while carrying out his own purposes, Brigham can honestly boast to the treasury at Washington, that, on this point, Utah is the least expensive of all the territories. Since his first appointment, he has continued governor; Colonel Steptoe, who had been sent to Salt Lake with a large body of troops, having, for some reason of military promotion, declined the governorship offered him by President Pierce, and left Brigham his substitute.

There are three judges (a chief justice and two puisne judges,) appointed by the President of the United States, and of course not Mormons; to them belongs the entire judicature, and also the power of deciding any law unconstitutional, if a case is brought before them. By the "Organic Act" (generally in Utah called the Oregonic Act, as hard words get miscalled; Oregon having been constituted a territory at the same time), the people could appoint their own judges in probate. The Mormons, finding no definition of "probate," forthwith made a law, declaring "probate" should include criminal jurisdiction. The cool audacity and flagrant bad law of such a usurpation very naturally roused the zeal of a federal officer and a lawyer; and Judge Drummond, the last appointed, strove, like a new broom, to make a clean sweep of it; but his colleagues who had previously winked at it, would not make themselves unpopular, so by the time I left the country, he had not succeeded—except in falling himself into the toils. The present chief justice was thought a little bit of a humbug, ready to "soft-sawder" the people, rulers, and institutions, if only he were left undisturbed to plunder "Uncle Sam:" he owned a considerable boarding-house, and I was told, though it is almost incredible, held his court there, and managed to keep juries living with him for ninety days—a very elegant draw upon the federal exchequer. With the exception of the particulars already mentioned, the territory is taxed to pay its own expenses.

Let us now consider the ecclesiastical government. The general form of this has been described in the last chapter, but not the details. Salt Lake City is divided into wards, consisting of nine "blocks;" every ward has its own bishop, and a school-house in the central block, which is also used for local religious meetings. Inhabitants are required to send their children to school when of a proper age, and pay according to the number sent; but if they are too poor, the ward pays. A schoolmaster receives about fifty dollars a month, but not much of the amount in money; the education is secular, and a "Gentile" may—one of our train did—obtain the office, but of course would not be allowed to teach anti-Mormon doctrine. The bishop also has to see that the poor are maintained, and that tithes are duly paid: no person, whatever his faith, if sick or unable to find employment, is allowed to want food and clothes and lodging; but idlers are not encouraged.

Tithes are of two, or even three kinds: every Mormon upon his first arriving at Salt Lake (or joining the church elsewhere—I am not sure which) is required to pay one-tenth of the property he then possesses; afterwards he must pay annually a tithe of his profits and also tithe-labour; the latter is employed in public works, building the temple, digging the canal, &c.: most people above mere day labourers employ substitutes on their own terms. The tithes are chiefly paid in "kind," and what cannot be used in "kind" is used as money in payment; there are warehouses for the reception of grain, &c., and the church herd receives cattle. These tithes superadded to the territorial taxes, press heavily on the people, and one may hear occasional grumblings. I do not know enough of the amount or application of the tithes to assert that they are applied to the private use of the heads of the church; though I could not discover sufficient public objects for their total absorption; the people, however, are satisfied on this point, and both they and "Gentiles" who have resided a long while at Salt Lake, have assured me of Brigham's perfect honesty: indeed, with the best of the land open to him at the first colonization, and an entire "block" for his city lot (which, by its position is now most valuable) he is placed, pecuniarily, almost above temptation; for his underlings, and some of the apostles, I should not like to say as much.

Litigation is much discouraged, and it is specially thought improper "for brother to go to law with brother, and that before unbelievers;" so each bishop is a sort of county court judge between man and man, with an appeal to the whole "bench," and a final resort to Brigham, who does good practical justice without any embarrassment from statute or common law. His opinion of the bishops seemed not very high: "they are not fit to decide a case between two old women, let alone two men," said he, and gave fearful hints of a change of the whole "bench," if they did not improve. This rude patriarchal style of judicature may answer while property is simple, and rights and wrongs a question of evidence; but few would like to bring an apostle to the bar of such a court. Erastus Snow, one of "the twelve," induced a number of emigrants to work for him as teamsters without pay, under the belief that his train was loaded with church goods: as it ought to have been; for his waggons and cattle belonged to the church. Three waggons he filled with church goods, and nearly thirty with his own merchandise; for he was a store-keeper at Salt Lake, and not over well spoken of as that. His teamsters were half starved on the road, and treated most stingily on their arrival, but though all said "Brigham would make him pay," when it came to the point, none dare bell the cat, and they remained without a cent.

On all subjects the dicta of the presidency are the law of the church. "You shall not sell wheat for more than two dollars a bushel, and you shall not pay it to the Gentiles for coffee and sugar and such things," says Brigham, "and if you do I will cut you off from the church." The people hear and, for the most part, obey. Besides, no one ought to take any important step in life without the preliminary form of "asking counsel"—of Brigham himself, if possible; leaving the country without having asked counsel and obtained a favourable answer, is considered apostacy. The necessary facility of access must be a nuisance to him, for people differ in their opinion of the importance of events: an old woman will go to the president to know whether she had better change her old cloak for a tippet, or the new calf for a pig. In spite of his often vituperative language in public, Brigham, in private life (I am told), is agreeable and amusing; he affects no singularity of dress or superiority of manner, and will shake hands freely with brother This and brother That: which, no doubt, increases his popularity.

Mormons are fond of great titles. So now and then they speak of "the governor," or even "his excellency the governor;" more commonly of Brigham, or brother Brigham, or occasionally, with some want of reverence, of "the old boss." But in every Mormon family he is prayed for morning and evening, the words being usually the same, "Bless thy servant, Brigham, bless him in so and so, &c.; bless his counsellors, brother Kimball and brother Grant," &c. The two last cannot dispense with their surnames; this privilege seems a prerogative of the prophetic crown. Joseph and Brigham have shaken off their chrysalis, Smith and Young.

CHAPTER IV.

INSTITUTIONS AND MORALITY.

PROBABLY few people have been more abused than the Mormons. Feelings and prejudices against them are very natural and very strong. By natural prejudices, I mean opinions that appear very natural deductions from admitted facts, but which when you come to actual observation, are found to be untrue, and are therefore prejudices.

The course of this narrative will best distinguish the real and imaginary effects of polygamy in Utah: polygamy, as it exists elsewhere, is no part of my subject; nor would it be safe to draw inferences from Eastern countries, where the seclusion of women is a main element of the system, as to a country where it is not so. Apart from the deeper and more social deterioration polygamy must effect, it will, wherever it exists, be abused more or less for mere purposes of sensuality; nevertheless, where it is not regarded as illicit or opposed to religion, and is sanctioned by law and custom, *the generality of men* (I think) are scarcely more impelled by mere sensual feeling in taking a second or a third wife than others in a first marriage. Of the Mormons, thus much I can say from having mixed with them: first, the community at large—for about the few who maintain large harems I say nothing—believe the custom allowable and good. Secondly, as a matter of fact, they are not a specially sensual people; nor, from the nature of the country, as already described, could an indolent race avoid starving.

The institutions relating to marriage (regarded from their point of view) are judiciously planned, and tend to mitigate, in some degree, the external evils of the system; but the inequality of the sexes is a doctrine of their religious belief, as well as a rule of life. The husband is regarded as a patriarch, and his family is subject to him as its head: wives are bound to obey their husbands in all things, wrong or right. The husband's command is accounted their justification, both in this world and the next; he is said to be their "priest and king," they should not look beyond him: nay, the time is looked for when disobedient children shall be stoned with all the Mosaic rigour. Every-day life, however, modifies such extreme theories very much in practice. Solomon's heart, we know, was turned by his wives, and so are those of many less wise than he.

No man is allowed to marry more wives than he can show he is capable of supporting properly, and in the humblest class, at least a separate bedchamber for each wife is required. Men cannot obtain divorces, except for adultery; women for very trivial causes—disagreement with other wives, &c. Divorces of this kind are neither common nor yet exceedingly rare, and the divorced wives obtain new partners with as much ease as widows elsewhere in the world: they, too, have the care of their children, while their ex-husband must give a portion of his property for their support. Were men the subjects and women the objects of sensuality, or were the latter looked upon as mere concubines, even if the mother's love were not debased, children would stand a great chance of neglect and ill-treatment. Probably no people (speaking collectively) set a higher value upon their children than Mormons do; and (though women must in time become a scarce article) upon boys particularly: not certainly without a sort of Spartan feeling that their sons belong to their country and faith, to co-operate in the building up of the "church and kingdom." Polygamy, rightly or wrongly, is valued as a means of numerical increase.

The wretchedness of wives in Utah has been greatly exaggerated. It is true there can be no position more painful than that of a woman who has come to Salt Lake half ignorant of the existence of polygamy, and, perhaps, a Mormon only because her husband is so, when she finds him about to take another wife. Many actually do live in a continually vague fear of such an event, and, perhaps, by the favour of poverty after all escape it; those again who have been divorced, no doubt, have little love for this "peculiar institution," though from more external reasons. But one must look to the average, not to the exceptions; and if most first wives feel some disappointment at the presence of a rival, as we should say, but a sister as they are taught to consider each other, this—judging from actual observation—wears off: human nature is apt to suit itself to necessities, and many among their daily occupations have little time for repining, and find their life in the main pass happily enough; while to those, who have been Mormons from their birth or girlhood, polygamy seems not merely a law of the society but natural: they have never looked forward to being "sole wives." Certainly a man can love each of several wives, and they may all love him; if the affection in marriage is less than in monogamic countries, infidelity is not more frequent: most women, I know, would repel, as an insult, a proposition from another man quite as strongly as wives of any other country could do; though fidelity may be supported in some cases by a vague terror of "disappearing," and in more still by dread of the houseless, hopeless condition of a cast-off wife in Utah. Whatever be the cause, no unprejudiced person can doubt of the fact; and the only unprejudiced newspaper writings on the country I have seen—a series of letters in the *Eco du Pacifique*, a French paper at San Francisco—say as much.

The degrees within which marriage is forbidden are narrow. Agreeably to patriarchal (that is ante-Mosaic) custom, two sisters may have the same husband; and such marriages are not uncommon: possibly, no idea of incest being entertained, they are among the happiest. Whether, after the example of Abraham, half-brother and sister may intermarry is an open question that has scarcely required an answer as yet; but all the children of one father are taught to consider themselves brothers and sisters without any distinction of half-blood. I believe Brigham says "the time has not yet come, but the time will come"—a regular Mormon phrase. Probably, as the King of Persia could not marry his sister, but might do whatever he pleased, a tip-top "saint" could even now marry as he chose. One mother told me she hoped her daughter would marry her half-brother, as then, they both—mother and daughter—would be in the same "kingdom" in the next world: the observation proved, at least, her faith in Mormonism and her motherly affection. On the other hand, that mother and daughter should become sister-wives of one man is, if not incestuous, at least, repugnant to all propriety: there are but a few cases of it, and these chiefly among the heads of the church; and I have heard many Mormons altogether condemn it.

Apart from their practice of polygamy—which, it may be said, perhaps, gives a vent for sensuality—the Mormons are not a licentious people. I do not, of course, mean to say there is no immorality; one or two houses even have a reputation such as we call "bad," but their frequenters are in the main Gentiles, and the subject is not much more than whispered, and then with a glance to leeward: anything like systematised or public prostitution would not be tolerated for a moment. A liquor-law, enforced pretty strictly, compels sobriety: which virtue is, therefore, no subject for praise. Swearing, at least blasphemous swearing, in the public streets is prohibited under pain of a five-dollars fine for each offence; the fine is scarcely ever imposed, but violation of the law is uncommon, and very rarely in public or private do you hear an oath.

Theft, even of petty things, such as vegetables or fuel, is prevented not by prosecution, but by the known rule, that if a man steals two or three times he is ordered to leave the country or become honest for good; if he plays thief again it may be his last act—he may disappear. The people say they *will not* have thieves among them, and, after fair warning, a man must look to himself. How far the charges of depredation brought against the Mormons at Nauvoo, and those till lately settled on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, may be true, one cannot tell: very possibly "spoiling the Egyptians" was not discouraged where it could be safely practised. In California, too, one hears complaints from early emigrants of losing animals while camped near Salt Lake; while Mormons, in their turn, say that Californian emigrants continually "ran off" their horses and lived on their cattle: most likely there is truth on both sides; but in California you should always take American language regarding Mormons or Spaniards—the latter particularly—with a considerable amount of salt. One of the chief Mormon merchants, who has just now [Nov. 1856], it appears, been sent on a mission, as a punishment for rescuing a Gentile from some Mormon assailants, had the reputation of a master in the art of stealing; indeed, he had raised stealing to the level of one of the fine arts. While at Nauvoo, he stole, one Sunday, the whole machinery of a small sawmill, and sunk it in the Mississippi till all search was given over; a yoke of cattle he concealed in a hollow haystack, but the necessity of an opening to take in water gave the stack some queer look that betrayed him; above all, as a horse thief he was not second even to an Indian; all this, however, was freebooting on the enemy, not injuring brethren.

Not that Mormons ever pretend there are no bad men among them; nay, agreeably to their principles, they will tell you that a Mormon, if bad, will be worse than other men, because he sins against greater light and knowledge, and after receiving the Spirit of God. Confirmatory of this, I have met at Salt Lake with two or three very proper scoundrels; but, taking the people all round, I consider them as moral, industrious, fair-dealing, and hospitable a set, as one is apt to fall in with.

CHAPTER V.

STAY AT SALT LAKE.

Much as persons are struck with the weirdness and grandeur and beauty of the Mammoth Cave, they are even more so on their return to daylight after a summer day's wandering in the cavern. The little glen is of itself a picturesque spot, and tall trees hang around the entrance: at a step sideways you pass from the current of subterranean air (dry as the "dry light" of philosophers, and of the same temperature all the year round) into one warm and odorous of vegetation; and with that step you learn how much sweetness floats around you daily, unknown because perpetual. Not merely every flower, but every leaf, those even that we consider scentless, then seems to yield a special fragrance. So, too, more or less, I found it after four months' journeying across the plains. My companions, many of them, were neither bad-hearted nor lacking sense and humour; but the society as a whole, lacking the feminine element, lacked fragrance: was rude, uncultivated, unhumanising — in short, cavern-like. "The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks of women," Mormons though they were, and possessing neither wealth nor accomplishments, had a charm such as one might perhaps have felt less but for the contrast.

A mere chance first led me to the particular house, but certainly one might have gone further and fared worse. Of course I had an eye to the peculiar institution. To have spent my time at Salt Lake City in a monogamic household would have been unsatisfactory, and almost ridiculous. The expression, "Mr. S.'s children," dropping from a handsome young wife, when I first called, had determined me in my choice; but I was agreeably surprised in finding several hostesses on my arrival. What if they should quarrel so terribly? Had not I my revolver? Why, no, for it had been stolen; but then I was not aware of the fact. Were they, then, termagants deserving pity for tempers soured by misfortune, or women self-shamed or shameless in the consciousness of adultery? Nothing of the kind: though in a different state of society, neither their characters, nor feelings, nor manner of life, materially differed from those of women elsewhere in the world.

The family, or triple or quadruple family, consisted of sixteen or seventeen in all, of which the lord and master was a worthy Saint and High Priest, the centre of a fair quartette of wives; just as a church spire is of the four pinnacles at the corners of the tower, the polished corners of the temple.

S., my host, was a native of Massachusetts, and, it is hardly necessary to add, an intelligent and enterprising man: by his own exertions he had risen from penury to the position of a wealthy farmer in the "Bay State," where he had lived, though one of the early Mormons, till the expulsion from Nauvoo; then he left all, joined the emigration westward, and arrived in Utah with the first settlers in September, 1847; he had since been absent three years on a mission in England, and knew pretty well as much about the country as I did. In all dealings I found him strictly honourable, though too much of a Yankee not to love driving a hard bargain; yet if one trusted to his fairness he took no advantage. To call him an exemplary husband might sound ridiculous, but he had at least chosen well, and not without an eye to beauty, and certainly was an affectionate father—none of his dozen children could complain of neglect. I ought to add that he was thoroughly kind-hearted and hospitable: his age was forty-three or forty-four.

His first wife was five or six years younger, and from the same part of the country as himself: she often talked over with me her early life in New England, when she was a cotton-spinner (a very different class from factory-girls in this country—in fact, as clean, clever, handy, and often nice-looking girls as you could find anywhere), and laying up money fast before she married; and then of her time of affluence, as the wife of a New England farmer, with their cows and poultry, peach orchard and apple orchard, the home-made cyder, and sugar from the maple trees. Perhaps those times had also their wants; but in retrospect they were all fair, though not talked of repiningly. She told me also how she and her husband had sat at nights reading over the Mormon books and the Bible till they became sure of the truth, and her family had thrown her off in shame because she was the first woman baptized in that district; and how after years of alienation she and they came together only for a new and almost eternal separation, and they had offered her almost anything if she would not go to Salt Lake; and then came the long, long journey over the prairies (which she, half-dead with consumption, never expected to cross) and their life at Salt Lake. Here the veil dropped: if she suffered any pang at the presence of another wife, she never intimated it to me: probably would not had I inquired; but I am no vivisector. Sometimes she said, "That was before Lizzy (the third wife) came:" but only as a date.

When the second wife was married I never knew, but it was either just before or just after the journey to Salt Lake; and she had nursed the other, of whom she was a previous acquaintance, on the way: this perhaps, both being sincere Mormons, had softened any bitter feeling, if such existed. The latter was one of those who had given up much for the faith's sake: she had left husband, and child, and home. This, of course, no one would approve; but one must remember that divorces are given for trivial causes in

America. She was a strong believer, and her husband had tried to prevent her joining Mormon services; possibly, but for the antipathy to the Mormons, she could have obtained a divorce for this. Of him she spoke neither with hatred nor regard; no doubt quarrels had preceded their separation. She considered he was honest, but had shut his ears to the truth. But of her "boy" she spoke oftener, counted up how old he was, if alive—ah! there was the mother's doubt!—it was more than eight years since she had seen or heard of him: still she built castles of seeing him some day when the Pacific Railroad passed by Salt Lake, and hoped he would then know her—or at least recollect what his mother was like.

"Lizzy," the third wife, was very pretty, and though with a little girl nearly four years old, hardly herself full-blown. She was an English girl, from Bedfordshire, but taken over to Nauvoo so young that practically she was a native Mormon; and had married at fifteen, almost as soon as she came to Salt Lake. The others sometimes rallied her about having begun life so young, and more than once spoke to me of her girlish prettiness. In spite of this, she was certainly the strictest mother of all, and woe betide the little offender! but like a young mother, she would sit and cry over her sick child.

The fourth wife was a handsome girl of seventeen; her husband's cousin, and not long married; but she was a vast favourite with all their children, whom she petted immensely: perhaps she had been a playmate previously. "Give me a drink, Liddy," "*Do* toss me, Liddy," "Won't you mend my coat (or my frock), Liddy?" resounded through the household. They never called her "aunt," as they did the others, and as they are taught to do, upon the principle of all the wives being sisters: not but what the rest were fond enough of each other's children—almost as fond, indeed, as if they had been really aunts, and the children were quite as fond of them. The latter, indeed, when they wanted a game at play, always congregated into "Aunt Elizabeth's" (the eldest wife's) room, for she was less particular about a "racket" than the others, and her threatenings were long delayed in execution: she had besides a gentleness of manner acting almost as a fascination: infants who were ill or could not sleep were often carried to her as the best practitioner; for like a good hen, she could manage her own brood of chickens as well as a brood of ducklings at the same time. Her own children were six, a remnant of eleven, two of them nearly grown up: I thought it a good sign of family concord that her eldest boys would nurse their young half-brothers and sisters.

The wives lived two and two—that is, in their sitting-rooms; for by Mormon law every wife must have a separate bed-chamber—the eldest and youngest together: whether from any greater sympathy, or on the mathematical principle of the product of the extremes equalling the product of the means, which was about true here, they divided the household pretty evenly: but they passed from room to room constantly, and at this time had all their meals together.

The house, like most at Salt Lake, was a rambling sort of a place, capable of indefinite extension, and only in part of two stories; every room had two or three doors, and as, in the continual demand from the first, wood is rarely seasoned, most of them had shrunk, and poured on one's feet wholesome currents of cold air, unless checked by some device or other. The furniture was simple; emigrants can never bring much over, and least of all could the first settlers, laden with the provisions for an entire season before a harvest could be looked for. All made on the spot is expensive and not very good; but each room had a capital stove (worth at St. Louis perhaps 25 dollars and here 125 dollars), that economised fuel and trouble in cooking (but an Englishman always swears by an open fireplace and genuine *roast* meat); and their supply of crockery and bright saucepans would have done honour to the kitchen of any farmhouse in "the old country."

Besides the ladies' gold watches, relics of wealthier days, and a few mirrors, the walls were garnished with clustering skeins of spun yarn, to be made into cloth "when there was time." New England fingers ply the spinning-wheel or the hand-loom cheerily. I meditated a purchase of some "home-spun" myself, and roused their emulation by a display of sundry habiliments made from the handiwork of an auld wife in Sutherlandshire. But the "time" never came; keeping down the demands for mending and making in such a family was pretty well enough to do without manufacture. Several chests large enough, if not old enough, to be associated with "The mistletoe bough," still contained a goodly store of cloths and cottons; for the returned missionary appreciates, and seldom fails to bring with him, a brave show of English manufacture, and New Orleans is an easy port for emigrants or travellers: in fact, the very opposite of London. During the summer the family had been regularly separated, one-half being up at the hills with the cattle (for S. was a large stock-owner), attending to the dairy, and the other in the city to look after the selling of its products; so a vast arrear of work was on hand.

I took my part alternately in quieting and romping with the children; my special pets and playmates being three little half-sisters all about of an age: I liked to mark their mutual resemblance, and variety in face and form and temper. Very bonny children they all were; two of them genuine little Anglo-Saxon rosebuds, the other darker and paler, and wild and shy as a young antelope; till one snowy evening I carried her home from school, and after that we were sworn friends, and she was the greatest romp of the lot. All the children old enough were sent to the school of the ward; but the education there is entirely secular: nor did I ever find Mormons very anxious for the early religious instruction of their children. Very wisely, too, they do not inflict on them or the public their premature attendance at church; at the same time they are brought up carefully enough: certain newspaper paragraphs about "the terrible immorality, blasphemous language, and ungovernable temper of the rising generation in Utah," I look upon as so much sheer nonsense.

Sunday is not viewed in the strict Sabbatarian light, nor is labour on the Sunday, though discouraged, actually forbidden by church law; but it is uncommon, for the people are fond of a day's rest or enjoyment: they have more of the contented German than of the restless American temperament; besides, who at least selfishly could care to build up a fortune in such a corner of the world, and from which they might be driven at any time? The book of Mormon has done well to borrow the words—"Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I felt a little curiosity to attend service in the tabernacle, and went the very first Sunday. The building was a large oblong without galleries, the seats looking, and descending as a "pit," towards the centre of one side, where was the "stand," with a row of seats for the apostles and principal elders, and a rostrum for the speaker; in front of that was the orchestra. The building will hold about 3000: as there is no kneeling people require less room, and all can hear excellently. The service commenced with a hymn, followed by prayer; during which all stand up, and no one is admitted: for the words and matter, this was about equal* to the average of extempore prayers—that is, indifferent enough. After a second hymn—"Come, all ye sons of Sion, who have received the priesthood," in which, as the words were known to all, all joined with a really fine effect—came the discourse; unluckily that morning it was almost inconceivable trash, but I was glad of an opportunity of seeing the redoubted Brigham Young.

He is a portly man of middle height, apparently about fifty-four; his face bespeaks strong common sense, and when in the prayer he was spoken of as the "prophet and revelator," I tried—but in vain—to discover any sign of contempt in his countenance. After the main discourse he spoke for a few minutes; he complained that men would come to his house without any sufficient object, and that women would come and ask for Sister Young, (which?) and then try to see over the house, and the thing had become a nuisance: he had lost shirts; his wives had lost articles of dress. There were capacious offices for the transaction of business, to which strangers could come;

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* I do not, of course, mean as regards the doctrinal truth supposed in them; though in their prayers very little doctrine is actually *introduced*.

friends he should always be happy to see at his own house, but he wished to give warning to all present that he had just received from London a new pair of boots with particularly strong toes, and that he should not scruple to use them on intruders. He then—I forget how—turned aside to the subject of inspiration, and how, because the American people would not believe in visions and spirits, "God had sent on them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie;" and those who rejected Joseph were now deluged with evil spirits: with this he concluded.

The last remark I did not at the time understand, but on inquiry found the allusion was to table-turning; which Mormons refer to the agency of evil spirits, permitted, and even sent forth, to deceive the "sectarian world." The previous remarks of Brigham Young are a characteristic specimen: he never flatters the people, nor apes the supposed mien and language of a prophet. Neither would succeed: the Mormons are not fond of "soft sawder," and would suspect affectation. He rather affects coarse and common language, merely now and then adding with conscious superiority, "I feel to speak of these things is beneath my position and my office, but the people are such dolts and fools I am obliged to do so." He is in shrewdness and energy well fitted to be the head, though by no means the most intellectual or most eloquent in the "Church."

To return to the previous subject: the afternoon service is similar to that in the morning, except that then the sacrament is administered; the elements, after consecration, being carried round and offered to all, during the delivery of the discourse. Water is substituted for wine, from the impossibility of obtaining the latter unadulterated, they say; one may add, also to avoid the great expense. All the services are closed with prayer and benediction. Mormon prayers invariably commence with the words "Our Father in heaven." From a very proper dislike for the ranting or whining or affected tone of voice used in prayer by some Dissenters, Mormons have run into an opposite extreme, and themselves acquired a very definite tone, partaking, though not intentionally, far more of familiarity than reverence. I ought to add, that that morning's discourse was not a fair specimen: I have heard Amasa Lyman, one of the apostles, speak for an hour and a half at a time, with considerable power and eloquence; though he had a love of theorising and subtilising, till few of his hearers, I think, could have grasped anything: nor was he a favourite with the generality. The narratives of returned missionaries were also often interesting, and sometimes amusing. A fair speaker could generally command attention, and the demeanour of the people was reverent throughout.

The collected womanhood of the city did not impress me favourably as to the amount of beauty to be found there; but perhaps the fairest stay at home: my hostesses never went once the whole time I was in Utah; but they spoke of the time they used to go, all three—for there were only three then—dressed alike: a sign of good taste, I thought. In the evening there are meetings in the schoolhouses of each ward, under the presidency of the respective Bishops. Here any one might do anything: start a hymn, a prayer, a discourse, a testimony, speaking in unknown tongues, prophesying, or relating experiences. This gave opportunity and practice to young elders, and women also might speak; but one fears "relating experiences" must everywhere tend more or less to hypocrisy: those who have experienced nothing, thought nothing, felt nothing, and have nothing to relate, will yet pour out frothy unrealities; and how many are the exceptions? Generally those who know most, say least; others flounder about on the surface, and if they reach the bottom, do it only as the drowning man does, not as the resolute diver, searching for the pearl of great price.

The speaking in unknown tongues never took place in my presence: once a woman prophesied; the language was much better than I should have expected, though delivered with great agitation, but the matter of fact prophesied seemed next to nothing. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me to prophesy: brother, thou hast asked for wisdom, and thou shalt have it granted thee," is a summary of the whole. But these evening meetings of forty or fifty neighbours together, must encourage acquaintance and friendliness, and so, week by week, not pass by altogether unprofitably. Such is Sunday in Utah. I rarely missed two out of the three services; whether from curiosity, or principle, or habit, or association, or mere want of something else to do, I hardly know: perhaps a little of them all.

Curiosity also I had respecting those newly arrived in Utah—to know what they thought of the place, and their reasons for having joined Mormonism. Those in the immediate neighbourhood formed a tolerable variety: a cabinet-maker, a carpenter, a tinman, a Nottingham stocking-weaver, a Cornish miner, and a Yorkshire tailor.

The cabinet-maker had a good opinion of Mormonism, and a better of himself; he prophesied vast success to the Church, and hinted at his own rise in it: visions and dreams he had had plenty of—more by far than my host S., who was twice his age, and a high priest to boot—and was inclined to boast of his great faith and his large subscriptions to the Church while in England. His wife he had left there—she had denied the faith, so he was not "worse than an infidel" for leaving her; before leaving he had paid a month's rent in advance and not sold the furniture: what more could a man do? said he. Nothing he wished more than that she would come to Salt Lake; for why? she was a good cook, and used to earn also fifteen shillings to twenty shillings a week as a polisher, when he worked for Collard, or Erard. I am afraid that, though a good mechanic, and one who spent his leisure hours in reading, and preferred chess to skittles, and was refined in manners and in act honest enough, his principles were lax: certainly he had imbibed the worst principle of Catholicism and Mormonism—to do evil that good might come, and put darkness for light, and light for darkness. He was of a restless, ambitious temperament, and if he had not been a Mormon, would certainly have been a Chartist, and an unfavourable specimen of that. *Here*, though times were bad, he was no grumbler, and since he could not obtain good wages, took low cheerfully.

David the carpenter was a cheerful, honest little fellow, who could get plenty of work and had no reason to complain. As for the religion, he believed it with a child-like simplicity, as many do that they are born in, but did not else trouble his head about the matter: he had come to Salt Lake because he was told, and if ordered elsewhere, would go as a matter of course: that was the history of his mind.

The tailor was jovial—in fact, a Yorkshireman—and, I think, must have become a "saint" when oblivious to the outer world, and on that one point remained intoxicated ever since, for he professed a special admiration of the book of Mormon, and declared its beauty to be far beyond that of the Bible: this however was all talk, for he knew nothing about either book. Mormonism was the creed of his last year or two, but the Doncaster Races of his whole life: Brigham Young, in his eyes, was less than the owner of the St. Leger winner. He had seen every St. Leger since he was five years old, and could recount the names of all the winners; he would do a job five per cent. cheaper for me than for any one else, because I had seen Voltigeur run the dead heat, and had I only seen the Dutchman beaten for the Cup on the Friday, I could have knocked off ten or fifteen more. His local pride was immense; no ten-year-old saint expressed such grief for the ruined Temple of Nauvoo, as he for Doncaster Church; and, if I mistake not, he will see the new Church before the new Temple, and instead of going to Mount Sion with Ephraim, will sit down among his old comrades to a raised pie and a tankard of ale.

The stocking-weaver and miner were both older men, with wives and children, Mormons like themselves, "back in the old country," and who were to come over when they could manage it; meanwhile the Church would help keep them. As might be supposed, neither of these men could obtain their own work, and they soon grew discontented. Salt Lake was not what they had expected; wages were not so good as in the old country: the stocking-weaver was fond of reading, the miner illiterate, and proportionally more obstinate. The weaver at last engaged as a farm labourer, for a whole year at two hundred dollars, and "found:" S. offered to become his surety, and the money was paid in advance, that he might send it to his family. The miner daily grew more sulky: he had joined Mormonism on a money question. A brother of his, he said, had died near London (in the Isle of Dogs, I think) and he came up from Cornwall for the funeral; he was then a staunch member of the Established Church; the clergyman wanted thirty shillings for reading the service; they could not afford the sum, so his brother was buried without a word said over him, and he, thinking a Church so set on filthy lucre could not be the true Church, turned to the Dissenters. Sect after sect bled him: they, he said, were ten times as bad as the Church. He heard of a strange set of men called Mormons, who charged nothing for their services in religion; he was baptized at once without inquiry as to doctrine: that he was sure was right enough, but the rate of wages at Salt Lake was all wrong. He would sooner merely keep body and soul together through the winter, than let any one have his labour below its value; he would die sooner than work for his board: d—n the odds. So he lingered on the whole time I was at Salt Lake, and but that S. allowed him and several more to live in a detached portion of the house, at a nominal rent to be paid at some indefinite future time, and lent them cooking utensils, and sometimes flour—everything, in fact, but wood, which is like gold here—they would have starved, or worked; as it was they did but a few hours' work in the whole week, just to raise a little flour or meal or a few potatoes.

With such a scarcity of provisions—flour at six dollars per 100 lbs. and the rest in proportion—times were sure to be hard enough even for old inhabitants; and, unfortunately, the very time when emigrants arrive, is always the dullest of the year: agriculture ceases, and with it nearly the entire market for mere labour. Few farmers care to engage a labourer even at a low rate for six months or a year, with three or four dead months to begin upon, and the great chance of the man leaving in the spring when wages rise. From March till November, 25 to 35 dollars a month is common; but in the winter, offering to take a man for his board and a trifling remuneration is rather charitable than stingy. Good lumbermen or woodchoppers have a better chance, and at least one class of mechanics—those connected with house-building: the dobie-maker, the mason, the shingle-layer, the house carpenter, the plasterer, and the painter. Some of these are of course dependent upon good weather; but with a constantly increasing population, and a corresponding need of new tenements, not a possible day is let pass unused. One of our men at once obtained work as a plasterer, for two dollars and a half per day and his board; another, a painter, when he chose to come down to house painting, got even more. But it is always to be remembered that in Utah wages are scarcely ever paid in hard cash, and a man has practically to pay a heavy discount before he can turn what he receives into what he requires. Think of a mechanic paid on the Saturday afternoon for his week's work 15 dollars—in hats!

Money at Salt Lake has always been scarce, and yearly increases in scarcity. The first settlers were in great part the ejected citizens of Nauvoo, who had sold most of their property in that neighbourhood, and though necessarily below the just value, yet in a certain sense they enriched themselves; they turned the industry of years into coin. This they carried to Salt Lake, and it was at first nearly sufficient for the wants of the people; for every man did his own work; bought of none, for there was nothing to buy; hired none, for there was none to be hired. One or two early travellers supposed the colony was a realization of a Utopia, where every man should be "self-sufficient" (in the Greek sense), dependent only on himself for the corn he ate, the clothes he wore, and the house he lived in. It *was* simply a very primitive and very natural state of society—to exist but not to continue; and it did not continue: with the first interchange of necessities arose the want of specie.

The discovery of gold in California followed; the Mormon colonists as a generality—and it is to the credit of their self-control—did not yield to the gold fever. Brigham told them that England had risen to greatness, not by the possession of gold, but of iron and coal, and that Utah had both; he did not add that Salt Lake was 800 miles from any seaport or navigable river. Many of course deserted, and a few returned with a pile. Emigrants from the Atlantic States passed by in thousands, parting with their wares, as impediments, for a trifle, and lavishing their gold in the purchase of animals to prosecute their journey. In a short time miners in California were starving amidst their wealth—a commentary on "dust to dust." The Mormons had cattle; they drove them to the mines, and a stream of money poured into Salt Lake. But Southern California also had cattle upon a thousand hills; Oregon sent hundreds; Texas sent thousands; Alta California was at last fully supplied, and the scale of prices changed: now cattle are dearer at Salt Lake than in California, and dearer in Missouri than in either. Meanwhile adventurous traders brought over goods to Salt Lake; many of these were what we should consider necessaries, some few luxuries. The Mormons bought freely —nay, fiercely: the first stores were besieged from morning till night, and in ten days or a fortnight all was sold and paid for in specie; for the merchants *must* pay in the States for their goods in gold. Here was a drain established, which still continues.

Since the influx of gold from California, and the passage of emigrants—at least rich or lavish emigrants—has ceased, the amount of money in the country is augmented from two sources only, neither of them very ample:—1st. The money brought by Mormon emigrants. 2nd. The salaries, &c., paid by the Federal Government of the United States. The exceptional case of 1000 United States troops wintering in Utah (in 1854–5) for nearly six months, was in this respect a very great advantage to the country; but taking into consideration the quantity of grain they consumed—for they were cavalry, or mounted infantry—and the subsequent failure of the crops from the onslaught of grasshoppers, perhaps the loss and gain were pretty evenly balanced. The exact proportion of the influx to the drain of specie, is beyond my knowledge, but it is clear that even if they balance, so long as population increases, the amount of the currency is practically diminished. It is in consideration of these facts that the people are advised, though not ordered, by their authorities to spend as little as possible on imported luxuries, and by every means to keep and introduce specie within the limits of the territory. The sale of land-warrants (for other reasons) was alone discouraged.

Probably since Mr. Macaulay's description of the distress produced in our own country by a want of silver coinage, no one even of the "laity" will consider a deficiency of specie a trivial, or an artificial and imaginary evil to a country. Political economists might suggest remedies: I know too little of the science to venture upon the boundless ocean of theory, and shall be simply a narrator. If I use the present tense "have," &c., it is for convenience, not to indicate universality. Want of specie produces barter, the direct interchange of one commodity for another; but, as far as possible, to avoid the obvious inconvenience (just as merchants now have no warehouses), promissory notes of one sort or another are in use. Labour, it must be remembered, is a commodity. Thus, for example, A., who lives in the house of B., does some work as a painter for one of the stores; the trader gives him in return—not money, be quite sure, for he, the trader, has to keep close every cent that comes into his hands, or he 'll never be able to buy any more goods in the States next year; nor goods, for A. probably does not want any, being a single man: no; A. is given an "order on the store" for so much. A. gives this to his landlord B. who *does* want some things of the kind; B. takes it to the store, and gets perhaps the whole amount, perhaps a part; in which latter case the amount taken is endorsed on the bill, and B. retains the bill for further use. Similarly if A. had painted for C., a carpenter, the latter would have given A., in return, an order for so many days' work as a carpenter, and have given that order to B. Unfortunately, perhaps, neither B. nor any one A. has to do with wants carpenter's work; but B. wants his pay for board and lodging, so A. has (as one may say) to get the "order" discounted: not, probably, then in money, but some other order that *does* suit B. But then if A. and C. are both unknown, people will be shy of taking the order: what if it were all a fraud of A.'s? These are simple every-day cases.

The complications and inconveniences, however, as any one can see, are continually much greater in practice; so that money is at a premium, or orders are at a discount always. I recollect a man who brought a load of wood to S., my host, taking only, after much wrangling, and then most unwillingly, an order on a store for six dollars, though long before he had offered to take four dollars in cash; that order had been paid to S. by a carpenter: it was on rather a small store, and as very seldom the person who takes the order wants to use it himself, or therefore knows what kind of goods any next holder may require, one on a large store with a great variety of goods, necessarily is most valuable.

There are, however, some goods, an order for which is always valued at par, if there be a certainty of the immediate delivery of the goods. Such is flour. Any one would in November, 1855, take an order for one hundred pounds of flour at six dollars, the current price: if he did not want flour just then he soon would, and ten to one his next neighbour did at that moment. Such, too, are sugar, coffee, &c., and most kinds of hardware. The larger stores that have "something of everything" usually divide their stock into shelf goods and cash goods, and if they pay any one by an order on the store, unless the order specially says the whole or so much to be paid in cash goods, they will give only shelf goods on it, viz. cloths, cottons, ready-made clothes, &c. All the stores make butter also a cash article, which they will not part with except for actual cash; this is because the country people pay a good deal in it: the whole stock of butter passes into the hands of the traders, and they, of course, make doubly—on the sale of their goods, and on the sale of the butter with which they were paid for the goods.

But such is the difficulty of obtaining cash, that even for cash, the traders will not sell any large amount of cash goods without a proportionate part of shelf-goods being taken in the same purchase, and also paid for in cash. Forty dollars is the regular price for one hundred pounds of sugar, but no one could buy a bag by offering his forty dollars; for say the traders "if we get rid of all our cash goods for cash without also getting rid of our shelf-goods, we shall never be able to sell these last by themselves at all for cash, and where shall we be? No: we must dole out the one that people may take the other." In those stores where importation and manufacture are combined—such as tinmongers—any amount made in specie beyond enough to carry on the business, must be considered very fortunate; and small non-importing stores hardly see a coin from the beginning to the end of the year. Consequently, now, Utah, though a country where settlers may accumulate wealth in land and houses, in factories and mines, or in flocks and herds, is one from which, owing to the inconvertibility of property into money, a person could hardly expect to bring away a fortune.

Much as this presses on the development of the country, its severest effect is on the poorest: *no* labourers or mechanics, as a rule, are paid in coin, and unless they have previously inquired *in* what they are to be paid, they may on the Saturday evening (as I before said), on the conclusion of their work, find two or three hats, or some shoes, or a heap of bricks to carry home with them. Among the poorest it comes rather to helping each other in a friendly way, and taking each from each what the other can best spare; but it opens a temptation to those above, which in Utah, as elsewhere, some will give way to, and "keep back by fraud the hire of the labourer." Flour, groceries, and even wood and bricks, have a definite value; but who is to decide the value of hats, or shoes, or chairs? The most honest man has an insensible bias in his own favour; unscrupulous men cheat as much as they dare. I have heard of some buying up trumpery, wholesale and cheap, deliberately on purpose to pass it off on their *employés* at double the price. Undoubtedly when this becomes notorious it fails, and when there is a demand for labour, the labourer, if prudent, agrees beforehand; but in hard times the hard man says, "Take this, or go about your business."

Such are some of the bad effects of a want of specie. One may notice a few other results, both here and elsewhere, in the United States. In Utah, as in California, and to a great extent throughout the whole West, there is no copper currency. At New Orleans, if the post-office give you a cent in change you may as well cut a dick-duck-drake with it on the Mississippi the first time you come to the river; for a "picayune" (five cents) is the smallest current coin. In California there is nothing under a "bit"—twelve and a half cents; for the "dime," or ten-cent coin, passes for a bit. In Utah five cents is the least; as a natural consequence, *apart from any other cause*, for very small individual things you have to pay higher: think of England with no coin under twopence halfpenny! I do not, of course, mean that one dip candle costs five cents; but the orange that with us would cost a penny, at New Orleans costs five cents, and at San Francisco twelve and a half cents, though the price as imported wholesale is probably no more. And at New York, because the old Spanish coins were, under the names of shillings and sixpences, the small current silver (though all coins, silver and copper, are now plentiful enough there), the mint julep that in the Crescent city you may enjoy for ten cents, costs you twelve and half in the Empire city, and I grieve to add is twenty per cent. worse at that. Congress has lately decreed the extinction and non-currency of Spanish money, which in a year or two will knock off twenty per cent. from the price of "drinks" at New York: and bar-keepers can hardly deteriorate their quality any further. At Salt Lake a three-cent coin passes for five: the postmaster ought to make a handsome fortune with no stamps in use and a three-cent postage. At present no one, I think, has imported three-cent pieces for the sake of the forty per cent. profit; as with dimes at San Francisco, where one restaurant never paid out a single legitimate bit, but only four dimes for your fifty-cents change, meal after meal.

Taking all things together, I certainly never was at a place where "the almighty dollar" went such a little way; and whichever side one was on seemed to be the losing side. If you had anything to sell you could get nothing for it, because money was so scarce; if you wanted to buy that very thing and offered cash, you would pay immensely high, because the article was a rarity: in fact you paid a higher price if in goods, but not a lower if in money. Fortunately, if my dollars were few, the temptations to expenditure were few also: not that the city was wholly devoid of places of amusement; three times a week the drama ruled in the Social Hall—nay, the legitimate drama!

"The performances will commence with"—who could have thought it?—"Othello: Act 3." Shakspere in Utah! And what a moral for such a people! the murder of a fond and falsely-suspected wife; and the act chosen that in which the husband's suspicion is first aroused. Mormonism might take lessons from a worse teacher than Shakspere, and read them out of a better edition than the representation I saw: fortunately, it was but one act. The parts of Othello and Iago were, for the place, not badly filled; but Desdemona—the gentle womanly Desdemona, child-like even in her dignity, and hurt not angered at the refusal of her boon—she was a tall masculine *female*, with cheeks painted beyond the possibility of a blush. But for the play-bill—for there were play-bills—one might have supposed that, as on the ancient Greek stage, the part of the heroine was acted by a man; the acting and tone was up to the appearance: quite ungracious, not to say that of a virago. Even worse was Emilia; an old dowdy she looked, who might have been chambermaid at a third-rate hotel for a quarter of a century, and then attended for five or ten years more on a deaf elderly lady. I fear I shall ever associate the lost handkerchief with their acting. The afterpiece, one of the two-act Lyceum dramas, was, on the contrary, very well performed; though any one must seem lame in Charles Matthews' part: the country girl was better played than at the Lyceum, for there was an absence of the traditional tone of a rustic, and she was pretty and unpainted. The audience, which had listened attentively, but with as little enjoyment as myself to Othello, entered thoroughly into this piece, and laughed and applauded from end to end, despite a few unknown phrases and allusions; "the corner" being the mystery of mysteries. So we separated in a good humour; and many a merry word slipped out, and laughter glanced on pretty faces with a radiant phosphorescence, as with downward turned but not dejected faces we picked out for ourselves and the ladies a safe route over the many running streamlets that hastened down towards the plain along either side of the moonlit streets of the Mormon capital.

CHAPTER VI.

SALT LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

One of the first discoveries I made at Salt Lake was, that my "Deane and Adams" had been stolen from the top of my bag: fortunately a bend in the iron of the bag, noticed but unthought of the morning we came into town, supplied me with a date. Two Irishmen ycleped Brown and Moran, I most suspected, and my loss being no secret, all our men had something to say on the subject, and amongst them these very two. The former tried so hard to convince me "some d—d Mormon must have taken it, they were all thieves," &c., that I obtained a search-warrant against *him*, including for civility Brown also. I first had to make an affidavit in very legal form before Judge Smith, one of the Mormon probate judges, clothed by the legislature with criminal jurisdiction; though his name was Elias, he was no relation to the prophet Smith, only postmaster-general by the gift of the Washington functionary, but he was by gift of nature a civil, gentlemanlike sort of a person, whom you might have taken, from his abstruse absent look, for an alchemist. I repeated the words of the oath after him, and swore it in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, with my right hand uplifted; the warrant was put in execution at the last moment when Moran was leaving for California, and the constable at any rate, had alchemy enough to produce the revolver. The amusing part was, first, that Moran declared he had bought it from Brown, and both were such queer characters it might possibly be true; either of them I knew would steal if they got the chance: secondly, that, blustering bully as he ordinarily was, now he sank to the most abject terror, believing his throat would be cut. I had no desire to prosecute, and only stipulated for my property free of expense; the authorities, considering to be rid of a thief is better than to punish him, and also, that grain was high, permitted him to go free, on condition that he left the city before sundown the next evening; but the constable, who had had some trouble, and saw the currish nature of Moran, worked out of his fears twenty or twenty-five dollars—about all he had; and as, in compensation for stealing my pistol, he now had to sell his own gun, so he verified his own rascally hypocritical words, "the pistol won't do any good to the man who's taken it."

Towards the end of November I started on a walking tour of the Northern settlements, intending to cross from thence into Cache Valley; still a resort of beavers, and full of fine fishing streams, but unoccupied, except by some hundred head of cattle and stray

Indians, with a few herdsmen to watch both the one and the other. S., my landlord at Salt Lake, had a large herd and a small shanty there, with his son and heir to superintend their safe-keeping, so I looked for a week's stay in the valley. Accordingly one afternoon I shouldered my havresack (containing among the rest a small stock of provisions, for I consider the man who has a meal, not the price of a meal, in his pocket, the truly independent man), and left the "city" by the north gate of the redoubtable earthen wall. Hard by was the warm spring, but now the earth has "caved in," according to the language of miners; the water is conveyed through pipes to supply warm baths, and such baths, despite their rude construction and the occasional broken bottles in them, as are not to be enjoyed everywhere. Two or three miles further north is the hot spring, the sulphurous smell of which one perceives a long distance off: the water oozes out at the foot of a small cliff into a circular basin, eight or nine feet deep and five or six times as much across, clothed at the bottom with weeds of the brightest emerald green. There is a current story that a "Gentile," taking this for the warm spring where people used to bathe, said, "Well, I can bathe wherever the d——d Mormons can," and, jumping in, was scalded to death. In a channel several yards away from the basin, I found the water too hot to do more than dip one's hands in; so the story may be true, though it has the tone of an invention.

Easy as it might seem to find one's way in a treeless country, and with the mountains as a wall on one side, in reality it is quite the contrary; roads, the best defined and most plausible, edge off to mountain cañons on the right, or marshes on the left; continually around the settlements, too, the country is laid out for miles by roads intersecting at right angles, and which of these to choose, as you successively come to them, is puzzling. Moreover, though the Mormons are certainly a hospitable people, they have a prodigious number of savage inhospitable dogs about their houses, and worse still, almost impassable ditches, so that the benighted traveller has pretty well as much work to find his way into a house to inquire, as to find the one he is inquiring for without information: even when ditch and dog are safely passed, you may find the householder a Dutchman or a Dane, which is perplexing to a bad linguist like myself; or possibly your Saxon ears are refreshed with "Dim Sassenach," from a saint of a Welshman.

The moon, and not for the first, or the hundredth time either, was my best friend, and by aid of the increased light, I found the hostel bearing above its door the word "Entertainment." The hour was good; the family were at supper; their meal, though simple enough, was to me luxurious, for there was milk and butter on the table; and the absence of beef, which had been set before me till my soul loathed it, was something of itself: there was no tea or coffee; one of the pieces of advice from the Mormon chiefs, known as the

"Words of Wisdom," is to abstain from such things; but this was the only family, so far as I have seen, that, while rich enough to disobey, followed the advice.

The first question to a stranger in Utah is, "When did you come to the valley, and in whose train?" and the next, "Are you in the Church?" My reply naturally gave rise to a long talk with my host, a well-informed, enterprising man, who had founded and given his name to the settlement, now scattered over several miles. He told me "plurality" (for the word polygamy is never used, and would be considered insulting from a stranger), when first promulgated, almost turned him from the faith, and that he had even begun to doubt, not whether Joseph was a prophet, for that had already been confirmed to him by visions and the testimony of the Spirit, but whether he was not erring and given over to Satan: now, however, the whole was plain as daylight. He had three wives living, and one dead, whom he spoke of affectionately, and said she would be his wife in the world to come. On the nature of which "world to come," he was diffuse and speculative. Passages of the Bible, he complained, were mis-translated, and he quoted some of the New Testament which were *not* so. I let it pass, for a knowledge of Greek hardly suited my supposed character of a man looking out for employment: this character I never affirmed but gladly accepted it; since a person avowedly travelling from curiosity among people who have been so written against, could hardly avoid being eyed with suspicion. My host and I parted very good friends next morning.

A thirty-mile stretch lay before me, but the view of the lake that opened more and more as I went on, ever changing, and yet, as it were, a companion along with me, prevented any feeling of loneliness. Crossing my old friend the Weber, that enters the valley through an impassable ravine on its way to the salt-water, I reached the village of the same name, a single street of cottages for some 300 yards in length, with their gardens behind, and the whole enclosed by an earthen wall, with a gateway at each end of the oblong; the wall gave rather a snug look to the place, and against Indians may be effectual. Every place I now discovered was, or was to be, fortified thus, though often there is an outer town, and straggling houses far beyond. My road lay close under the mountains: the dull crimson of a wintry sunset had fallen upon their snowy peaks, the shadow of the western ranges had crossed the lake and darkened its rugged island, and the half-thawed snow on the "bench" was beginning to freeze, when I came in sight of Ogden City—what a grandiloquent vulgarity is in that name, and all thrown away on—Ogden City! Mormons are a little pretentious and not very happy in their nomenclature. With a trifle less difficulty than on the preceding night I reached the quarters recommended me: I am happy to say this house was the only one in Utah at which I have met with a want of civil hospitality.

The head of the house was one Captain Brown, then absent upon his attendance as a member of the territorial legislature in session, and whose military title was derived from service in the Nauvoo legion, a "sacred band" of that city, and also in the "Mormon battalion," in California. He was one of the chief men of Ogden City, though not a bishop—nor in Utah do bishops sit in either house of the legislature.

Thirteen wives were the captain's share of the "daughters of Sion;" but they occupied separate houses: this was the captain's own house, a primitive log house, with two large rooms, and beds in each. The mistress of this mansion could hardly have been the eldest, but she was, I hope, the most sour-tempered of the whole thirteen. Possibly, from my not leaving the next morning, she thought me a moneyless fellow, trying, in Captain Brown's absence, to quarter myself upon them till I could obtain work: the family had no dinner, I verily believe, for fear I should get any of it. However, I strolled into a neighbouring house to buy a drink of milk, and the old lady there, alone in her glory with her gudeman—"a stout farmer for the nonce"—asked me to stay dinner with them; and their dinner was as good as their hospitality: the farmer spoke rather gloomily of a lost cow, and rather threateningly of a man who, it seems, had beef to eat, though he *ought not* to have had it.

On my return to my quarters at dark, ugly Mrs. Brown told me I could stay there no longer, but must go to the bishop, who is a receiver-general of destitute travellers. This I positively refused to do; and moreover said I must have supper, but agreed to leave next morning: in fact one could have no wish to stay longer in such a house. What most disgusted me was, that she set the children to talk at me—you feel sorry for them at least. In the evening another wife came in to have a talk; she was a pleasant sort of woman, a Danish widow, but able to speak English fairly. I could not help being amused, and at the same time touched, at her little boy obstinately refusing to call Captain Brown "father," or ugly Mrs. Brown "aunt;" no threats or coaxing would induce him. The two ladies talked a long while on the probability of Captain Brown taking to himself a fourteenth wife before his return, and canvassed the chances and qualities of this and that young lady, just as elsewhere in the world any two gossiping women might canvass the marriage of one of their own relatives, and with not an atom more repugnance to it.

Ogden City was a specimen of the settlements in Utah on the model of Salt Lake; precisely a mile square, part on the bench, part in the valley-bottom, enclosed by an earthen wall, and laid out in "blocks:" a large portion was still unoccupied, but dobie-houses were fast springing up. In the middle of the place was a school-house, also used as a church, and its door plastered over with parochial notices; near it were two small stores—few settlements have as many, and what people want they must get direct from "the city," as best they can. The roads, except on the "bench," were a miserable alternation of mud and water, and if not frozen over, hardly passable for a foot traveller; there was little cleanliness or neatness about them. Several small mountain burns ran through the place, and to the north lay a small, deep, sluggish, river, closed in by kinnik-kinnik, and crossed by a substantial wooden bridge; to this a list of tolls were affixed, but as far as I could see they were never exacted. Cattle on all sides straggle about, picking up what they can find, and at night return, or are driven within the walls; the cultivated land is necessarily more or less distant, but danger gathers the inhabitants and their stock to a single place.

The next morning set in with such a heavy snow that it was useless to think of going further north, so reluctantly I turned back, taking as a change the lower road—*i. e.* furthest from the mountains. A waggon, with a load of wheat from Box Elder, the most northerly of all the settlements, caught me up, and we joined company; but I half feared from the manner of the man it was one for me and two for himself. He carried me down hill, and wanted me to push and scotch up hill, for his team were none too strong, and twice he "stalled" hopelessly, and had to send to the nearest farm for a yoke of cattle. As the bad hills were on creek sides, the farms were not far off, and Mormons will always help one another in this way without charge. Like the Green-River trader this man bothered me to change or sell my soldier's coat, gradually rising in his offers from four to nine dollars—in flour: money I suppose he had none. Travelling was of the dreariest as we crossed the barren sandy bench, "with the face of day shut out by blinding snow;" and between loose sand and snow on the ground, I was foot-weary by dark, and glad to drop into the first house near Farmington, a pleasant English name, such as Mr. Emerson delights in, and which Utah might well have more of.

My wet things were soon hung to dry, and myself ensconced in the chimney-corner near a blazing wood-fire; for wood was more plentiful here. The gudeman was a brawny blacksmith, the gudewife a bustling over-anxious woman, who had much ado to keep in order a trio of pretty, and pretty well spoilt, daughters; but a word from the blacksmith sufficed. The household was a pleasant one, such as one likes to fall in with at any part of the world; but it had no Mormon peculiarities: at meals they were thrifty, and spoke rather in dread of the coming winter, but with a certain religious feeling and confidence quite different from superstition, and not often met with. We talked till late; and the blacksmith, among other things, told me he had three 15-shooting rifles, and that the people in general were better armed than was commonly supposed. They had no spare bedstead, but made me a capital bed on the floor, with my feet to the glowing wood embers. They charged me a mere trifle—fifty cents, I think, for the two meals and lodging: little enough where everything is so dear. The following day I reached Salt Lake City, walking the last few miles with a mason I caught up: he was returning from a job up north, and said a man must keep a good look-out for work at that time of the year, and not stickle at the price too much; but in summer he often got one hundred dollars a month, though, of course, not much of it in money. He had been three years in the valley, but was still unmarried, thinking it best to have a "pile" first. It was Sunday evening, and we met a good many open waggons full of people, who had come ten or fifteen miles to attend the tabernacle; they were now rattling back merrily, laughing at the cold among their ample buffalo robes. I received a kind welcome back to my old quarters, and my misadventures and semi-starvation in the hands of ugly Mrs. Brown furnished a subject of amusement as we sat down to a more plentiful supper.

By this time most of my old "plains'" acquaintances had left for California, grouped in small parties, and equipped according to their means; some on foot, others with a pack-horse or two, others with an ox-team; and my friends the Italians, who were the richest of the lot, with a small waggon and a span of mules. A few had determined to winter at Salt Lake; several of them kept "bachelors' hall" together in a small house: not, after all, much cheaper than they could have lived separately. Mormons look upon a "bach" with great suspicion: first, because they consider all men should marry; next, they find men living in this manner apt to make free with their neighbours' wood and garden stuff: I suppose because such un-domestic individuals are apt to be of an unscrupulous freebooting spirit. My friend Landon, painter and actor, took up his abode with a "widowed wife" (rather a dangerous place), and became a mine of wealth to the poor woman; for he having on the first sign he got to paint lavished a luxuriance of ornamentation quite unknown in "the valley among the mountains" (so that none walked up East Temple Street without inquiring who painted it), orders came thick and fast on him.

That house was a contrast to the busy merry home I lived in; the children had no playthings to sigh among, but they were quiet and wistful, except when L. painted strange faces, or acted odd scraps of long-forgotten plays for their amusement. Their mother was a Welshwoman of twenty-four or twenty-five, hardly pretty, but with a very pleasing face; her husband had taken another spouse—one, if inuendoes were to be trusted, not creditable for any one to marry. This, not the mere fact of a second marriage, had been the grievance. She had obtained her divorce the first day I saw her, rather against her husband's will, and not without a long dispute as to a division of the property; for she refused to abide by the award of the bishop, the arbiter of such matters, and Brigham, she said, with some triumph, had not enforced it.

"If Bishop Jones has awarded you the plough, why don't you take it?" said Brigham to the husband.

"Because she has hidden it," answered he.

"Why have you hidden the plough?" said Brigham to the wife.

"That he mayn't get it," answered she, "and he shan't have it; didn't I give his wife—not that I want to say anything about her——"

"No," said Brigham.

"Didn't I give her one of two shawls my mother sent me from England?—where's that?"

"Don't grant the divorce," said the husband, "or I shall never get the plough."

"Well," said Brigham, "never mind, I dare say you can do without; but this matter had better be finished," and told him to sign the divorce.

"And," said the divorced wife to us, "after what he has done, he wanted to come here and see Gwendoline"—Welsh people give strange heathenish Christian names to their children.

We all agreed that her husband had behaved as a brute, and lavished our caresses on the mother's favourite, the golden-haired Gwendoline. Sometimes afterwards he would come and demand to see the child; and failing that, to see the plough; and failing that, threaten to break the stove, the one and very important piece of wealth in the house; but the mother, though trembling, would sternly refuse the plough, and still more sternly a sight of the children. I often went to her cottage of an evening, for with another husband and wife newly come from the old country, and who shared the house, L. and I could make up a rubber at whist or euchre. There is a strong feeling of friendliness in Utah between people of the old country, and when the children were all lulled to sleep we put out the candles—too expensive to burn long—and gathered round the stove, the open doors of which let a cheerful glow into the room; and then we told stories of America and England, and Bagdad and Faerieland; and between times the women would sing hymns with their clear sweet voices. Mormon hymns they were, yet not all devoid of pathos, at least in those evening hours; one, for instance, that spoke of those whom we should never see "till the resurrection morn." Who has not lost some dear one? and who, turning his thoughts homeward, across mountain, and prairie, and Atlantic, might not fear some loss yet unknown? Walking home on such evenings along the quiet streets, one could not think the Mormons altogether a "filthy, sensual people."

Among my special acquaintances was my Mormon doctor on the plains. He was a disappointed man;—disappointed with the appearance of the city and the country, and above all with his chance of making any money there. Mormons do not encourage doctors at all, they consider "administering" (*i. e.* anointing with oil, &c.) more efficacious. Some people say—not I, for I know nothing of the subject—that homœopathy and hydropathy succeed by doing nothing; "administering" very likely answers better than over-dosing: yet the druggist was considered to have made more money in the two months after his stock arrived than any other merchant; but then one waggon will carry a prodigious value of medicines, therefore freight is really cheap on such things. Anyhow my friend the doctor could get no professional work, and schoolmastering, after a trial, did not suit him, so he was a disappointed man. Disappointment soon became disgust, and disgust hatred; I never met him but he told me something bad of the people, and a good deal of his desire to get to California, where money could be made — real money, not mere flour, or pigs, or poultry, or cotton-cloth.

"An old brute," he said, "who had three wives before, has just married a pretty young girl of our train. I do believe the captains of the emigrant trains sell these girls to old men of this kind: at least they offer to find the girls work and send them to the house, and then of course it follows. Well now, the very morning after she was married, he set her to work at saddler's work; she wasn't used to it, and came crying to me and told me she was miserable, and would sooner die than go on that way: now I could seduce that woman at any moment—isn't this shocking?" No doubt there was truth in his story: though polygamy need not make a whole people sensual, sensual men will of course use it sensually. Some other of the doctor's stories had a little of the cock-and-bull nature: *ex. gr.* that Brigham had a number of sham Indians (*i. e.* white men in disguise) to attack and kill those trying to leave the territory, and "one of them," said he, "lives in that house opposite." Nothing Brigham would like better than a general belief in his possessing vast secret agencies. "I have threads through the whole territory, and know what you do and what you say," said Brigham publicly; but this in the main was humbug. That some special offenders or known enemies may have been secretly dispatched is likely enough, but the number who leave for California without "counsel," and though on one pretext or another notoriously with no *animus revertendi*, are quite too many for the white Indians.

For many weeks my host made strenuous efforts to convert me, encouraged principally by my being the only unprejudiced Gentile he had ever met; and by contrast impartiality seemed partiality. So as he would not talk of the golden plates, or read passages of the Book of Mormon, I would always listen: those were unbearable; but one often was amused by quaint and not uningenious expoundings of prophecies and doctrinal epistles; still more by half-speculative discussions of our former and future state and manner of existence in the "spirit-world," of which, if he knew no more than I, certainly I knew no more than he. Two or three things one may remark in all discussions with Mormons; they speak of the subject of "plurality" before their wives without any restraint, argue the physical and mental inferiority of the female sex, and even touch on subjects too delicate, or too indelicate, to be heard without calling up a blush on the cheeks of any modest woman elsewhere. Sometimes the women would become very brusque with their husbands, and half savage with myself, the innocent cause of the argument; but a blush seldom rises in Utah: Mormons rather think it a merit to speak in very plain language of "those things we know naturally," and run freedom from affectation into coarseness. Whether or not this springs necessarily from polygamy (as I hardly suppose), it is a sign, and must be a cause, of moral deterioration; while different sleeping apartments are required for the different wives, and usually for the children of different sex as they grow up, language is used before both that almost annuls the utility of the one, and the decency of both customs.

Anywhere it is difficult to get at the truth of facts; people represent them so differently, according to the object of the conversation. If a Mormon is trying to induce you to join the Church, he will probably speak of the faith as having the promise of this life; that having given up houses and land for Christ's sake, he has already, according to the promise, received more abundantly houses and wives and children; Salt Lake Valley, he will tell you, is the lot of Joseph, that fruitful vine whom the archers shot sore at, but could not reach; that it is Paradise, and the garden of the Lord. But turn the subject on the expulsion from Nauvoo, he will, step by step, rise in indignation and paint the persecution in deeper and deeper colours till, at last, he declares the valley is a dog-hole where no one would live if he could live elsewhere; a place with no fruit-trees or timber-trees, where you can't raise a bushel of grain without irrigation, and have dust in your eyes all the summer long—perhaps, all the year round.

I never was able to come at the truth regarding the "Mormon battalion," contributed by the people for the invasion of California, while they were camped in Iowa and Nebraska, before crossing the plains. Some would say it was the cruellest act of oppression; that, pressed as they were to keep alive at all, they were compelled, under threats of a general massacre, to furnish a large body of volunteers who could ill be spared at such a time; others have told me that President Polk, knowing the Mormons were going to California, managed, as an act of kindness, that as large a number as possible should go there for pay, but never be (as they never actually were) in any serious engagement: not one was killed after all. It was impossible to help laughing at S.'s imitations of his old friends the Methodists, the whining tone of their prayers and the affected pathos of trumpery stories in their sermons. "One day I was walking in the woods, and I had my dog with me, and he got sight of a woodchuck, and the poor little woodchuck tried to escape, but my great cruel dog laid hold of the poor little woodchuck and bit him, and the poor little woodchuck turned up his eyes to heaven and died." Such prolonged emotion was thrown on each syllable, that the anecdote of five lines could not be properly told under a quarter of an hour. "But," said S., "don't these Methodists preachers deserve all to be d—d for their hypocrisy, in first denying the continuance of inspiration and then drawling out long prayers for inspiration to show them if they have the truth? And then they say they hope they have a hope; I would not give a cent for such a hope." Other sects or churches he knew less of, and was less bitter against.

One was more willing to listen to such talk, owing to the scarcity of books to read. Salt Lake does not boast any bookseller's shop; school-books are imported as a branch of trade, but no others. One out-of-the-way house, denominating itself a "Variety's Store," a sort of place where they would change anything for anything and cheat you on both sides, had a second-hand collection, evidently taken in ones and twos, for bad cider, or worse pastry, or flashy moccasins, or flummery of some kind: Xenophon's "Memorabilia," the "Analecta Græca Minora," and a mutilated Virgil, filled the classical department; but who on earth could have brought these here? and what persons were expected to buy them? Less astonishing were well-thumbed copies of the "Bible," and "Pilgrim's Progress;" and "Books of Mormon," with the names of their old owners written on the fly-leaf, but otherwise unused. Scott's Ballads and Burns were among the poets; Dr. Dick's works formed the heavy reading; an odd "Waverley" or two, "Jane Eyre," and an English "Paul and Virginia" were the best of the novels; but there must have been near 200 shilling novels, which were for sale at one dollar each, or for circulation at ten cents a volume. Fifty uncut copies of "The Howadji in Egypt," an American book of travels, and about as many of Lamartine's "Raphael," lay covered with the dust of ages: it was a strange speculation to bring them here; unless the shelf or house has fallen down, no doubt they lie there still. The two first volumes of Macaulay's "History" stood beside two odd volumes of Butler's "Lives of the Saints;" these monopolised history and biography, as Butler's "Ancient Atlas" did geography. Such was the one book store and circulating library of Salt Lake. Floreat Utavensis bibliotheca!

Beyond certain theological writers, Mormonism does not boast much authorship of its own: a new faith ought to produce its own historians, poets, and novelists. Mormons could appreciate the "Lettres Persanes" better than the plot of a three-volume novel; a polygamist could not realise the position of "Jane Eyre" (for instance) when the existence of a previous wife is discovered, any more than we can the self-devotion of Antigone to the burial of her brother: we may know what ought to be felt, but we cannot feel it. A lofty genius—and such, if it could not embrace, might be born to, Mormonism—if penetrated with the spirit of the ancient Hebrews, might find a worthy subject in the flight and emigration across the plains, and take, as a motto, "In exitu Israel." Mormons, even now, do not despise poetry, but they are afraid of anything fanciful, except their own fancies; and nothing great can spring up under a spiritual despotism. Dante scourged popes and princes, dead and living, but no saint dare malign the infallible prophet and revelator, and the salaried territorial governor. W. H. Mills, a votary of phrenology as well as of poetry, had some nerve and strength of versification, and rather a freshness (I do not mean Mormon peculiarity) in his treatment of trite subjects—"Past and Present," for instance. Eliza Snow, the Sappho of the valley, who should plant herself, harp in hand, on the top of Ensign Peak, wrote, with smoothness and ease, and an occasional touch of sentiment—

"I feel its soft responses roll
Mid the lone echoes of the night,
And whisper softly through my soul,
I would not be forgotten quite."

More oddly read some odes on festal occasions—as when the judges of Illinois decided against delivering up Joseph Smith to the authorities of the Missouri—

"When foul Oppression's course was stay'd,
A feast of liberty
The prophet and *his lady* made," &c.

And, again,—

"Now let the prophet's heart rejoice,
His noble lady's too."

That was in the days when prophet and saints had but one "lady" apiece.

Utah is not much better off for music than for literature; the city boasted one decent band, which was called in upon all occasions of Church and State: on cotillon nights a quadrille band, on Sundays a choir. The "old Italian" of our train brought a fiddle along with him—a Strad he swore it was—and obtained thirty-five dollars for it. Fiddles and fiddlers are not lacking, but all the pianos you might count on one hand; every one knows their number and present locality as well as an old Thames puntman does those of the big trout. Nor has Nature been bountiful in "sounds of music, words of wonder." It is a country where one ought to believe that silence is musical, and that—

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter."

There is no "sound of bleak grown pines," no branches for the autumn winds to sigh through, nor for birds to build among and sing "in darkling covert hid;" there are neither singing birds nor humming bees, nor "sounds of vernal showers on the twinkling grass;" only the voice of "shallow rivers to whose falls" there is no accompaniment of madrigals: this and, in summer time, the rustling of the wind through the fields of Indian corn; this, and no more. Yes, one more musical sound, of the "one joyous thing in a world of sorrowing"—the grasshopper, the terrible grasshopper; welcomer than this were the shrill fifes of an invading army: and are not these a part of a great army, that have slain more than Napoleon ever did or could have done—the palmer-worm, the locust, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the grasshopper? "Behold He formed grasshoppers in the beginning of the shooting up of the latter growth." "What hath been shall be."

CHAPTER VII.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

"OH, Mr. C.," said Shorncliffe, one day, enthusiastically, "you ought to be a Mormon; but I know what sticks in your throat, it 's 'plurality:' it was hard enough for some of us at first to swallow it. You think it 's against Scripture—I 'll show you the contrary."

"Thank you, never mind," said I; "when marriage with a deceased wife's sister was debated in Parliament, I always cut speeches on the scriptural question."

"Well, then, I 'll show you it is in accordance with the first principles of human nature."

"No; I found the speeches theorising on human nature more unsatisfactory than the former kind, and quite as dull. Stick to the facts, Shorncliffe, stick to the facts."

"Don't you think a large number of wives in England are ill-treated?"

"I dare say, but I never had one to ill-treat; so it 's not my fault."

"Yes, it is; any one who can support a wife, and would treat her well, ought to marry; then there would be fewer left for brutes to marry."

"Maybe I'm a brute, if you knew it; or maybe I can't support a wife; or perhaps some lady jilted me."

"Not support a wife? why, you've hands and feet and two hundred dollars. The man who rented our front room all last summer, married on thirty dollars, and he has just bought a bit of my lot here; they'll begin the house next week: people soon get on here."

"Has he paid you for the lot yet?"

"No, but he'll give me a mortgage for the four hundred dollars; and the house, when it's built, will make it safe."

"How'll he pay for building the house?"

"Oh, he's a carpenter himself, so he'll only have to pay the dobie-layer, besides the expense of dobies and stone for the foundation, and lumber for the roof; he can do the rest himself, and I dare say they'll not plaster it till spring."

"Ay, but how'll he pay even that?"

"In work, I suppose; he has nothing else to pay in."

"Has he paid up the rent of your front room yet?"

"No."

"Dear me! people soon get on here, as you say. I hope you don't expect to finger your rent before the end of next year."

"Indeed, I do."

"The lumberman and dobie-layer won't wait, you know, and the man must live all the time; and knocking off Sundays, there are but 313 days in the year."

"314; next year's leap-year."

"Make the most of it: but there's that ugly tithe-labour; a month and more of that; 31 days 4 hours, is it not, by decimals, Heber?" said I, appealing to one of the boys.

"No, 31 days, 9 hours, 36 minutes," said he briskly; for he was versed in fractions, and could rapidly turn a dollar to a dime if he got one.

"Well, Mr. Shorncliffe," said I, "I hope you may get your rent and the interest on your four hundred dollars; how much is it?"

"Only eighty dollars: I think I ought to have asked twenty-five per cent."

"I hope you may get them all: but I expect you never married on thirty dollars."

"No, but that was back in Massachusetts, not here."

"I'm not likely to marry here unless you convert me, so you had better go back to the subject, and try and build up the Church; and leave neighbour Jones's house: besides you haven't to pay four hundred dollars for ground to build the church on."

"The Temple lot would be worth nearer forty thousand dollars; but I suppose you're speaking figuratively, as the sectarian world say the Bible does."

"I'm sure I thought 'building up the Church and kingdom,' a most orthodox phrase: I heard it from one of the apostles last Sunday at the Tabernacle; but go on."

"Oh! you were speaking of a girl jilting you; well, if that 's not all talk you 'd be better off here."

"How so?"

"It 's not the way here: besides there are as good fish in the sea as have come out of it; that 's our way of looking at it."

"Well, do you make girls marry against their wills?"

"No, we don't *make* them, but they should do what their father wishes, and ought not to disobey 'counsel,' and if they 've once agreed they must keep to their word."

"Then if Brigham 'counsels' that your daughter should marry Jones, for instance, you would not like to refuse her?"

"One might do so, but one would not like to, and one would be thought worse of."

"Would Jones having another wife make any difference, or is it all the same as if he were a bachelor?"

"Oh, it makes no difference if he can properly support another wife; but Jones can't. We have this great advantage," continued Shorncliffe, "you stake all on one chance; if we are not satisfied, we can try our luck again."

"That 's all very nice for you, on the surface at any rate; but how does it cut for the women?"

"Why, that's just what I began with. A great number of men in other countries marry who never ought to marry: they are brutes, not fit to have the care of a woman, and then they ill-treat her; but women, sooner than remain unmarried, will have them."

"Why, ill-treatment as often follows love matches as money matches."

"Yes, but then you don't marry by 'counsel' as we do."

"Counsel of our hearts or pockets, as the case may be; not any other, certainly."

"Besides, women have a chance of seeing what sort of husband a man has made before they accept him."

"Then you would calculate on a large number of men remaining unmarried."

"Yes."

"You say plurality decreases immorality; but how do you expect all these semi-compulsory bachelors would content themselves? Even now you complain of the morality of a 'bachelor's hall;' and does not it say little for the influence of Mormonism, if there be a large class of brethren it cannot make decent husbands of?"

"You're running on too fast with so many questions. We allow there are plenty of scoundrels who believe Mormonism because they know it is true and can't help themselves, but yet won't live up to it; and they'll be doubly d—d hereafter. Some of 'em apostatise and run off; not that they disbelieve really then. Judas was not an infidel because he was a traitor: he couldn't have been. And with us it is not mere belief, it's sight: if I could tell you all I've seen——"

"I should want to see it myself, perhaps."

"Then join the Church; have faith: these signs follow them that believe."

"I like to look before I leap; but does every one baptized have these signs?"

"Not those who have no faith, and join the Church from worldly motives. But you must not be scandalised at seeing bad men among us; the evil is ever mingled with the good, in the Church as in the world."

I smiled at such an orthodox expression in the mouth of a Mormon.

"Then," said I, "you consider all men are not fit for husbands; what is your belief as to women?"

"All women are fit for wives."

"I'm glad to hear such a gallant sentiment from you, Mr. Shorncliffe. I know you won't think the prettiest the least fit to be your own."

"Then what an advantage for the children, if their mother dies. You've seen no harsh step-mothers here?"

"No,"—for honestly I have not.—"But don't kill off the women yet, unless you mean to be a Bluebeard."

"Well, what can the women here want more than they have?—comfortable homes, and everything else; they 've only to obey their husbands, and all goes smoothly. Then, you know women get old sooner than men; you know in the sectarian world, when wives get to forty or forty-five, their husbands don't stick very closely to them. Now is not it better for a man then to marry a young wife and increase the population legitimately, than do what else he will? You 'll be convinced about plurality some day, and then you 'll become a Mormon."

"Why my thinking plurality right, would be no better reason for my becoming a Mormon than a Mussulman."

"No, but it 's the great difficulty out of the way. Now I 'll tell you about the necessity of new revelations, and how they were made. The angel Gabriel came to Joseph, and instructed him concerning the golden plates."

"I would not hear you on that if you were an angel yourself, and promised me the golden plates to melt down afterwards; at any rate unless you were a feminine angel. Some time you may tell me the Mormon theory of angels. By the by, is that Brigham who has taken another wife?"

"No, it's young Brig."

"The Ligger Brig they'd call him, near John o' Groat's House. How many has he already?"

"This is his first marriage."

"Dear me, what a privilege to be here at the time of young Brig's first marriage! Is he very rich?"

"No; we 've no idlers here: we don't want rich people who think themselves above working; but he has a good start; he 's a saddler, his place is under Stuart's store, close by the Council House, and he 's a good workman himself."

"Then I'll get a pistol case and belt there, for I never got mine back after the revolver was stolen."

So I went that same afternoon to young Brig's workshop, and ordered the case and belt. They have often since reminded me of the valleys among the mountains, when riding along valleys that look upon the Southern Cross: I have the belt still, and shall keep it as a memento. If any one should buy a secondhand D. and A., first quality, middle size, No. 14,007, and with it a white leather case, let him know and appreciate the latter as the workmanship of young Brig.

Thursday.—Made acquaintance with Thrupp, a Mormon merchant, converted four years ago at San Francisco. His first wife died two years afterwards in California, and he only came here this summer, without any intention of staying, but now has married. His house is small, but for this place handsomely furnished, and he has, positively, a servant; nevertheless, on calling, I found T. lighting the fire himself. His new wife is rather good-looking, and "quite the lady," in dress, manner, &c. She had one of the five pianos in Utah. Astonished, as the honeymoon was scarcely over, to hear the crying of a child; on subsequent inquiry I found the lady had been previously married and obtained a divorce—having therefore the care of her child. Her story was told me thus. "Evans had two wives before he married Liddy: Evans, you know, is as fine a man as you 'll often meet, and one of the best-tempered; but the women could not get on together. Liddy and the old woman (the first wife) were great allies; but they could not abide Lucy, the second wife. Evans had to go on business to California, and took Lucy with him; then the other two wrote to him that if he brought back Lucy they 'd both leave him: however, he paid no attention. When it came to the point, the old woman's heart failed her; but Liddy kept her word. Now she has as good a husband as she could wish; but Thrupp tells me she 's death on plurality now, and that if he ever takes another wife, there 'll be no peace for him. Liddy has a quick tongue, and is not afraid to use it. The other day she said, before several people, she could not see why men should not be content with one wife, as well as women with one husband apiece: the doctrine of women being subject did not suit her at all. But then you see she 's the old judge's daughter, and he has a good stroke of money and is somebody, or she daren't talk on in that way.

Sunday.—Heard a good but rambling discourse from Amasa Lyman, one of the apostles: remarked these words. "It is twenty-two years since I joined the Church, and I have not yet learnt the Gospel; I 've only been learning of it. You 're all too apt to think you 've learnt all Mormonism as soon as you 've been baptized and endowed, and read all the Mormon books: it is not so. If we try, we are all learning more and more of the Gospel our whole life, and at last know but a little of it—brother Brigham and all of us." Also, "I go on missions and preach to the Gentiles quite as much for my own sake as for theirs; by labouring for the Gospel I learn of the Gospel." Also, "If you value Mormonism so little as to wish in your hearts to change it for a little coffee, or a little sugar, or a little gold dust, you had better apostatise and run off to California: you 're not good Mormons; we can do without you. We don't want bad materials to build the Church of. You 'll all be damned who go; but no matter how few of us stay, or where we may be driven from here—the Church of God won't perish: it is founded on a rock." Brigham a few Sundays back said:—"You all want to see the temple built: that 's right; but I 've seen a temple before this, and that was destroyed, and this may be. But that won't destroy the Church: and you 're all in a great hurry to receive your endowments; but you had better first live more up to what you know of Mormonism. If you live Mormonism, you 'll learn it, and then be more fit to receive new light."

Tuesday.—Went to a dance in the evening; it was begun and ended with prayer. At the returned missionaries' ball some time back, they had hymns, prayers, speeches, and comic songs between the dances. We had no dances but quadrilles (called here cotillons) and country-dances. The collection of beauty was tolerable; not much more.

The one special point of romance here (and you must look close for it), is the relation in which married men and girls stand to each other: elsewhere, the attentions of the former to the latter pass for nothing; here a girl knows that her partner may at any moment be her lover and her suitor, though his wife is dancing in the vis-à-vis; and many a flirtation is buoyed up by the circumstance. Men, too, of the brighter sort, love to use their position, and carry on canvas that would capsize a monogamist craft. Second and third wives take little heed of the flirting or the wooing; but you may now and then see a woman glancing too eagerly round, and from her half-concealed jealousy and hatred, and fear predominating over the other two, you may guess, what you will be told, that the watcher is an only wife: other women, if they see her, will come and tell her she is no Mormon to look so after her husband, and laugh at her foolish expectation of keeping an entire husband to herself. That girl now evidently knows the wife is watching her, and coquets all the more eagerly with the husband: perhaps she may refuse him after all, perhaps not wish to do so, perhaps find herself unable if she wishes; but they are not the only couple followed by eyes struggling to see, and yet not to believe. They tell me F—— yonder loves his wife beyond the wont of husbands in this part of the world, and will not marry another; so my partner, herself a wife, though not in the first lustrum of wives, tells me, and intimates her opinion, that F—— and his wife are both fools to set themselves against the fashion of the place. "But F—— surely is flirting with Kate Copeland pretty strongly at this moment," one suggests. "Flirting—that's a gentile word, we never use it; but he's not really courting Kate, he's only teasing his wife: though he won't marry again, he likes doing that. Were I unmarried, I would ask the President to make him marry me." "What for? to tease her?" "No, to teach her; then she would not think herself better than the balance of us: why should she?" I turned the subject, having no wish for an *argumentum ad hominem*; and some places are unsuitable for the real *argumentum ad feminam*.

Perhaps there is not much romance of love in all this, only the groundwork for a Mormon novel; yet even this little is quite exceptional: you do not see the anxious wife, or the coquetting damsel, or the lover-like husband (the last words in a new sense), at every ball. Truth to tell, Utah is not a country of romance: polygamy, accompanied by harems and veiled beauties, and in the clime of the sun, might produce it; but polygamy without mystery or *cavalieri serventi*, and in that country, does not: a wooing is commonly as short as Hiawatha's, and the girl says or has to say, "I will follow you my husband." Most men think anything of a lover-like deference to the fair sex a humiliation of the superior sex. Even along with this, there is more of a pleasing simplicity than you might well expect; but the general result is not pleasing: girls have but little of sensibility, the greatest charm of woman: love that is never *sub rosâ*, will scarcely gain a roseate hue or the perfume of roses.

Time passed on smoothly; so smoothly, one has little to write of it. December came, and Thanksgiving Day: remembered, though no longer kept by the New England family in Utah; and then Christmas-time, here as elsewhere, a season of hospitality and merriment. The absence of the *élite* of the Church and city at Fillmore, took off a little from the outside show, the sleighs and carriages; but country-folks gathered in till the place had no look of emptiness.

Among those who visited Shorncliffe, was one Andries, a man of wealth, and the head of one of the emigrant trains along with ours: his second wife was a sister of S.'s first, therefore the visit. Since his return from abroad on a mission (to England I think), he had married three wives—a mother and daughter and a third woman—all on one day! chosen from the fair emigrants in his charge. Fortune, perhaps, had not been overlooked in the choice: either mother or daughter, I forget which, had for Salt Lake a good income; and, probably, worthy brother Andries took the old lady, as he called her, for the sake of daughter or dowry.

The old lady did not make her appearance; but three or four of the others came, rustling in silks, and even with some glitter of jewellery: a husband returning from a mission must bring his wives each a present of some sort.

One may distinguish married life at Utah into three sorts: the harem life, where numbers of wives (as those of Brigham) live together and apart from their husbands; the *belle amie* life, where they occupy separate houses scattered over the place; and lastly, the domestic sort, where all live under one roof, but to some extent with their separate apartments. I found the Andries ladies passed their life on the domestic system. "Adeline and I live together," said one of them, "since Mr. Andries married, the other day." In spite of their dress and appearance, it seemed that only the Englishwoman had a personal attendant, the rest did most of the house-work themselves; they did not speak of her at all enviously, but all had, between themselves, rather a distant politeness. The mother and daughter lived together, paying all their own household expenses: I dare say the "old lady" was too shrewd to let the money slip through her fingers into Andries's fist.

After the visitors had left, my eldest hostess lamented to me that all, even her own sister, had been admiring the other two of my three little playmates, the Anglo-Saxon rosebuds, but not her girl, the wild and shy young antelope as I called her. Mothers so placed, must needs feel some pride and jealousy of the beauty and admiration of their respective children; and what must you do among them all? why, without telling fibs, try to keep peace and give all pleasure: say this one's cheek is the brightest, and the skin of that the fairest and clearest, and the eyes of the other the darkest and largest; praise the hair of one, the eyebrows of another, and the long silken lashes of a third; prophesy for this, a beautiful hand and foot; for that, a tall and elegant figure; and of the remaining one, if you can do no better, say childhood is no criterion of the future loveliness of womanhood, or, better still, hint she will be as handsome as her mother. One might find a little dispraise, or apparent dispraise perhaps, serviceable at those times. If you would please a Bostonian, tell him that New York has no "Common;" that it is noisy; that the streets are dirty; that Broadway is straight: all of which is true. To a New Yorker—though they of the Empire City rather affect a contempt of Boston—say nothing about Boston Common; say that Broadway is straight; that the streets of Boston are crooked, and have an old look about them—you need not say you like crooked quaint old streets; that there is no Hudson; that there is a quantity of unwholesome-looking mud uncovered at low tide, and so on: all true: and both New Yorker and Bostonian will be gratified by a judicious distribution of truths between them.

But one must not turn so abruptly and so easily from Salt Lake to the Atlantic cities; one has to journey more slowly westwards, and it is time to be stirring.

It was unsafe to travel alone, important to travel quickly, uncomfortable to travel on horseback: at least, without an additional pack animal; and finally, speculative to travel at my own peculiar risk, with so little money to fall back upon. These considerations limited me a good deal; but as soon as it was known among my old Plains acquaintances that I was meditating a start, several wanted to join me on the journey. Unluckily my own object was to join some other party, not to form one for myself. The man who forms a party, whether for grouse-shooting, or a drag to Epsom or Ascot, or, as in this case, a journey to California, unless paid in advance, will generally find himself a good deal out of pocket at last; moreover, these, my friends, were mostly without a cent. One very soft-spoken Gentile—but none of my acquaintance—volunteered to travel with me and look after the animals, and suggested where I could buy a span of mules cheap. Salt Lake has colonists from so many different places that you can very soon find out any one's antecedents—as the phrase is. The antecedents of this man were very bad; though, while at Salt Lake, he had kept his hands from picking and stealing: perhaps through fear of a Lynching. His brother, however, had been Lynched in California, for murder and robbery; and from his own extreme desire to be my only companion, no doubt he would have murdered me, and, on an imaginary joint-tenancy, succeeded to my share of the aforesaid span of mules. None of this was to be.

Among those I applied to was Amasa Lyman, the apostle; he received me very politely, but I had been misinformed as to his immediate return to his presidency of San Bernardino. My friend Thrupp, the new-made Benedict, was about to leave for California, to close up his affairs in that country and bring his children to Salt Lake. But Thrupp, though not badly off, nor a bad fellow, was a little close-fisted when it came to business; and, in point of fact, mules were a bad investment, as you may buy them twenty or twenty-five per cent. cheaper in California than at Salt Lake. Finally, I agreed with the mail-carrier to take me through to San Bernardino for one hundred dollars; waggoning through the settlements for nearly three hundred miles to the southward, and thence "packing" to California: Thrupp also determined to ride along with us on a mule of his own.

Savage, the mail-carrier, was a rugged Canadian Mormon, but a man of sterling honesty; or he might easily have cheated me instead of honourably fulfilling his contract: and, as it turned out, at no great profit to himself. He possessed good common sense, and a good acquaintance with our route, and the Indians to be met on it, but he had a very short memory—except of injuries and kindnesses—and a thriftlessness and want of foresight very dangerous in a travelling companion. He had more pluck than "go," and more soundness than rapidity of discernment and decision. Though one of the old inhabitants of Nauvoo, and the original settlers of Utah, he was, strange to say, a monogamist.

Yet that polygamist house in Salt Lake City I left not without some sort of feeling like leaving home. I have been a visitor, and met with hospitality at other homes in America, but it was as a visitor; during a somewhat lengthened absence from England, this was the one house in which I lived as in a home, became one of the family, intimate with the eldest, a playmate of the youngest, a friend, I hope, of all; for all were friendly to me. All seemed sorry I was leaving them, and I am not ashamed to say I, too, felt sorry. Travellers had need to be hardier plants than most in the world, since they endure such frequent transplantation; for, I think, they take root quicker than most, and not less deeply.

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH THE SETTLEMENTS.

With the coming in of the new year I started for California: a cold winter's night it was, and few were in the streets as our mules dashed along over the caked snow; but, in celebration of the day, within the homes on either side, merry log fires were burning, and one could hear the sound of the flute and fiddle, and the measured tread of the "dancers dancing in tune," and the laugh and song of unrestrained mirth and friendliness. When we passed out from among houses, we heard nothing but the clicking of our harness.

Great Cottonwood, a village just such as I have described Weber, was silent enough when we entered its gateway and single street; but Savage, who, from constantly travelling the road, had made the greatest beholden to him for some errand done or parcel brought, never failed to seek out the best quarters; and as his "orders" were always honoured in cash or cash-goods by the mail agents (who receive their pay in hard dollars from the United States Post Office), he too, and I, as his passenger, were honoured wherever we went. Beds, however, we neither asked for nor got, only a good fire, before which we lay, rolled up in our own bedding on the floor. One needs plenty of warm things for a winter journey in that country; I had two blankets—a good eight dollars' worth—and a wolf-skin robe worth half-a-dozen blankets: the skins I bought at Green River for a blue over-shirt, dressed and sewn together. The currier walked round me a little in the affair, though, for he cut off the heads that he might claim the bounty money given for every wolf killed in the Valley; the production of the skin of the head being taken as proof: heads will soon be imported, one would think. My soldier's coat, a pair of over-shoes of buffalo-robe, with the hair turned inside, and a cap to cover my ears well, formed the rest of my equipment. Savage had "American over-shoes," and though he was far more inured to cold than myself, his feet began to deaden long before mine, on every occasion.

There were two or three wives in our night quarters at Cottonwood; but they were dull, unimpressible women, and the children stupid and dirty. We had a sort of foot companion on our journey, a young Scotchman belonging to Cedar City, the most southern settlement and S.'s place of abode. All the summer he had been working in *the* City as a carpenter, and sending home money and household goods to his young wife; but work having become dull, and his money having run out, he wanted S., as a fellow townsman, to carry him for nothing, three hundred miles. S., though not liking absolutely to refuse a penniless "brother," excused himself on account of the snow, and his having but a span of mules, and would do no more than carry his bundle and provisions, and promise to give a lift when he could. By some mistake, due to an upper and lower road and a Great and Little Cottonwood, he had missed us and walked all night back from the latter place to the city and out again; but he kept on pluckily with the help of a five-mile lift from us, having walked sixty-five miles in the twenty-four hours, without any sleep, or a meal beyond dry biscuits: and he followed it up with forty on the following day. Plenty of men will deny themselves for their families, in Utah as elsewhere, but I hardly expected to meet here such a lover-like eagerness; it turned out he had been a husband only six weeks when he left home, and that after two years' attendance as a lover: certainly he had no thought of taking another spouse, nor any eyes for the prettiest girl we met.

The cold was intense, as we passed out of Salt Lake Valley round the "corner of the mountain," along a zigzag road cut on the precipitous hill-side at a considerable elevation; but it lessened very much as we descended into Utah Valley, and the snow there was less also. Utah Valley is scarcely twenty-five miles in length by ten or twelve across, and has therefore a far more mountainous appearance; and the distant peaks and cliffs, where they were too steep for the snow to lie, had a stern, dark, iron-blue tint, quite unlike the deep soft purple, common to distant hills: the sombre effect was aided by dark masses of cedar wood perched on the mountain side, and swept clear of snow by the keen wind at that height. Lake Utah was frozen and covered with snow, and Savage lamented we could not cut across it, instead of dropping and picking up mails at a number of villages on its eastern side: to make the best of it, he stopped for dinner at one. Lehi was its orthodox name, out of the book of Mormon, but the people always call it Dry Creek as they do Manti "Salt Creek," and others similarly: these villages are small, but fairly neat, and all close together. Why I do not know, but no settlements are located except on the eastern side of the valleys, and close at the foot of the mountains.

At Battle Creek, where we stopped for supper, and several neighbours were asked in on the sudden, Savage, who was an old resident of the place, said many irreverent things of the bishop, an old enemy of his, and prophesied he would not die a bishop, and the company seemed to sympathise; the bishop's delight, like Dr. Busby's, had been that none under him should think there was any greater than he: notwithstanding some new "prophet" had recently appeared, and declared strange visions and revelations of all sorts, though not derogatory to the heads of the Church. The people spoke of "the prophet" just as Gentiles do of Joseph Smith, as a lunatic or a knave; yet they believe in the continuance of revelations: but consistency is hard to find, and no prophet has honour in his own country.

Provo, where we slept, was much like Ogden City, but not so miry, and without a Mrs. Brown. We stayed in a comfortable house: everything, and every one, was clean, and tidy, and bright; there was but one wife, a pleasant hostess, and a very pretty daughter; the pastoral delicacies (and they were becoming more plentiful as we got further South) tasted none the worse for being served up by her.

We made a long day's travel of fifty miles: pretty well for our span of mules, with from six inches to a foot of snow on the ground. The scenery was very dreary, for the valley narrowed, and the "divide" was a good way on towards the level of the mountain tops. I never recollect such a cold tedious night; we did not reach Salt Creek (Manti) in Juab Valley till near midnight. The place, having been once burned down by the Indians, is well walled in and strong wooden gates fixed, and as these were locked it was necessary to climb the walls; this Savage did, after two or three attempts, in the course of which he tumbled into a snow-drift in the ditch, and uttered at least twenty dollars' worth of oaths according to Mormon law; however, no one heard him, and at last he got the key and we got in: all of us glad enough; and most of all the Scotchman, whom we had carried the last six or seven miles, having found him ready to drop.

Our host apologised for the entertainment, though it was good enough, by saying he had formerly kept a good house for travellers, which had been destroyed by the Indians, and, as yet, he was not rich enough to build another. We took all in good part, even the locking of the gates; though, with the thermometer twenty degrees or more below zero, being kept *half* an hour outside the walls must needs seem a cold reception. I heard that a party of three, whom I had been very near joining, from Salt Lake, a week before, had arrived here with their feet and ancles frozen perfectly stiff: the cold had been a good deal severer; but people oftenest are frozen through their own fault in sitting still too long and wearing tight shoes.

From Salt Creek there is a gap of sixty miles without a settlement; and fifty without a house: the route was very dreary, over bare round hill tops and through cañons, sometimes narrow, but not deep or grand. In the first hour we quite lost the track, and wandered backwards and forwards across the head of the valley a long while before we could hit it again; later in the day the tire of one of our forewheels broke—rather a troublesome accident—and we had to splice it with a lariette, so that by dusk we only made the Sevier, a sharp stream, here some forty yards across, and the half-way point between Salt Creek and Fillmore. There was an excellent bridge, the second built there, one having been destroyed by the Indians; but we had to chop for a quarter of an hour at the ice to water our mules: like genuine mules (if hybrids can be called genuine) they would not go near the water for a long while, and at last when they did, pulled away right into the middle of the stream, owing to its swiftness unfrozen, and stood half an hour's pelting and swearing at before they would come out again: I envied their power of endurance in that cold water. It was too cold for us to camp out, so after two or three hours' rest and supper, such as one can get with damp fuel and snow on the ground, we travelled on. A settlement here is much wanted, and has been often meditated; but Mormons believe the name of the river to be the *Severe*, and have an account of the sufferings of some of their first explorers a few winters back, which prevents any one living here. According to what one can hear, the river, after some further course westward, sinks into the sand and disappears altogether; others, but fewer, speak of a Lake Sevier: either name is common in the great basin.

At night the cañon had a pleasanter appearance; but the stars seemed to move across it very slowly. By daybreak we reached Cedar Spring, at the entrance to Paravan Valley; there was here a small fort, *i. e.* walled enclosure, fifty yards square, with a couple of houses in it where we breakfasted. Paravan Valley is very spacious, and the mountains round it are lower than round most valleys; as the mist lay upon the plain, and the ridges jutted out as into a sea, I could well have thought myself once more by an unforgotten

Devonshire bay. The valley bottom is pleasantly diversified by scattered cedars, rather what we should call junipers; when in masses upon the mountains, they are gloomy enough, but when the light can pass through them, and particularly the light of such a brilliant Sunday morning as this one, and with the reflection from the smooth snow, they are very cheerful.

Fillmore, the Territorial capital, is at present a very poor-looking village, surrounded by a palisade instead of a wall; but Mormons say it is to be a city: the one wing of the State House, built of red granite, is very creditable; though American State Houses are generally classical architecture spoilt, and this is going to follow the national example. Church was going on when we arrived, but I stood outside, and saw and heard Brigham fiercely denouncing the sale of Land-warrants. When any man has served a certain number of days against an enemy he is entitled to a land-warrant for—I forget how many acres; the land may be chosen in any part of the United States where the Federal Government has land for sale. From the several Indian wars in Utah a large number of men had just received land-warrants, and some of the merchants offered to buy them at about two-thirds their nominal value, and pay most part in goods; of course they would have taken the warrants to the "States" and sold them for cash at their full value: many holders were attracted by the immediate gain, but Brigham denounced the whole system. "You know," said he, "we have not paid for one acre of land we now occupy; some day or other the United States will have all these valleys surveyed, and the land will come into market; now if you keep all these land-warrants there will gradually be enough to secure among ourselves all the land we have, otherwise you won't be able to pay for it: Gentiles will come and claim your farms; you can't submit; then the United States will have the opportunity they're always on the look-out for: they'll send a large army, and then there'll be hell." The last expression had a clever ambiguity as to how the United States army would be received: the advice shows Brigham's shrewdness and foresight. One of the Mormon merchants present, rose and said he had never meant to have taken the warrants to the States without consulting the President; but knowing how difficult it was to manage a number of people, he thought to buy the warrants up and deal with them as he should direct. Brigham evidently thought the answer humbug, for he said in a loud voice, "Brother Thomas, I am very glad to hear your explanation, and I hope all present will remember it well, for I shall certainly hold you to it." Brother Thomas looked unutterable things: he was fairly caught.

In the evening I heard a "discourse" from Orson Pratt, intellectually the ablest man among the Mormons—at least of those known. Mormons seldom preach from a text, but from the nature of his subject, Orson Pratt was, I dare say, glad to bring in a little

Scripture. He read the account of "the young man who went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." After some comment, in good language, but not otherwise remarkable, he turned aside to the real topic—the propriety of individuals surrendering their property to the Church. This, he said, had been ordered on two previous occasions—in Missouri and at Nauvoo I think—but few had complied. Now no order was made, but "our beloved First Presidency" gave those who wished, the opportunity of doing so; five or six had already embraced it; he hoped more would: there would be trustees of the Church in whom all such property would be vested. He dwelt on the community of all things in the Primitive Church, and on the scriptural duty of a universal equality, which would be realised by no one having anything. "But some," he continued, "may ask 'How then are we to live?' Why the Church will give you stewardships, to one of ten talents, to another of five, to another of one talent according to your fitness: equality of property is enjoined, but nowhere equality of stewardships. Of the profits each of you make annually, the Church will grant you according to your needs, fear not."

He then argued at some length on the advantages of this power vested in the Church, while, as now, they were hampered by the laws of the United States; which he did not recommend being disobeyed. "If," said he, "the Church owned the whole of Salt Lake City, and any one, Gentile or Mormon, became an abomination to us, the Church would say to the man, 'Leave this house: it is our house;' and to all others, 'if you let this man live with you, you also shall leave your house, and the city.' And if the Church owned all the settlements, it could say to the offender 'You shall not stay among us;' and if the whole country, 'You shall not stay in this land at all.' And all this could be done without violating a single law of the United States." Truly, if this plan were carried out, a man would feel comfortable, knowing that at any moment he could be kicked out of house and city and country: why, one might almost as well be a Sutherlandshire cottier. For the fun of the thing, I often suggested to Mormons the duty of at once giving up their property; but from the very grumpy way in which they received the suggestion, I doubt whether a dozen in all will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by "our beloved First Presidency." Still, one must give Orson Pratt the credit of having argued well in a very bad cause, and of possessing great fluency of speech, a sufficient command of language, and a fair delivery.

We stayed at the principal inn or boarding-house; though for the matter of "principal," Fillmore only possesses two, and no other settlement any. The house was thronged with dignitaries—ecclesiastical, legislative, and judicial. I felt infinitely smaller among them than at Willard's Hotel, Washington, among the national legislators: it was all—"What do you think of this, judge?" "What came next, coloed!" There was only one lady at dinner, a Gentile lady, the wife of one of the United States judges; she was rather handsome, and rather reserved: the latter very naturally in such society. Mormons, of course, could not find accommodation here for half a dozen wives apiece, and, therefore, leave them all at home.

The chief topic of discussion was a proposal just made to establish a daily line of stages from the Missouri, through Salt Lake to California; the journey to be made in fifteen days, and, therefore, even from New York, three or four days quicker than by the Panama route. The difficulties of the plan, the vast expense of providing animals for nearly 2000 miles' coaching, the necessity of establishing inns of some kind every ten or fifteen miles, the danger from Indians, and the clear impossibility of continuing the line through the winter, were set forth by one party; others demonstrated the certain profit from the scheme as a business, the advantages to the country of an influx of wealth, the probability of their carrying the United States mails, and receiving a good fat sum for the work, &c. The Chief Justice particularly advocated the plan, saying what a grandeur it would add to the Church: people would say, "These Mormons we abused and persecuted have succeeded in what our Federal Government dare not attempt; there must be something in Mormonism, after all:" it must increase the Church both numerically and in reputation. This from a Gentile judge sounded rather like "soft sawder," for which the Chief Justice had somewhat a character, as I have before mentioned.

Another and more amusing subject, though one not to be broached before the Chief Justice, was the impending trial of Judge Drummond; the same who very properly denied the criminal jurisdiction of the Mormon probate judges. The story ran thus:—

The judge fell to playing at cards with Abraham, the one Jew of Utah; a quarrel arose; the judge restrained his own hands, but next morning his servant Cato, the one negro in Utah, spat in Abraham's face and pulled his nose. The Jew appealed to the laws of his country; for he was a Mormon and an American citizen. Here was a grievous offence: it was not simply an assault, but the assailant was one of the accursed race, "the descendants of Cain and Canaan," and he attacked one of the chosen race, and the solitary one whom Mormonism had a claim to. The judge and Cato were summoned before the very probate judge whose jurisdiction Judge Drummond denied: in fact, he ought himself to have heard the case. Here was an elegant complication: the judge refused to come. What could be done next? Some said he would be taken *vi et armis*, and probably have three months in the Penitentiary; others thought the Chief Justice should hear the case.

There also was a civil action against the Chief Justice, for refusing to give a certificate to practise law to a man pronounced competent by examiners whom he had appointed; but somehow, for reasons no one knew, the examiners, though Mormons, were expected to run counter to their own signatures and support the Chief Justice. Thirdly, there was a civil action against Judge Drummond for false imprisonment.

Some months before, a Mormon freebooter, named Munro, had fortified himself with a few companions near the Humboldt River, on the Northern route to California, and from thence plundered, and occasionally murdered passers-by: Mormon or Gentile, all came alike to him. Late in October a band of forty men, strongly armed, were sent to effect his capture; which they did by a surprise: no one commonly travels that route after the snow sets in, so it was not difficult. Munro's wife, it was said—for apparently he had but one—begged them piteously, and at last with hysterical vehemence, to let her husband go, promising that he should at once make for California; but they refused her, for he had brought discredit on the Mormon name: they returned to Salt Lake with their prisoner, after six weeks' absence; not before much anxiety for them had been expressed. On investigation it seemed next to impossible to obtain a conviction, all the witnesses being in California; accordingly the authorities determined to try him on some traditional murder of an Indian on the Santa Clara. As this place lies to the South, and in Judge Drummond's district, the prisoner was taken to Fillmore; but, for want of evidence, the trial was postponed, and, there being no safe prison at Fillmore, the Secretary of State carried him back to Salt Lake City. Judge Drummond, considering this act a breach of his judicial authority, sent and seized on the persons of the Secretary and two or three other officials, and both they and the prisoner were brought back to Fillmore—in irons, the last version of the story said. After a while they obtained a release, and now had brought an action against the judge for false imprisonment; and this trial also Drummond himself ought to have heard: assuredly the judiciary of Utah was altogether in a queer jumble.

Jan. 7th.—Ninety miles from Fillmore to Parowan, the next settlement. Left about noon; Savage having been delayed by an interview with Brigham, from whom he had several letters to convey: a four-horse waggon in company; the Scotchman and Thrupp, our real travelling companion, who caught us up this morning, along with it. Camped from six to eight for supper at the southern end of the valley. Plenty of dry cedar wood; no water but melted snow. Travelled till one A.M. up the cañon, often a steep ascent. Camped from one till three, for supper, or breakfast, at the "Tavern," formed by two cedar-trees interlacing their boughs so thickly as to keep out snow and even rain fairly: it is a point of honour not to build your fire so near either tree as to injure it, nor yet to cut branches off them for fuel. Still only thirty miles from Fillmore. Left at three, the other waggon remaining behind. After sunrise, began to descend; but, for several miles, the snow in the cañon was pretty well two feet deep—sometimes more. The valley beyond a very fine one; mountains on each side, and the bottom divided by low cross ridges, pleasant shrubberies of pitch-pine and cedarwood. Reached Beaver Creek at noon—thirty miles in nine hours; tolerably fagged ourselves, having walked a great deal—the worst if not the best part—of the way; the mules looked done up, but, after they had found a bit of ground free from snow, and taken a good roll in the dirt, they seemed to revive wonderfully: rolling, I think, does a mule more good than either grain or water. The creek had a sharp bright current; as we found, after, with great difficulty, breaking a hole in the ice, which was eight or nine inches thick. The day was very brilliant, and the white stems of the cottonwood trees around the creek shone like marble columns against the blue sky. Beaver Creek would be a fine position for a settlement: one was then spoken of, and, probably, before now has been commenced.

Started at four: at sundown reached the end of the valley, and began to ascend the cañon; snow bad, but not, as in the cañon, at the North of the valley. After three hours' ascent crossed the "divide;" then all downhill into and along Little Salt Lake Valley: very little snow. S. and myself both sleepy, or we might have got on quicker, as the mules rattled on finely when we kept them at it. Reached Parowan at two A.M.—

thirty-eight hours, and thirty of them actual travelling hours, over our ninety miles from Fillmore. Hungry, and cold, and tired—the last most—so, as soon as possible, we lay down to sleep on the floor before the fire.

Jan. 9th.—Little Salt Lake Valley is about the size of Utah Valley, I should think; the hill-sides—except high up, where the snow is on them—are of a bright red: we are in Iron County now. Parowan is but a small settlement, with rather a dreary look; but a fine stream, and a pretty hostess: the former frozen, the latter frigid. At the same house with us, were two or three men taking to Fillmore some Indian witnesses against Munro: in spite of protestations to the Indians that they will be fed and well treated (and eventually become "a white and delightsome people"), they have already made two or three attempts at escape. Savage, though pretty friendly to Indians, only half likes this plan of trying to convict a man of killing an Indian on the evidence of Indians. It is a difficult question. If a white man kills an Indian wantonly, is it not murder? if you do not punish such acts, can you blame Indians for taking the law into their own hands? But again: Indians, nine times out of ten, will rob you if they can; this being their character, if you shoot an Indian from a belief you are in danger, can you be blamed? Ought a jury to convict a white man of murder upon mere Indian testimony? It is not unlike the case of negro evidence against white men in the slave States: you may blame the slavery system, but not along with that system the refusal to admit black evidence against white men—it could not be done with safety. So of uncivilised tribes in a country professedly organised: but Munro being an undoubted murderer, the Mormons—and it is one of the defects in all their ideas of law—chose to strain a point in the individual case.

I do not like Indians; no one travelling across Indian country does: they are a nuisance. Besides, you see too much or too little of them: anything between a paper acquaintance and a life among them is nasty and uninteresting. But much of their hostility (as in the last wars in Oregon and Washington Territories) has been caused by emigrants wantonly firing at natives, just for rifle practice, when they thought it safe; sometimes when it was not so. Six men were camped on the Mohave; across the river, in the brushwood, a few Indians were gathered around a fire; a squaw was cooking. One of the Americans had made a bet that he would kill an Indian before they got through. There was but another hundred miles of travel; and his companions had twitted him with the loss of his bet. "Now," said he, "I will save myself." The rest begged him not to fire, both on account of the cruelty, as well as the danger to the whole party if more Indians were in the neighbourhood; and the bet was offered to be drawn. He laughed, brought up his rifle, and shot the squaw dead. In half an hour the scene was changed: the

Mohaves are a warlike tribe, and there were many in the rear; they gathered silently; silently crossed the river, the few around the fire still busied about their cooking and the dead squaw: the first sign of danger the travellers had was the sudden stampede of their animals, several of which the Mohaves laid hold of, and then advanced. At 100 yards the arrow of the Indian is almost as deadly as the rifle bullet, and 150 against 6 are long odds. The Mohaves sent an ambassador to demand the surrender of the murderer; he, to do him justice, was not a coward, and, unwilling that the lives of all should be sacrificed to his own folly (for anything else I do not suppose he thought it), prevailed on his comrades to let him go. The Indians brought back the captured animals, and recrossed the river with their prisoner; then, on the spot where the squaw fell, they flayed him alive, and buried her, wrapped round in the skin of her murderer. Spaniards, who have no love for their conquerors, say the American still wanders on the banks of the Mohave, and on cold frosty nights may be heard piteously wailing for his lost skin. I have slept near the legendary spot, and the night was among the coldest of those in January, when the moon is bright; but whether the sound I heard was the wailing of the American, or the bark of a distant cayote, I cannot tell: cold as that night was, I put my head far out of the blankets; for on such an unromantic soil, one cannot afford to disbelieve a single legend, or miss the sight or sound of a single ghost.

Easy travelling to-day after the hard work of yesterday; very little snow even on the "divide," which is merely a gradual rise of the valley bottom: the mountains on each side do not approach. The wind blew very strongly from the South, making quite a thaw. This valley is a large one, stretching away far to the West. Reached Cedar City, the last of the settlements, before dark, having made the 275 miles from Salt Lake City under the week, one day of which we laid by: not bad travelling, with the same animals all through, and considering the snow on the ground.

Cedar City is not more of a city than any other of the cities in Utah, but I like it best of the settlements. It is a square of half a mile, with almost contiguous houses on each side, and the hinder wall of these forms the fortification of the place; the centre of the enclosure is used as farm-yard ground, corrals for cattle, &c., so that the place is very open and with a delightful airiness; but, of course, in time, there will be cross streets. We had often bantered Savage about his having but one wife, as, being mail-carrier, he ought, we said, at least to have one at each end and one in the middle of the journey; but when I saw what a pretty wife his was—for we stopped at the house—I no longer wondered: she had the finest eyes of any woman in Utah. Three or four bonny children—for my part I think "bonny" the bonniest word of any language—had come to the gate of the city to hail their sire's return, and climb into his waggone for a ride. Found the mail-contractor had sold the contract, and come to pay off Savage and take away his mules; so we shall carry the mail no further.

Jan. 10*th.*—Walked up to the iron works, a little North of the city; the foundry seems well built, but nothing was being done now, as Coal Creek, their water power, was frozen up. The ore is brought from some twenty miles off on the Western side of the valley, as the settlement, like all others, is on the Eastern side. I do not know why they do not smelt on the spot. Wood and coal are used together for the smelting, and there is plenty of pitch-pine and cedar wood round. Fell in with an old "plains'" acquaintance, an Englishman—not of our train: he was an iron roller by profession. I suppose he will become a Mormon, for he said he thought polygamy right enough; but not men of sixty marrying girls of sixteen, as is not very uncommon. Tithes and taxes most stuck in his throat. I wrote two letters for him; to his brother, who was engaged in iron works at Philadelphia, and to a friend at a St. Louis rolling mill. I could not help laughing, for he commenced the dictation "I take up my pen to write these few lines," &c.

Met also, the "old Italian." He had started from Salt Lake on a pony, and for precaution always slept with the end of the picquet rope under his head; but as it was of leather the wolves had gnawed it in two, and the pony escaped a few miles beyond Cedar. So he returned to Cedar; and that he might the quicker recover his pony and obtain more work (though I have never found religion made a question in employment), he became a Mormon, with most indecent speed: partly for fear the creek should freeze all over and prevent his receiving baptism. To me he did not profess any belief in the religion, but said, "Now I can get as much tinkering work as I like, and charge what I like, for they 've all old coffee-pots, and no one to mend them; and they make a great deal of me, for I can play the violin (not the fiddle, even now!) and play for them at church, and when there 's a dance, and at theatricals. I 'm going to be married next week to a pretty girl, and I shall have another before the winter 's out. Then in spring I shall pretend I 'm going to the next settlement, and slip away to California. I 'll leave my wives what I 've made, and they 'll soon marry again. I want to go where there 's money to be made."

CHAPTER IX.

UTAH TO CALIFORNIA.

The happiest lives are not those treated of in biographies, nor does the pleasantest journey always afford the best materials of a narrative. If it is new scenery that delights you from day to day, or the incidents of travel, or the friendliness or peculiarities of the people among whom you travel, you may find plenty to write of; yet a journey with few incidents, and through a country neither in the main beautiful nor inhabited, does not necessarily lack a continuous charm—that inherent in a rambling and gypsy life. Our own company was but a trio, Thrupp, Savage, and myself; though for two or three days we camped along with the ex-mail contractor and his lieutenant. Thrupp rode; we drove a couple of fresh mules; but often he was glad to rest in the waggon, and one of us glad of a turn riding. We took a little grain for our mules.

Jan. 12th.—Camped on the Mountain Meadows—a long valley bottom of grassland, now dry enough. This is properly the Rim, as it rises slightly in the middle, and water from one end falls into the great Basin, from the other into the Colorado.

Jan. 13th, Sunday.—No way along the water. Crossed two ridges; and then had twenty-five or thirty miles almost all down hill. The road wound, as it were, through a shrubbery of fine juniper and brushwood, the red soil and scattered rocks continually peering out. The Santa Clari is a rapid and sparkling mountain burn; its valley is often very narrow between high ridges and precipices, then widening out again, and giving a view of big rugged mountains far in front. Abundance of cottonwood along the water. Indians used to be very hostile here, and from the nature of the ground difficult to contend with on a sudden; now they are friendly. Towards evening left the Santa Clari; then ten or twelve miles of ascent, and through some passes only a few yards wide: almost fine scenery. Camped, after forty miles in all: plenty of cedar-wood and sage-brush; but no water for the animals. Built a roaring fire, and after supper made our bed on the ground, which was frozen hard. Thrupp seemed very chary about dirtying his bran-new blankets; put mine and the wolf-skins all below. We stuck our coats, boots, and revolvers under our heads, and slept capitally; protected by boughs of cedar wood, formed into a hedge, against the wind which blew fiercely, and with our feet to the fire. A cotton quilt having been put uppermost caught fire in the night from a spark, and burnt through all the upper blankets, till it reached Thrupp's leg, and woke him. Felt like laughing; Thrupp's blankets all with holes big enough for a horse to put his head through; mine escaped. Thrupp very angry with Savage for having brought a cotton quilt; but Thrupp put it on the top himself to keep his own bedding from the frost. Since we left the Basin the day is quite hot, but the night as cold as ever.

Jan. 14*th.*—Made twenty miles before breakfast (at noon), down a long slope, with little vegetation but various kinds of cactus, the very dreariest of all vegetation. Early in the afternoon struck the Rio Virgin, a stream very unworthy of its name: it was muddy, but with plenty of water, and a strong current, though there had been no rain. The river winds about in its valley, a hollow seldom half a mile wide, and shut in on either side by cliffs; from the top of these the "bench" spreads in almost level plains to the foot of the low mountain ridges several miles off. Some timber and plenty of brush-wood along the water, but no richness or pasture; soil a deep sand, very tiring to our animals, and we had to walk most of the way ourselves. Crossed the river eight or nine times; water never deep enough to wet the waggon-bed. Made forty miles again to-day. Good bunch grass—though quite dry—for the mules; enough sage-brush for fuel.

Jan. 15*th.*—Up, according to the order of the day, when the morning star appeared. Met the up mail to Salt Lake, a little behind time: it was carried on pack mules. Soon after, to our great disgust, met a number of Piede Indians; there was no danger from them, as we formed a strong party, five men and eight revolvers: besides, they knew S. well from his having often travelled along that way, and one after another came up crying, "How do, Suvvidge?" He gave them biscuits and raw potatoes—a great deal more liberally than I, knowing our limited stock, half fancied. They were dressed, or semi-dressed, in grey rabbit-skins, and though they have little to eat looked fat enough. If they manage to steal a mule or horse they kill and eat him; for they own no animals themselves, not even dogs; and there are very few bits of ground where you could raise an ear of corn after the Santa Clari: we saw a few patches on that. They all had bows and arrows, but looked very eagerly at a large bundle of both which Leach (the ex-contractor) had bought of Indians further North, and now tied on a pack-saddle; but we kept a good look-out against their stealing. One of them begged us to carry for him a large ball of sitcup, dry stuff, looking like buffalo chips, in reality made of juniper berries; it is saw-dusty, and with a peculiar flavour, but still eatable; one would not think it very nourishing. Another Indian managed to reach and break a piece off the ball, but was soon discovered munching by the rightful owner, when an amusing scene took place.

We travelled, in all, about thirty miles along the Rio Virgin, in which distance the river had sunk from 100 feet or so below the level of the beach, to a good deal over 300 feet; the ascent was up a kind of buttress, projecting from the cliffs, very steep and very narrow. The Indians helped us along by pushing the waggon. Beach land no longer covered with sage-brush, but very thinly with a very thin shrub, of which no one here seems to know nor to have a name: difficult enough to make anything like a fire of it.

Camped early and started off again about sundown, wishing to strike the Muddy an hour or two after dark, so as to escape the annoyance of Indians; but they had heard of our coming, and were soon up on seeing our fire; only however a dozen or so. Two of them were chiefs of the Muddy and Rio Virgin bands of Piedes, respectively; and within the last year they had been baptized Mormons, but, I suspect, knew little of Mormon theology. One of them pointed ludicrously to his own filthy naked figure, and said, "Toe--mas!" and then to that of his compeer, who was a trifle cleaner, "I--sak!" More wretched-looking savages one could hardly imagine: they were fully as far below Crows or Cheyennes, as the latter are below white men; yet they are those who have had but little intercourse with whites: none, probably, till within the last ten years; for this was never a trapping country. They used to be hostile, but, since their baptism, are friendly, and were not ill-mannered: they sat patiently around the fire till we had finished our supper, and gave them one; that, certainly, they soon cleared off, and, like Oliver Twist's early companions, polished our dishes and spoons afterwards.

The Muddy is a deepish and somewhat rapid stream, a few yards wide, and of a luke-warm temperature, but not at all bad-tasted. From this stream to Los Vegos there is an interval of fifty-five miles without water; in summer it is necessary—and even now it was desirable—to travel some part of the way at night. Started at two A.M. An Indian boy who had expressed a desire to go with Leach to California turned traitor; the bows and arrows were his temptation. As he could not untie their fastenings, he unbuckled the pack-saddle, and went off with the whole batch; to have followed him in the dark would have been impossible, for the robbery was not discovered for half an hour, so he got off.

Terribly deep sand for miles together, so that when we camped for breakfast at eight we had made less than twenty miles. Los Vegos stands in the middle of a valley some thirty or thirty-five miles wide, and of considerable length, its lower end opening on the Colorado. It had during the last summer been occupied by a small party of Mormons, though, probably (for geography in these parts is a little uncertain), lying in a corner of New Mexico. The fort was a space eighty or ninety yards square, enclosed by a wall of dobies twelve feet high; except where the backs of the two or three houses are built upon it. Close beside it flows a small delicious stream, such as you may jump across, but deep, clear, and very swift—in fact, truly a gushing stream. Lower down there were ploughed lands and cattle grazing. The place is not ill-suited for a settlement, and is already very serviceable to travellers; at this time there were two dozen men there, but no woman. One man, I understood, had wished for a squaw as his wife: not one specially pretty squaw, but only some squaw or other; the president of Los Vegos (for even this fort had its president—spiritual, not temporal—and we brought him a long letter from Brigham) sent an embassy to the Colorado Indians. They answered that they had but few squaws and valued them very highly, in fact, loved them quite as much as the Mormons did their cattle, and could not spare one; however, on being pressed further, they offered to give a squaw if a white woman were brought in her stead: but this did not suit the views of the ambassadors, so the wedding did not take place. From the Mormon belief as to Indians, a marriage of this kind would not be objected to; though the converse, I suppose, would: but a Mormon certainly would not be allowed to marry a negress; and I have been told that if an elder were to ordain a negro (though, perhaps, the ordination would be valid, and confer the spiritual gifts of eldership), the elder so doing would certainly be damned for it to all eternity.

We stayed at Los Vegos to rest; having made the 200 miles from Cedar City in five days. We got our mules shod, and also a fresh mule as a change; for the travelling before us was, at least, as bad as the preceding. One evening a meeting was held, and brother Savage was called on to address the meeting; he acquitted himself better than I expected by far—Mormons have no nervousness in getting up off-hand to speak. The president asked me to speak, but I declined, not wishing either to soft-sawder, or have a controversy.

Jan. 18*th.*—The cliffs soon after you leave the valley of Los Vegos are very beautiful from their colour, the purple and crimson as rich as those of the most gorgeous sunset. The Mountain Springs, too, was a pretty spot, among pine, and cedar-wood, and high mountain tops; and though a regular camping place on the route, yet with an air of solitude very impressive. A small bright-blue bird, the first sign of a warmer climate, kept hopping round and, as it seemed, warming himself at our pine-wood fire, all the time singing merrily. Though at a considerable elevation, we found no snow here, nor even saw it on the peaks very much above us; but at Cottonwood Creek, fifteen miles back, and before you begin to ascend, we came upon a little in a sheltered place—the only snow we saw in the four hundred miles from the rim of the Basin to the Sierra Nevada. From the Mountain Springs to the Kingston Springs you have forty miles without water; the ground, till you descend from among the mountains, is hard, but then loose sand again—wide plains of dreary cactuses, and one long region of utterly herbless sand, known as the Dry Lake. This name is very applicable to the appearance; but I believe there is no sufficient reason for supposing water ever covered this or any of the "Dry lakes:" they are not uncommon in this country. Low mountain ridges are visible in the distance, but not in all directions. We travelled from sundown to noon, with only a couple of hours' halt between. The last few miles there was all the appearance of a dry watercourse, with bushes round it here and there; but there was no sign of a spring. I suppose it once used to rain in this region, but not within the memory of late travellers; and the mountains have no snow on them.

The Kingston Springs, several in number, rise out of a small hillock of rotten black earth, covered on the surface with a white crust; the effect of the alkali with which the water is very strongly impregnated and made unpleasant to drink. We left again about sundown for a similar forty-mile journey to the Bitter Springs. Early in the evening a meteor as it fell passed distinctly between us and a ridge some five miles in front; it had an apparent size nearly twice that of Venus.

Reached the Bitter Springs at noon, in which I could taste no bitterness at all, only an alkali taste as usual. The water seemed to run southwards towards the Colorado, but very likely never reached it: this is in fact the explanation of the unfavourable nature of the route; you are travelling the whole time parallel to the Colorado, and yet—Los Vegos was an exception—above the head of the valleys that (I suppose) open on to it. According to what I was told by some of the Los Vegos Mormons who had explored a part of the country, you cannot travel along the Colorado itself, as the river continually passes between perpendicular cliffs; nor nearer it than the common route, on account of the impassable cross ridges. I do not know how far the Great Basin may be considered to extend along the Sierra Nevada to the South-West; but the whole way on from the river where we crossed it, not a drop of water comes from the right of our line of travel to the Colorado, or consequently to the Pacific.

As there was tolerable bunch grass near the Bitter Springs, we turned our mules out to feed; for they had had nothing but a short allowance of grain during the hundred and fifteen miles from Los Vegos. Thrupp and I lay down to sleep; Savage was to keep one eye on the mules, but unluckily took out a Piede vocabulary to learn the language, and being tired, very naturally fell asleep too; so when we woke about sundown the mules were all gone. Thrupp and Savage went different ways after them, and I, as soon as possible, raised a fire; expecting, what happened, that Thrupp would lose himself; and by the time the fire blazed up high he found he was a mile away exactly in the opposite direction from that he had started in.

Afterwards they both went out together, and when the moon rose, found the track, turning back the way we had come and striking the road eight miles off; but several times the mules trotted away before they could get near, and it was only after a long circumbendibus they caught them, twenty miles from camp. Meanwhile I kept camp alone, and for security slept in the waggon with my Deane and Adams and a big Colt quite handy. Indians a short time before had killed a man near the Kingston Springs; but there is not often much fear of them in such a desolate country. The stillness was intense: I do not believe there can be a living animal round there at all, and vegetable life, Heaven knows! is scanty enough; though here there was a small thick prickly shrub not bad to make a camp-kettle boil: but winter is not the time for botanical observations, so this description must suffice. My two companions returned tired enough, and not sorry for the contents of my whisky-flask, prudently kept during the whole journey for a pinch like this. They and our mules had travelled eighty miles in the twenty-four hours, and it is a bad choice between going on foot or riding without a saddle.

From the Bitter Springs one has fifteen miles of gradual ascent till the ground rises almost to a level with the tops of the ridges, and then a sudden steep descent into a cañon, and so to an entirely lower range of country, viz. the valley of the Mohave. This contrast of the slope on either side of the summit appears one of the characteristics of the region. At the very bottom of the cañon were signs of former running water; but all now was sand, hopelessly deep and dry, and with scarcely a particle of herbage. The ridges on each side, though by no means of enormous height, were remarkable for the grace and variety of their outline; which, in the clear cold moonlight, was "blackly shadowed" on the white ground. I think I never till that night half appreciated Byron's lines:

> "'T is midnight: on the mountains *brown*
> The cold, round moon looks calmly down."

The mountains themselves looked intensely brown, as their shadows did intensely black.

After passing the mouth of the cañon we found sand grass here and there: sand grass is smaller and finer than bunch grass, and of the two the best feed, though neither are bad, even when dry. The Mohave is a tributary of the Colorado, and has at this point a North-East direction: that is, right away from the coast and the intervening watershed of the Sierra; further on it turns Eastward till its junction with the greater river. We travelled up it, with the exception of a cut-off here and there, for fifty miles: the scenery at parts is not unpleasing, and generally has a good deal of what, for want of a better phrase, I call the "border" colour and character; there is woodland and some grass along the water, and animal life begins to reappear. In the dusk, as I was getting water, a cayote came down to drink, only four or five yards off; after a minute or two he saw me and trotted off gently. My revolver was in the waggon, but I should not have fired at him any way; I enjoy fishing and shooting as much as any one, but I will not kill even a poor cayote for the mere sake of killing, or to keep my hand in practice. Next morning we luckily fell in with a provision waggon taking supplies to a surveying party somewhere on the river; for the Mohave lies within the boundary of the State of California. People in an uninhabited country are a good deal like ships at sea; they supply one another as they can spare. Owing to Savage's hyper-liberality to the Indians, we were out of everything but a little flour, which is not very cookable without adjuncts, and having made but a single meal the preceding day, were quite in the frame of mind when the smallest contributions are thankfully received. We were now in Lat. thirty-four degrees, and the days were very warm, but the nights continued as cold as ever: one night we left some water in a kettle and it was frozen into a solid lump by morning. Speaking by guess, I should think the temperature of 2 P.M. and an hour before daybreak must have differed nearly fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

From the last crossing of the Mohave there is a long gradual rise precisely like that described a page or two back, except for a sprinkling of cedar wood —the first for 180 miles—over the highest part; and this rise terminates similarly in a sudden steep descent and a cañon, but on a far larger scale than the preceding. We had travelled from an hour or two after midnight, and when the sun rose, the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada glistened to the right and left before us, but not by any means at a very great elevation above us. Mounting a small steep bank, in a moment one looked down into this gigantic cleft or cañon between the mountains. The descent is steep, perilously steep, except to walk down; and so sudden from your very feet, when you have reached the top of the bank, that the fore and hind wheels of a waggon seem almost to have a wedge between them. Cactus, of a somewhat more graceful kind than what we had previously seen, along with other prickly plants and some evergreen shrubs and small trees, gave almost a cheerful aspect to the mountain sides; then came live oak, and afterwards running water, with cottonwood trees as usual beside it. Though the main gap between the mountains widened out gradually, the cañon rather narrowed as we advanced, becoming in fact but the inmost of a number of folds (as a Greek would have said); and at times our route lay in the stream bed, with perpendicular cliffs on each side. Our progress was delayed a good deal by Savage in his reckless way driving fast down a stony descent, and breaking the tire of one of the wheels, which had to be fixed with a rope and withe bands.

The sun disappeared from us very early; but as we approached the mouth of the cañon, the detached pinnacles of Mount San Bernardino were still rosy. Eagerly I looked westward, not for the faded sunlight, but for the ocean behind which it had faded: one knew the ocean was still a good way off, but all my heart and every sense turned none the less thitherward. Late in the evening we reached the outskirts of San Bernardino, after a fifty-mile journey since our morning start; but to reach San Bernardino itself was quite a different thing: here, as around the settlement of Utah, roads intersecting at right angles perplex and mislead a stranger travelling after nightfall. We wandered backwards and forwards for an hour and more, and might at last have been obliged to camp out again, had not some native passed along that way and directed us; then we drove in. Thrupp bade us farewell and went to his friends; we drove to the Bishop's—a relative of Savage's, and the keeper of a hostelry—not sorry the day was done, and with the day the journey, for we were in California. And yet I had enjoyed the journey so much I was half sorry, though eager for the Pacific, and letters from home: not very eager, in truth, for a return to the restraints of city life or civilised touring.

San Bernardino is a Mormon settlement, colonised four years previously from Salt Lake; and, though in California, polygamy is practised the same as elsewhere. A very large majority of the inhabitants of the country are Mormons, and, in accordance with the

State Constitution, elect their own officers; who, very naturally, do not indict themselves or their electors. San Francisco papers now and then publish strong articles upon the subject, but the low morality of that city itself, and four hundred miles distance, make people there far too apathetic for a most unprofitable crusade south. The semi-Spanish population of Southern California are altogether friendly to the new-comers; who have in no wise interfered with them, but on the contrary proved a very useful rear-guard against Indian incursions. The place is built in orthodox Mormon fashion, with detached houses and rectangular streets; but there is no earthen wall round it. Agriculture is carried on to some extent in the neighbourhood, but owing to the drought can hardly be said to prosper in the best seasons; grazing is the chief business, and there is an excellent ranche purchased from some of the rich Spaniards of Los Angelos, for about 30,000 dollars: but, unluckily, by no means all paid for at present. Two of the twelve apostles, Rich and Lyman, were presidents here, and under them three bishops formed the ecclesiastical government.

Sunday.—Went to meeting at the School-house, but it was full before I got there—there is no other church: benches were placed for some distance round the door, by which the speaker stood, so as to be heard outside as well as in. The sacrament was administered; but here, as at Salt Lake, water was used, though pure wine can be obtained within forty or fifty miles. Mine host the bishop seemed an enthusiastic Saint, and gesticulated violently, though speaking merely on the spiritual part of Mormonism. Afterwards Rich the apostle—usually called General Rich, from his commission in the Nauvoo legion—spoke, quietly, and in the main sensibly, like the good plain sensible man he looked; except when once or twice he essayed the metaphysical, which did not suit him nearly as well as his compeer, Amasa Lyman.

Rich said that he had just received a letter from the First Presidency, appointing him to a mission in England, for which he should start in a short time. He was sorry to leave them, but his going or staying ought to make no difference in their prosperity. Brother Amasa (then absent at Salt Lake) would probably return to them; but whoever should be sent to preside over them, they ought to obey him, and then all would go well with them. Then he spoke on some local rights and wrongs. Brethren, he was told, had been in the habit of making a short cut across Brother ——'s land instead of going round by the road, and the cattle had done a good deal of mischief; this was most unjust, and must stop: he trusted to hear no more of it. Also on some provision for an aged widow: she could support herself by making and selling mats or baskets (I think) if she were once started; she wanted a cottage built and roughly furnished for her; surely among them they could subscribe enough for that: he had appointed the Bishop and four others he mentioned, as a committee to attend to it. He should preach that evening at —— (six miles off); he did not know that any of those present would want to come so far to hear him; still he would mention it. When the meeting separated, a great many people came up and shook hands with him and he seemed very friendly and familiar with them all. In the evening there was another meeting; some women—old women—spoke, but they had nothing to say: it does not seem much the fashion for the young women to speak.

There is now a considerable mixture of Gentiles in the place, and it is not unlikely that sooner or later this may lead to disturbances; for already they were becoming discontented with the Mormon ecclesiastical government (which, by its nominees, is the civil government also), and had organized an opposition "ticket." The tone of society is far less agreeable, and more money-making, than in Utah; conversation generally turned upon how much this man had lost, or that man gained, and who would get such a contract, and what was to be made of it: men seemed hankering to run away to the mines, and yet without pluck to do it—morally I mean, for there is no physical danger whatever. Some of the better sort complained of the double-facedness and dough-facedness of both Mormons and Gentiles in San Bernardino, who were afraid to speak their minds boldly, but would "speak smooth words, having war in their hearts." Altogether there was very little attraction about the place.

The good Bishop was the husband of one, and but one wife; a stout old lady, who could, I fancy, in case of need have proved a thorough termagant. Household work she did none; there were negroes to do that: niggers of all ages; half a dozen of them. The Bishop had originally owned them when slavery existed in California, and afterwards they continued with him in a voluntary servitude: now he was rather anxious to get rid of them, as they had little to do, and ate a good deal more than they worked.

At this time there was much noise about two negro families, some fourteen or fifteen in all, that their previous owner wished to carry away to Texas; and some one appealed to the United States district court on behalf of the children. Within a certain time after California became a free State, slaveholders were allowed to carry off their property; that time had expired, and the "property" had a voice in the matter: the plea made was that all the blacks were going with their former masters of their own free will, the mothers willing for their infant children. The court decided that the children should not be carried off, nor any of the others; unless, after being made fully aware of the effects of the step they were taking, they should adhere to their alleged previous choice; and the Marshal was ordered to prevent their abduction. The case was very similar to that where a slaveholder takes his slaves, personal domestics for instance, into a free State; if they choose to stay, as occasionally, but not very often, occurs, their master has no remedy: they are not fugitives who have come there by violating the laws of another State, but he has voluntarily brought them where his rights of property in them cease. According to legal phraseology, it is his own folly, and the law will not help him.*

After a few days' stay at San Bernardino, the Bishop had occasion to send down a waggon to the coast for a load of flour from the north. Lower California is never much of a wheat country, and this year the corn had failed very largely. San Bernardino is by road ninety miles from San Pedro and 120 from San Diego, the latter by far the worst road. I took the opportunity of a cheap conveyance to the former, and my good friend and comrade Savage came along a portion of the way, on a tour in search of cheap ponies, that he might drive back a dozen of them to the settlements in Utah and sell them for three times their original cost. Once more then *en route*.

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* This was written before the recent decision in Dred Scott's case.

CHAPTER X.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Once more *en route*, and for the last time. How long even two or three days appear when you are but fifty miles, as the crow flies, from that ocean you have been approaching for months! The journey is very different from that of last week; we have left the snow far north, except where it hangs hoarily on the mountain peaks. This is a climate where the January sun scorches with a summer-like heat at noon; and, instead of a biting frost, the drooping mist and night dew drench the blanket of the sleeping traveller, deliciously compensated by the unsurpassable freshness of the morning air. Mountain ridges many thousand feet high, look down upon pasture lands of young green clover or newly-ploughed fields, enclosed by high willow hedges already in leaf, or rows of dark stumps that you could hardly think the parents of the luscious grape; and here and there you may see a flat-roofed Spanish house, having in its rear a little grove of trees, through the dark leaves of which the bright oranges peep to tell you they are ripening, though a white blossom or two still remains. In front of the house a dark haired lady sits in the verandah, idly fanning herself, while at a short distance her lord, or father, dressed in black, and with a high-peaked straw hat on, stands quite as indolent, his hands in his pockets, or one of them holding a cigaretto, as he directs a little band of Indians in the cultivation of his garden or vineyard. Further on you may see scattered live oak, and low green sand-hills occasionally breaking into cliffs. But while my companion, Uncle Bill, calculates how many thousand head of cattle and horses old Domingas may have feeding on the green pasture-land, and how much he may still be worth after all the Americans have swindled him of—for Uncle Bill is a Mormon, and so but half an American—I, oblivious both of him and old Domingas, and of the scenery round, and even (shame on me!) of the dark-haired Spanish girl in the verandah, look forward eagerly to where, through a gap in the low green sand-hills westward, a dark blue line appears on the horizon, and that I believe to be no other than the broad Pacific.

If one could have cried out the cry of the Ten Thousand at one's first sight of the Salt Lake, how much more so at that of the veritable ocean! But then my companion would not vouch that one was able to see the Pacific from this point: nay, he could see no blue line at all, so my enthusiasm was reduced to the luxury of expectation. This was interrupted—and very amusingly—by our catching up a young Jew, a sort of merchant pedlar, with his packs slung upon a pony. After a fitting salutation—

"You are a Jew, are you not?" said Uncle Bill.

The other assented.

"We are of the tribe of Ephraim—the Mormons, you know, of Salt Lake."

This is one of the pieces of gross, almost inconceivable, absurdity to be found in Mormonism; the people are gathered, you might almost say, from every nation under heaven, and yet they profess to believe, and numbers do believe, that in a literal sense they are children of Ephraim: conversion is a proof of your having a drop of the true blood in your veins. The Jew was fairly flabbergasted at this new relationship—did not know what to make of it, whether to laugh or to embrace this new-found Israelite. Uncle Bill, with many polite remarks, added that the rest of the Ten Tribes were in the North country, and would turn up presently, and they and the Jews be gathered to their own country—nay, the Jews were already being gathered to Jerusalem: some had gone there. This was too much for the Jew: it was becoming serious. He was doing a thriving business, and had no wish to be "gathered:" he would sooner have been left, unlike the last rose of summer, when all his unlovely companions were gone, to monopolise the trade. Los

Angelos was his present Jerusalem, whither he was going to replenish his stock, now rather low by prosperous sales; and to be "gathered!" the very idea was rank treason. He could not laugh, but rapidly turned off down a road to the right, and we saw no more of him. I wished I could have photographed his face two or three times during the conversation.

Our road lay by a broad sluggish river, on which, and on the clover-pastures around and beyond, were millions and millions of wild geese, white and grey, the latter a good deal the most wary: I saw more geese there in two hours than in my whole life before or since; whole acres were covered with them, as thick as daisies on a lawn three summer days unmown. I fired my revolver several times ineffectually; never being able, from the level nature of the ground, to get within fifty or sixty yards, before they rose. In other parts the grass, for miles together, was strewn with little heaps of earth thrown out from the burrowings of the earth-squirrel, who generally sat on the top of the heap, sunning himself—a reddish-gray object, very much like the prairie-dogs; but that the latter are nearly white, and of larger size. It was too late to reach San Pedro that evening, at least to do anything, so we camped out once more in a green hollow, beside an estuary, three miles from the coast. Waking up thirstily in the small hours, one heard through the silence, broken by no near sound but the tinkling of the mule-bell, that long-wished-for deep monotone of the Pacific;—

"There was no spot
Unhaunted by the murmurous sound of waves."

It is a sound, I think, that we all love; even if it sets us musing, perhaps, a little sadly now and then. Moreover I had not heard the sound for so long—for it is one not heard at sea—not since I had left England. Indeed the sound of these waves, of this ocean, I had never heard before; so, January 30th, you will be remembered by me no longer merely as the death-day of an English king, or the wedding-day of a French despot.

Alas! for expectation and enthusiasm. I had wished the morrow's sea view to be one such as you may look at from the top of the Undercliff at Bonchurch: even the dreariness of a low sandy beach would have been something; but there was the unhappiest mediocrity: the green plain of grass and clover was but some fifty feet above the sea level, to which it dropped with dull sandy cliffs; there was neither rock nor beach below, and the sea was glassy: it was a dead calm, but for a slight groundswell; and a grey mist over the water prevented my seeing a mile. Nevertheless, I walked down and bathed my hands in the water, and felt I had crossed the continent. This, perhaps, looks like sentimentality: if one had crossed the Isthmus of Panama it might have been so; but having left the Atlantic sea-board eight months before, and travelled of the last 2000 miles a great part on foot, and all laboriously, I had not unnaturally something of the feelings of a pilgrim arrived at the shrine of his devotion.

And of San Pedro, what? San Pedro is a *nom de* —Heaven knows what—a *nom de trois maisons.* In truth there are just so many, a warehouse being included; so, as the San Diego steamer had not yet passed on its down voyage from San Francisco, one had little temptation to remain there. Uncle Bill had soon loaded his waggon with fifty hundred-pound sacks of flour from the north, and we set off again in company. As bad luck would have it, the tire of a hind wheel broke as we trotted down a long slope, four or five miles from San Pedro; this brought us to a stand. We unloaded the waggon, and by the time it was done had the appearance of millers; then dissected the waggon, rather a heavy one for two men to handle; and finally, Uncle Bill poized the tireless wheel between the two fore wheels, and, harnessing his swiftest span of mules, drove off to the blacksmith's, while I remained to guard the cargo and the other mules. Next morning we rebuilt and reloaded the waggon, and again with some satisfaction contemplated its, if not our own, miller-like appearance. I bade good-bye to worthy Uncle Bill, and walked some eight miles to Los Angeles, which lies out of the direct route from San Bernardino, or the Monte, to the coast.

In the old time, before the American conquest, when California (or rather a small strip along the coast, for the Indians possessed all the remainder) was under a Mexican government, Los Angeles was the capital. It is a little bit of a town, less than half a mile square, but of some trifling commercial importance, as the market of a very large, though a thinly-populated district, including San Bernardino, and, to a small extent, even Salt Lake City itself. German and Polish Jews have still the main part of the business in their hands, though Americans are gradually working their way into competition; neither race are above keeping restaurants, billiard-rooms, and gambling-houses, which form a third of the place, and are the delight and ruin of the Spanish population. Excepting some few ugly new brick buildings, Los Angeles consists entirely of one-story houses with their flat roofs extending over the side walks, and forming arcades; the white and green of these has a cheerful and pleasant appearance, and no doubt they are very necessary in summer-time: indeed, a Spanish house, with its thick walls, high ceiling, and long large room, is by no means an uncomfortable place to live in, though Americans accustomed to five or six stories think the waste of ground terrible.

The Spanish population are, I believe, as yet in the majority; though one way or another ousted from all civil offices of importance; and, gradually losing all their wealth and position, they are a prey to their sharper neighbours. One of the first things that catches your eye is a notice on doorposts and in newspapers, such as the following: "Venta por el Sheriff. John Smith v. Jose Sepolva. El Sheriff vendera a la puerta de la casa di Condado al mayor postor, Todo ese &c. del dicho Jose Sepolva." So little justice is done between American citizens in California, that no one, I suppose, even pretends that a Spaniard, unless he offered a very heavy bribe, would have any chance of a favourable decision. Spaniards feel this, and also that they have come into competition with a more energetic race; consequently alongside with the former notice, you may read another saying that the Mexican government has offered lands and protection to all Spaniards who wish to leave California and settle in the border State of Sonora, and exhorting as many as can to go there while they have anything left to go with.

Even from this (though I have come to it from a great deal more) you may very soon come to a conclusion as to what benefits the existing population of any portion of Spanish America will gain by the annexation of their country to the United States. The very poor, who were a good deal tyrannized over previously, may gain; but no others: political liberty is nominal; the plebeians may vote for which patrician they prefer as consul for the ensuing year, but a plebeian cannot be elected. Americans, of course, carry their own freedom with them; but

American or Anglo-Saxon nature seems in all parts of the world to have very little sympathy with those over whom its dominion is extended, if of another race and language: at any rate it is so in California; and the term "a white man," as distinctive from a Spaniard, shows how much more likely it is that the latter race should remain abject and die out, than that it should merge in the former. Religious freedom, I suppose, exists; there seemed to be a sort of Protestant church, with a bishop self-ordained, and pretending to some direct revelation from heaven: an idea perhaps borrowed from the Mormons. A letter from a Catholic had just then appeared in the newspaper, addressing this individual, saying he had insulted their bishop, and that daggers awaited him at night; that the mark on his face (some slight deformity), which he pretended to have been placed there by God as a mark of distinction, was in reality the print of Satan's hand; that he was trying to loosen the foundations of the Holy Apostolic Church, but would merely pull down enough to bury himself, and that very shortly too. Very likely there will be murders on both sides, and the murderers, if caught, will certainly be executed with entire impartiality.

Neither Southern California nor Los Angeles was at all in a prosperous state when I was there. Cattle are the wealth of the country; and all the winter they had been starving for want of rain. When rain comes the feed becomes good, the cattle grow fat, speculators from the upper country buy them, money pours in, and some one or other takes the new house that Jack has built; unluckily, however, Jack has failed in the mean time. Rain is very uncertain here: the country seems to lie between the rainy season of Alta California and that of the tropics, and to get neither; for Upper California certainly has a rainy season, and hardly a drop at other times. Some one has yet to account for the climate; why you can sit without a fire in San Francisco while it is freezing intensely at Baltimore. Till this is explained, Lieutenant Maury seems a little hard in declaring that but for the gulf-stream ("*our* gulf-stream" as American newspapers say) England would have a winter as cold as that of Labrador. Fruit was tolerably abundant, oranges being generally sold by the bunch; and the native wine was very fair drinking; the one specialty, however, were the raisins, which they dry in the shade; and thus preserve a great deal of the delicious coolness of the grape, without that excess of sweetness which spoils most raisins. Nothing was *very* cheap, as there is no copper coinage, the lowest coin being the Real of twelve and a half cents.

Out-of-the-way place as Los Angeles is, an old "Illustrated" had found its way there; it was that containing the sentence of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates. Americans were not a little surprised at such even-handed severity upon offenders of that position in life; the more so from a comparison with the great

San Francisco bankruptcies, from which two or three of the most guilty and fraudulent concerned escaped scot free, and, what is more, with 100,000 dollars, or 200,000 dollars, of assets in their pockets.

Sunday.—One had a tolerable view of the women of Los Angeles on their way to and from High Mass; with a very few exceptions they wore the mantilla, a head-dress I am partial to; but it is sadly disappointing when it covers so many ugly faces: I saw but three pretty women, and not a dozen in all even moderately good-looking. The steamer reached San Pedro early in the morning, and the stages full of passengers drove in by noon. Later in the day waggons came; they are very heavy and drawn by six or eight span of mules, the driver riding on the near wheeler, and keeping those in front going by his voice: sometimes the end of the pole, and generally all the bars, draggled on the ground. Though the shops were shut, the business of importation did not seem at all to slacken on account of the day.

As I strolled along the streets a clear voice hailed me from the opposite side, "Italiano! Italiano!" and one of my old acquaintances of the Plains came up joyfully to shake hands once more. We had a long and pleasant walk among the gardens and vineyards of the neighbourhood, during which old times and new, all we had done together, and all since, and all we meant to do, were fully discussed. "E il vecchio? avete visto?" said he. When I told him how the old

Italian had lost his horse near Cedar City, and then went back and turned Mormon, and probably by this time had two or three wives whom he would desert in a few months, my friend, who was a sincere Catholic, and an honest fellow to boot, exclaimed, with horror, "O birbante di vecchio!" I responded; "O cattivo cavallo!" For himself he was a contented soul at all times, and with light agricultural employment and pay in "oro," none of the odious "lardo" to eat, but his wonted (and long unwonted) "formaggio," and, to make all go pleasantly, a pint or two of "vino" as in the "bel päese"—what more could he want?

Soon afterwards I met another old acquaintance, the little Frenchman, who from goldsmith and artist and Algerine soldier had now become cook to a French restaurant, and at this moment was habited in small white apron and paper cap. None the less we shook hands: pride is far too heavy an article to carry over land to California. Pity, however, I did feel: not for him certainly, for such little vicissitudes are among the enjoyments of life to those who can enjoy them; but deep pity for those who had to eat of his cooking. We talked as long as he could stay; though somewhat at random, for he would rattle on so fast, while I, from my previous two hours' Italian conversation, could not help now and then dropping in my bad French a word from the other language, to his utter mystification. Best of all little Frenchmen, though professing from the first to know Tuscan, to the last he never understood a word of Italian; not a syllable more now than ever: how should he? After two months in the Italian mess, he asked me if "mal e detto" did not mean bread and bacon; for his messmates, when they had finished their rations of those articles, always glared round hungrily, and cried "Maledetto! maledetto! maledetto!!"

Next day turned up my old friend the redoubted Nemehaw; who, though rather a sloven at all times, and dreadfully pusillanimous when himself sick, had been too kind to me during my sickness to be readily forgotten. He told me a good deal of their journey through to California, and one fact—though he did not tell it for that purpose—not a little to his own credit. Perhaps some one may still recollect the old Irishman, the same who was discharged from our train at Big Nemehaw Creek, and who along with the United States troops, and afterwards with a Mormon goods-train, had managed to reach Salt Lake City. He started thence for California with nothing for him to carry through but a small bundle, and nothing to carry him through but his own feet and his own indomitable pluck: but pluck will scarcely keep a man warm, when asleep upon the bare ground in the open air upon a winter's night. Nemehaw had a buffalo robe, and a man may sleep rolled up in one very comfortably almost anywhere; after a few days, he and his party caught up the old man, and thenceforth the two slept together under the one buffalo-robe, with sage-brush, or what they could find, as a mattrass between them and the frozen ground. Any one who has camped out in cold weather, when at least half your bedding is wanted below, and knows the suffering of having none, will appreciate the self-denial: it was the last verse of "Gaffer Grey"—they two were content if they travelled through without getting their limbs actually frozen. I did not commend Nemehaw; for though never impelled to doing a kind act or relating one by any idea of commendation, he, like many other good-hearted people, had a small amount of vanity, which, if aroused, would cause him to drag the circumstance again and again into conversation, till, instead of its original fragrance, it would begin to stink in your nostrils.

From Cedar City southward, the various small parties had united into a large body of forty or fifty, and they reached the Mohave without a morsel of food amongst them all, except a span of mules, and a couple of very lean baggage-horses. These were saved from the teeth of their owners by the appearance of a lame steer, a derelict of a large Texas herd bound westward: by midnight there was no derelict of him for the cayotes but his blood and bones—all else was eaten or packed up. Among these forty or fifty was my old messmate Moran, whom the forbearance of myself and the Mormon authorities had allowed to depart free, when arrested for the theft of my revolver. Moran expressed to Nemehaw that he bore me no malice for my part in the affair. No malice! truly the nature of some men approaches the angelical! no malice! when I had positively taken from him my own property! What a true spirit of Christian forgiveness! I wonder whether as a Catholic he had been to confession; but, as I have before said, Catholics in America, except in great cities, are apt to become rather lax, and even a little unbigoted.

Nemehaw, who was about the best Catholic of the lot, seemed a little ashamed when admitting to me that he had not yet been to confession, and tried to palm off something about the priests at Los Angeles being Spaniards. Now, he had no more chance; he was off to the Kern River mines along with an Englishman, a trader there. I walked out with him a mile or two, and we shook hands finally as the ox-team of their big waggon began plashing through the ford of the Los Angeles River. May your fortunes, Nemehaw, be as bright as the river of Los Angeles, and as high as your spirits when you crossed it that evening! for you deserve them all! Yet, after all, there is something of sadness in the parting of old friends who are never likely to meet again; and so Nemehaw, and still more I, who had no particular cause for exhilaration, both felt it.

As I stood one morning in the enjoyment of my cigar and the sunshine and the fresh breeze from the neighbouring sea, a straw passed by, showing which way the wind blew. Two or three little Spaniards began to play marbles close to me; presently an American boy joined them: the nasal twang of his English, and—which had a more ludicrous effect—of his smattering of Spanish, proclaimed him, unmistakably, a "Down-Easter." After some few games, in which the American, even by aid of bullying—for he was the biggest—could not succeed in winning much, he changed his tone, and, producing a large bag of marbles, offered them for sale with all the ostentation of an auctioneer. He had bought them at Boston, and brought them by Panama to San Francisco, and then to Los Angeles, and they had cost Heaven knows how much at first, and were such marbles as had never before been seen in Los Angeles; nevertheless, he would sell them as a great favour, but the cost of carriage was high, and, of course, he must have his profit too. The little Spaniards had money, and were caught with the big talk, but the big price staggered them; at last one of them examined the marbles closely. "Why," said he, "these are the marbles Pedro lost the other day to an Americano!" The latter, after some vain denial, burst out laughing: few Americans of whatever age lose their countenance in any fix. I mused on this incident during the remainder of my cigar. Was not this a commentary on the notice headed "John Smith *v.* Jose Sepolva"? This boy was not ten years old, and he was as systematically cheating the young Spaniards as his father could cheat their fathers. I mused further. "I never knew what childhood meant—I had no childhood," says Gerald Massey. Who can read these words and not sympathize with the poet? Yet here was a boy born and brought up in New England, that boasts to be the highest-civilized part of the United States; and what childhood had this boy known! I should be sorry to malign a country, the manly independence and self-sufficiency of whose people none can admire more than myself, and in which I have received kindness; yet I am afraid New England has thousands of such children; from infancy they learn to worship the Almighty dollar, and, if need be, systematically to lie and cheat for it: that passes for "'cuteness."

There was some amusement in the stage ride down to San Pedro; for the seven or eight stages, though all but one were owned by the same firm, raced along gallantly, and covered the twenty-seven miles in two hours and a half, including a dilatory change half-way. Some of the horses were very little broken, and one for ten minutes refused to start; perhaps it might have won the day, had not the happy expedient of emptying a brandy-flask in its ear been at last hit upon.

Embarkation was troublesome, there being no quay at San Pedro, and the water is so shallow that the smallest boat could not get within several yards of the shore. I deliberately walked into the water, while several, more adventurous or less burdened, by pirouetting from rock to rock saved their feet a wetting; others, equally adventurous but less skilful, in attempting the same went "headers" into the water, amidst the laughter of the more agile or more prudent. At last we stepped on board the Sea-bird. My dress had still a good deal of the roughness of an overland journey, and, not unnaturally, I was at first taken for a steerage passenger; under that idea some porter, or being of that sort, ordered me out of the way very rudely. I took no notice, but a cabin passenger, Wells Fargo and Co.'s express agent, sharply reproved the fellow for insulting a man merely because he was poor.

"He ought not to be poor, then!" was the reply.

A strange sentiment in a republican country, but the common feeling in California; however, "Wells Fargo" spoke sharply again; although himself evidently supposing me a steerage passenger. The whole affair simply amused and instructed me. Perhaps, according to the Spanish proverb recorded by Dr. Trench, "It is easy to walk if you are leading your horse by the bridle": unless the horse is a mule, an Irishman might say; and, in truth, there is a difference between leading the horse, and being able to mount him when you like. And so it was in my case; my stirrup—though, doubtless, one should not require stirrups unless the horse be a high horse—my stirrup was a letter of credit supposed to be lying in the San Francisco Post-office, or, the worse luck, in the dead-letter office: in fact, it had been at San Francisco four months (for my journey had occupied three months beyond my expectation), and, had I arrived six hours later, would have been re-posted for England. After all, some one might observe, "If you do not dress like a gentleman, you cannot expect to be treated like a gentleman." True, O King of men! but one must dress as one can, not as one would like; moreover, if you have but ten dollars in your pocket, and an uncertainty of obtaining more, and a certainty, if not, of starting, and of having no choice but to start, for the diggings at once, it is pleasanter to land in a dress you may doff in case of prosperity than one you must doff in case of adversity. And so much for the outer man.

The voyage up was uneventful; we touched at Santa Barbara, a clean-looking little Spanish town, where the Spaniards still sway the municipality, and where, strange to say, instead of office-seekers, you have begging offices. At this point the mountains run down to the sea, and, till one approaches Monterey, the coast is walled by steep mountain ridges; sometimes sheer from the water's edge, sometimes with bench-land fifty or a hundred feet above the water-level intervening: in character and appearance they are precisely similar to those from Utah downwards; sierras, darkened here and there with patches of cedar-wood, and seamed with innumerable gullies and ravines. For upwards of 200 miles one could observe no sign of cultivation, or even habitation; though all the daytime we stood in very close to escape the swell and the wind, that, during the spring months, come from the North-West along the coast, with all the regularity of trade-winds. We stopped at Monterey for a couple of hours, but it was dusk, and I saw nothing of the place.

On the morning of February 8th—I recollect the day well—Point Reys loomed on our North-West; after breakfast the haze cleared off, and the sun shone brightly as we approached the entrance of the bay of San Francisco, ambitiously, but not inelegantly, styled the Golden Gate. It must have been so often described, and is so little worth description, that I shall say nothing about it. As we passed the little island of Alcatraz, about the size of San Juan d'Ulloa at Vera Cruz, several Americans on deck pointed out to each other the progressing fortifications, and boasted that even now, in case of a war, the guns could sink any British fleet. I listened silently, and, thinking of Cronstadt and Sebastopol, could not smile. Others laughed over the disputed ownership of the island, that, small and bare as it was, had three claimants: the United States government, now in possession and rather likely to keep it; second, the banking-house of Palmer, Cook, and Co., upon some purchase or grant from Colonel Fremont; and, finally, one Limantour, a Frenchman, with old Mexican grants of a most suspicious character. An elephant was this Limantour; nothing was too large or too small for his trunk: neither the fee-simple of half San Francisco, nor a few island-rocks that sea-birds hardly built upon. As one of the papers said—"Our bay is his, and the fulness thereof; he has but to draw a line around a space of ocean, and the commissioners give it him. O moderate Limantour! why did you claim but half San Francisco, when it was so easy to have obtained the whole?"

But now the Expressmen fling their little bags into their respective boats and watch eagerly the race between the boats, and then between their horsemen along the north pier, till they pass out of sight over the hill beyond; and even then betting continues brisk. That is the North pier; this green conical hill is the Telegraph hill, and the atom of beach at its foot is the North beach. Mark that wretched-looking hut right out in the water, and connected only by a few posts with the land; is its lord "fastidious of the land?" Perhaps so: it may have been a land of disappointment to him; nay, perhaps, he could not pay the rent of a square foot of dry land. In a few days he will have 10,000 dollars offered him, and his hut and the North beach become famous, when the ledger and cash book of the bankrupt Adams and Co. are washed ashore there, to the dismay of the fraudulent receiver, the suit against whom is already in its fifth day. Ah! now we round the corner, and the bay fairly opens before us; we are in the bay of San Francisco now, and in port.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, February, 1856.—St. Joseph was the commencement of my journey, and San Francisco its conclusion. Earlier and later rambles were of a different character, and an account of them would only lengthen the volume unnecessarily and destroy the unity of its subject. Notwithstanding, as my stay at San Francisco very closely preceded the re-establishment of the Vigilance Committee, I shall attempt very briefly to sketch the demoralization and the reaction against it that led to that event.

Scores of books have been written about California, and scores might yet be written; for, in truth, California is a country that consumes its own memorials in a fiery progress. It is like a fire sometimes smouldering, sometimes burning fiercely, so that the images among its coals are perpetually changing; old ones dropping away in dust and new ones forming. He who looks on it to-day will perhaps scarcely know it to-morrow, nor even to-day can different eyes trace out all the same images; but one thing all may see

—that the fire is unextinguished and at a single breath will burst into flames.

In America chief cities are rarely capitals: New York is not even the capital of its own State. Centrality is as much sought after as centralisation is avoided. Accordingly, while San Francisco is the metropolis of California, Sacramento City is the capital. The latter was the seat of the Legislature, the former of commerce, wealth, venality, bribery, jobbery; of magisterial and judicial corruption; of luxury, vice, shamelessness; of poverty, wretchedness, vice, and crime, voluntary, or as a substitute for starvation. Not but that all these could be found elsewhere in California; but what was elsewhere scattered, was here collected, intensified, reproductive. So if a reaction took place, it was sure to be here the most violent.

As a corporation the city was miserably poor. All the streets were in bad repair; those above the water (for a considerable portion of San Francisco is built on piles into the bay) were dangerous: the planks worn out and broken through, leaving large holes, popularly known as "man-traps." On the steamer from Panama arriving at midnight, a large number of passengers left the vessel, fell through the man-traps, and were drowned: some accounts give the number of the drowned as thirty-five; none lower than ten or twelve. The newspapers made a jest of the whole affair: "hopeful individuals, just as they fancied themselves out of all danger and fairly landed on the golden shore, went plump to the bottom"—and so on. That may be taken as a specimen of feeling. Men fell through every night; a body found in the bay excited no suspicion of murder, and therefore murder was rife. Wharf-houses—low inns and lodging-houses above the water were so called—were notoriously places of robbery and disappearance of men; investigation was never made: it was no one's business. Bodies were found almost daily; if not, the coroner, as it turned out afterwards, sat on the same two or three times successively. His fees, and compensation for animals killed or maimed, cost the city more than to have repaired the streets; yet the man-traps still remained open. Sinecures were numerous: the Plaza, as though insane, had a keeper, and (I think) a deputy-keeper also; and, what was worst of all, the very money that should have been spent in improving the city was secretly spent in bribery to keep it unimproved.

Morality was at a very low ebb. Matrimony was a very temporary, and not a very holy estate. Divorces were frequent. The newspaper remark was, "The Mormon fashion is to multiply wives; ours is to change them: that is all the difference. We, like them, can take a new wife every week: marriage is fast becoming merely a legalized cohabitation." Other newspaper paragraphs describe the depraved state of society, and say more than I care to do. Gambling, though forbidden by law, and compelled to feign concealment, still flourished in darkness. Not all citizens, but certainly all classes, gambled; the richest of the merchants, and the poorest of the Chinamen.

As coins from all European countries and Indian rupees also mix and pass in California, so you have not only Europeans and Americans, but Asiatics. The Chinese, however, prefer Sacramento and the mining country to San Francisco; up there they made a good profit out of everything. It seemed they had not left behind their national differences; they were still rebels or imperialists. "The blacksmiths here," wrote a correspondent of a San Francisco paper "have been fully employed the last ten days in making knives for the Hongkongs and Shanghais; the fight is expected to come off in a few days." Ultimately it was, I believe, prevented. The Chinese still practised their own religion. It was just a moot question whether the introduction of paganism into a Christian country ought to be allowed; but few people were Christians enough to trouble their heads on such a matter. The Chinese, however, were much disliked: filth was the most frequent and most just charge against them; their thrift and stinginess the real causes of their detestation. As *white* men only could become citizens, it was held that the Chinese were not white; the State Legislature also prohibits their landing without payment of one hundred dollars each. This, however, as probably unconstitutional by the federal laws, the port-officer did not choose to exact; consequently they crowded in as they chose. The riff-raff of other countries had long settled here, and continued to arrive. The diggings might no longer be a great attraction to the honest poor of other countries; but criminals and outlaws still sought the country as one of lawlessness if not of gold. They preferred San Francisco to any other part; there was (as they thought) less danger of Lynch-law there than elsewhere: besides they were practitioners in the vices and crimes and elections of great cities. These men you might see lounging about wharfs and markets, and the doors of drinking-saloons and billiard-rooms: the day they spent in "loafing" and theft, the night in outrage and robbery.

But along with these men were a large number of unemployed hands. Skilled labour was not in much demand; unskilled in none at all; men educated but unskilled in labour, were under even greater pressure. Some of the last sort in their despair cried out that talents, education, and strength itself, were but a curse to them: they had lived off the sweepings of the markets; lain down in the streets to sleep; they had scarcely a covering to their skin, much less implements of labour or means of travelling in search of work; they could not even pay the ferry across the bay: "they demanded" (I quote the exact words) "the inalienable right of freemen—the right to labour." Such were the lowest classes of San Francisco: the last was mainly deficient in fortune and courage; but in a country where poverty is left to fortuitous aid, it was a field on which the more lawless could readily find materials for their own purposes and combinations.

Of the upper classes you might say a large number were apathetic in public affairs, and sought only wealth and gratifications. But commercial honesty, if not doubtful, was doubted: the great bankruptcies of February, 1855, had shaken all confidence. That of Adams and Co. was particularly infamous: the leading partner, J. C. Woods, had absconded with a large amount, and now wrote from Australia to the San Francisco papers, impudent, almost self-applauding, letters about his past and present. Cohen, a man much bound up with Woods, had been appointed receiver. He, under a feigned name, reached the States; but subsequently—it is uncertain whether in the hope of more plunder, or merely to bring away his family—he returned, and was again quitting secretly, when he was arrested and thrown into prison. The new receiver believed that large defalcations had been made; the general ledger, day-book, and balance-book were also missing: and thus, while it prevented knowledge, increased suspicion. The popular belief was that Vogus gold dust had been manufactured to deceive depositors of the bank; as below the main vault of the premises a secret vault had been found, and (it was said) acids and apparatus for such a manufacture. This belief was much increased during the trial;

entries were found in the books of "J. C. W. dust," and "Van dust:" the latter, named after a confidential clerk of Woods, was not satisfactorily explained by "Van" himself. The mystery became a parallel to the "Diamond necklace." These, however, were mere incidental disclosures at the trial. After it had progressed several days, the missing books were washed ashore from the bay, tied up in a canvas bag; but the last and most important pages, those of the day of the "run," were cut out of both books. The books, even thus mutilated, were only secured by a few minutes in advance; for the news flew quick, good and bad. Finally a verdict was obtained against Cohen for 350,000 dollars (£70,000). More had been claimed, but less expected, even if a verdict was gained, for the morality of courts of law was on a par with that of society at large.

The bench was not above suspicion. Judges were attacked and accused by name; some of corrupt decisions, others of having obtained their election by corrupt means. And at such times even an honest decision, if opposed to popular desire, is suspected. Juries were not better than judges; it was almost impossible to get together twelve honest and incorruptible men. A verdict, if it could not be bought, could be bought off; and unanimity was frequently prevented by one or two hireling jurymen. This was true alike of civil and criminal trials. General Richardson, the United States marshal for California, was shot by Charles Cora in a public street; none doubted the fact: the evidence was clear. But, through large expenditure,* two juries were dismissed without coming to a verdict. Men began to question the advantage of a unanimous verdict, if not in other countries, at least in California; whether, if the words "trial by jury" in the United States' constitution permitted it, a jury of eighteen with a two-thirds majority verdict were not better; and allusions were even made to the Athenian "dicasts" as a body too large for corruption. The bar contained honourable men; but, as a body, it was in lower repute than either judges or jurymen. Legal morality is nowhere very strict; but at San Francisco, advocates were always ready to utter falsehoods with solemnity, informally take oaths, and constitute themselves witnesses against the right. To misstate the law and misquote the legal authorities and reported cases was but a trifle. Better judges, it was continually said, would restrain and reprove the bar; as often and as truly, that before a better bar judges dare not act as they did.

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* Mainly through the efforts of a woman, generally known as Belle Cora. It was at least one report that the murder was in consequence of Richardson having spoken words derogatory of her: this, however, is doubtful, but her devotion to the prisoner was undoubted: she parted with everything she possessed to raise money for his defence; and, strong as the public feeling was against him, it was a little softened by her conduct. Eventually Cora was hanged by the Vigilance Committee: half an hour before his execution Belle Cora was married to him, at the desire of the Catholic priests attending him: for he was a Catholic. People say that as she passed out afterwards, her glances at the committee men were savage and scornful, as those of Maria de Padilla—

> "Whate'er he was, he was her love, and he lay murdered
> there."

The morality of politicians neither was, nor could have been expected to be, at all superior to that of bench and bar, or of society at large; indeed there were far too many ex-judges and scheming lawyers in the State Legislature. Political difference neither produced, nor was produced by, moral difference. "The spoils belong to the conquerors" was the prevalent feeling; all that could be picked up by the way was so much additional gain. The Legislature at Sacramento always adjourned from Saturday till Tuesday, "that those," said the people, "who have been selling their votes at San Francisco on the Sunday may have time to return." Organizations, nominally for political, existed really for personal objects. The whole system of elections was corrupt. It was no mere question of parties. Men of real worth and independence were rarely the choice of their own party; and even if so, were liable to be defeated by the hired ruffians who crowded round, and, if necessary, "stuffed" the ballot-box. Bad men who dared not have offered themselves as candidates, were yet elected. And not merely representatives, but nearly all officials, including judges, were thus elected. Some important offices indeed were filled by Presidential appointments; but many of these were far from satisfactory. In the place of Richardson, the late Marshal, was chosen a man whom his friends allowed (and the fact was notorious) to have been for many years a professional gambler; his enemies spoke of darker acts, and even hinted an indirect agency in his predecessor's murder.

Not only private enemies or defeated rivals complained of such appointments and such elections, but good and thoughtful men everywhere began to denounce the whole system: they said that California was a disgrace to the American name, and San Francisco to California; that all immorality was increasing, trade and commerce declining. Those who cared little about morality at least felt the last consideration. Those who had no interest in the continuance of evil saw that it was their interest it should cease. Those who, though opposed to evil, had shrunk from opposing it, now began to speak, and move, and act. Men of different political parties, according to the political combinations of the Atlantic States, felt that in California, and above all in San Francisco, there were, as regards California and San Francisco, two natural parties, Black and White. To abolish slavery was less urgent than to abolish the existing state of things; to defend slavery less than to defend society; to exclude foreigners from citizenship less than to exclude unprincipled citizens from power and position, judgeships, senatorships, and the chief influence in city and State. So gradually the party in favour of reform gained adherents, determination, and, if necessary, desperation.

Some local measures dependent only on municipal action were passed into laws. Gambling was prohibited by new and more stringent penalties; 1,000 dollars on the keeper of the table, and 500 dollars on every one playing, and for each offence; and houses once suspected were to be visited continually. A better police also was established to carry out the new laws; and the fines were imposed equally upon rich and poor: and, as it appeared, not without some effect. Immorality was attempted to be checked, or, at least, external decency enforced. Under pain of imprisonment, women of a certain character were forbidden to occupy houses gregariously, or to walk along the streets, or lean out of windows *with the intention* of attracting passers-by; and character was *primâ facie* evidence of intention. When the Act came into operation, many houses along Sacramento Street and Kearney Street and other principal streets were given up: indeed for a time the city was almost deserted by one class of its inhabitants. Bankers, a class as reckless as the gamblers, and less unfortunate than the women, claimed the next attention. It was proposed that quarterly, or even monthly, statements of accounts, sworn to and published in the newspapers, should be required from every banking and express firm. This, however, up to the middle of March had not been made a law.

Such were the violent efforts at self-reform displayed in legislation. Meanwhile the "Evening Bulletin" advocated the same cause with a savage earnestness. Not merely abuses, but individuals were attacked. The acts of public men, and the antecedents of men seeking to be such, were laid open daily: nothing, past or present, was omitted or overlooked. I have read no such articles elsewhere: there was no raillery, or sarcasm, or frothiness, or "buncombe," or politeness, or abusiveness; the struggle had too much reality for any of those: a spade was called a spade, and a liar a liar; yet you felt it not to be low abuse, but fierce invective.

An American editor is never a shadowy or conjectural personage. At San Francisco, James King, editor of the "Evening Bulletin," was known, and watched, and glared at, as he walked along the streets. He received challenges and declined them, saying he knew "the hounds"* wanted to get rid of him, but he would not play into their hands; he was threatened with personal violence, and answered that he went armed: and any article that produced a threat was reproduced yet fiercer the next evening. Thus the contest was eminently personal; and King declared he would not change his tone until he had scourged "the hounds" out of the country—or they had killed him. His assassination at last was astonishing to none of his friends: they had expected it long before. It may be doubted whether greater moderation of language might not have been as beneficial; equally perhaps whether a man who would have written with moderation would have written at all. It is also fair to add that the columns of the "Bulletin" were open to all correspondents, friends and foes alike—a rare example in American journalism.

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* A favourite expression of his. "I am not responsible for the 'hounds' having hands."

None praised, or even defended wholesale, the prevalent iniquities; but much could be written against all efforts at amelioration. Some opposed all particular measures of reform, some each particular measure. The former, if you said the judicature was corrupt, would answer that it was no worse than the Legislature or executive; if you complained of the dishonesty or immorality of one profession, or one class of society, they would balance it by that of another. And in general (like some rather negative writers in our own country), whatever cure you proposed for any acknowledged evil they called "lopping off an arm or a leg, while the corruption was in the blood;" yet they neither admitted the disease to be incurable nor themselves suggested a cure. Others, if the existence of an abuse was indisputable, would at least whitewash it as far as possible, and dispute the applicability or wisdom of each reform proposed. Naturally the scrutiny of individual acts and character produced fierce rejoinders, and those who could not justify themselves by words, looked for the opportunity of defending or revenging themselves in acts.

Such was the social and moral aspect of San

Francisco during the early months of 1856. Two parties, not the less actual because unrecognised, were met face to face. One that had long ruled was now pressed back, but continued eager to regain its old supremacy. The other had been slow to move, and might, possibly, after effecting some more urgent reforms, have again relapsed into sluggishness. But any act of violence towards one of its leaders was sure to produce decided, and perhaps revolutionary action. Two months from the time of which I am writing, James King was assassinated in the chief street of the city.

APPENDIX.

PART I.—CHAPTER V.

DROUGHT OF THE PLAINS.

Though Colonel Fremont and other travellers have mentioned the true nature of this tract of country and its climate, most people speak about them as inaccurately as ever. During the late canvass for the presidency, one of the commonest pieces of "buncombe" used by the republican speakers was a prophecy of "free labourers tilling the fruitful soil of Kansas beneath the awful shadow of the Rocky Mountains." Mr. T. Gladstone's letters upon Kansas conveyed, I think, a similar idea—though without the "buncombe." On the true physical characteristics of the plains I add some observations of Colonel Emory (American Association for the Advancement of Science, Albany, New York, August, 1856):—"Except on the borders of the streams which traverse these plains in their course to the Valley of the Mississippi, scarcely anything exists deserving the name of vegetation.

The soil is composed of disintegrated rocks covered by a loam an inch or two in thickness, which is composed of the exuvia of animals and decayed vegetable matter. The growth on them is principally a short but nutritious grass, called buffalo-grass (*Lysteria dyclotoides*). A narrow strip of alluvial soil, supporting a coarse grass, and a few cottonwood trees, marks the line of the watercourses; which of themselves are sufficiently few and far between. Whatever may be said to the contrary, these plains west of the 100th meridian are wholly unsusceptible of maintaining even a pastoral population, until you reach sufficiently far south to encounter the rains from the tropics. The precise limits of these rains I am not prepared to give, but think the Red River is, perhaps, as far north as they extend."

Again—"Most people have been misled by estimating the soil alone, which is generally good, without giving due weight to the unfrequency of rains, or the absence of the necessary humidity in the atmosphere to produce a profitable vegetation."

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

HIGH PRICES AT SALT LAKE.

Some idea may be gained from a list of the prices (in specie) for articles in common use. The value is given, for greater convenience, in English denominations:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Flour, per 100 lbs.	1	5	0	Butter, per lb., 1s. 6d. to		1	8
Potatoes, per bushel	0	3	0	Milk, per quart .	0	0	5
Beef, per lb. . .	0	0	5	Tea, per lb. . .	0	9	0
Mutton „ . .	0	0	7½	Coffee „ . .	0	1	8
Pork „ . .	0	0	10	Sugar (moist) per lb.	0	1	8
Bacon „ . .	0	1	3	Dried Apples „	0	1	8
Cheese „ . .	0	1	3	Raisins „	0	1	8

Of clothes, &c., as all depends upon quality, prices say little.

Soldiers' coat cloth (double width), cost 16s. 6d. per yard.
"Domestic," *i. e.* stout calico, 1s. per yard.
Coats at all prices, from £6 downwards.

No boys, and few young men, even of the wealthier sort, except newly-arrived emigrants, wore coats at all. Bright woollen over-shirts plentifully bedecked with braid and buttons were more prevalent, and hardly a minority in the "Tabernacle" on Sundays. Female costume—with the exception of the "Deseret uniform," a hideous kind of pelisse, not much worn—was in no way peculiar.

CHAPTER II.

MIRACULOUS CURES.

UPON this subject compare Mr. Hamilton's "Wanderings in North Africa," page 101.

In making mention of the "speaking in tongues," allusion was made to the Irvingites; it was through an oversight that this nickname was not altered for the name assumed by the sect itself.

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